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THE MAGAZINE OF CREATIVE LIVING

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House & Garden (ISSN 0018-6406) is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 9100 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, CA 90212. PRINCIPAL OFFICE: 350 Madison Avenue, New York NY 10017. Robert J. Coplan, President; Eric C. Anderson, Vice President/Treasurer; Pamela van Zandt, Vice President/Secretary. Second class postage paid at Beverly Hills CA and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions: in U.S. and possessions: $24 for one year, $46 for two years; in Canada: $37 for one year, $72 for two years. Elsewhere, $40 for one year, payable in advance. Single copies: U.S. $4, Canada $4.50. For subscriptions, address changes, and adjustments, write to House & Garden, Box 5202, Boulder CO 80322. Eight weeks are required for change of address. Please give both new address and old as printed on last label. Each copy of a new subscription will be mailed within eight weeks after receipt of order. Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. For further information about anything appearing in this issue, please write to: House & Garden Reader Information, Condé Nast Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York NY 10017. Manuscripts, drawings, and other material submitted must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. However, House & Garden cannot be responsible for unsolicited material. Copyright © 1986 by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A. **Postmaster: Send address changes to House & Garden, Box 5202, Boulder CO 80302.**
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Florida METROPOLITAN PUBLISHERS INC.,
2500 South Dixie Highway, Miami FL 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa FL 33629
Canada METROPOLITAN PUBLISHERS INC., 3 Church St., Toronto, Ont. M5E 1M2
France JOHN H. LIESVELD, JR., 284 boulevard St. Germain, Paris 75007
Italy MARVA GRIFFIN, viale Montello 14, 20154 Milan

Corporate Marketing Director ECKART L. GÜTHE
Condé Nast Limited: Director NEIL J. JACOBS

BRITISH HOUSE & GARDEN Vogue House, Hanover Square, London W1R0AD
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AUSTRALIAN VOGUE LIVING 49 Clarence St., Sydney, N.S.W. 2000

HOUSE & GARDEN is published by The Condé Nast Publications Inc.
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Burdines

Sounds of spring outside my window and several features in this issue make me want to take a week off for a visit to the James River plantation houses. My first introduction to them came from my friend Hugh Boyer, now president of Hickory Chair, the North Carolina furniture manufacturing company that reproduces furniture from the houses on the riverfront properties. A lifelong Southerner, Hugh has infectious enthusiasm and I'd like to have him on my trip, along with our All the Best Places piece by Christopher Gray, page 88.



The Renzo Mongiardino–designed living room of Elsa Peretti in Rome

Another person I'd like to have in the car is Alice Walker of *The Color Purple* fame. I'm reading a collection of her prose *In Search of Our Mother's Gardens,* and I'm fascinated by her description of a visit she made with her mother to Flannery O'Connor's antebellum Georgia home and even more taken with what she has to say about history's untold side, a viewpoint that would make a tour of any Southern plantation a more profound experience.

After meandering among the plantations, I'd like to end up in Richmond, at the new wing of the Virginia Museum, where the just-acquired Sydney and Frances Lewis Collection of art and objects captures a more recent piece of American design history. For Martin Filler's text and Mark Darley's photographs of the collection, taken while it was still in the Lewises' Richmond home, turn to page 182.

Virginia wouldn't be Virginia without a long Anglo-American tradition; to find out how one American woman maintains that tradition today, see Gabrielle Winkel's story and Feliciano's photographs on page 144.

In stark contrast to Virginia and its plantation houses, the meticulous, mannered, modern skyscraper duplex designed by Robert Bray and Michael Schaible on page 152 represents quite another vision of the good life. Flying in the face of the usual urban tradition of a city apartment or house and a weekend country getaway, here a suburban Chicago family decided on a weekend retreat overlooking Chicago's famed lakefront.

A more traditional yet very contemporary approach to lakefront living is seen in the "rustic" vacation house in Wisconsin by Hammond, Beeby and Babka, page 176. As someone who grew up amid the Lake Michigan dunes, I admire the way this new house captures the charm of the old lakeside cottages that dot the land overlooking the Great Lakes of the Midwest. A look at those same lakes as endangered species will be forthcoming in a future issue.

I have to confess I failed the Stein library-ladder test when I visited the Beverly Hills home of the late Jules and Doris Stein, a glorious survivor in the grand Old Hollywood style. After we decided the house should be photographed for the magazine, our interest was quickened by Liz Smith's column reporting that the $7.5 million Stein house was a favorite among the houses being looked at as a future home for President and Mrs. Ronald Reagan. As Henry Geldzahler's text reveals, the Reagans already knew the house from visits to it when Ronald Reagan was one of the many stars to sign the Stein guest book. To see the kind of place house-hunting Presidents consider, turn to page 200.

Just as Alice Walker's homegoing to Georgia helped her discover some important things about herself, and her work, Elsa Peretti—the woman whose jewelry and other objects we buy when we want the most beautiful thing we can think of for someone—discovered the same when she reclaimed her birthplace with the help of Renzo Mongiardino. For Oberto Gili's photographs of Elsa Peretti in Rome, and her thoughts about life there, see page 132.

I wonder if you can get to Rome from Richmond?

Lou Gropp
Editor-in-Chief

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CANDIDE

JOURNAL

New in the arts and not to be missed

THE EARTH MOVED

More than bugged by the barren waste of an abandoned strip mine, the Ottawa Silica Company Foundation donated a mile-long site on the Illinois River to the state of Illinois and commissioned artist Michael Heizer to design a reclamation project. Inspired by ancient Indian burial mounds, Heizer, known for his powerfully understated sculpture and earthworks, came up with *Effigy Tumuli, above,* five immense (up to 1,100 feet long and 30 feet high) geometrically stylized versions of creatures indigenous to the area. Besides the catfish, *inset,* a water spider, frog, turtle, and snake creep across the site. The project has not only created a unique park but has also revitalized the area's soil and plant life.

Anne Rieselbach

BARBARA HEIZER



DOUBLE VISION

Photographs from the Collection of the Gilman Paper Company, *by Pierre Apraxine with plates by Richard Benson, White Oak Press, $2,500.*

To celebrate its centennial and to document its magnificent collection assembled by curator Pierre Apraxine, Gilman Paper has produced the most stunning photography book of the year. This luxurious 480-page folio is an impressive demonstration of its sponsor's product, but most amazing is the quality of the 200 plates, some of which are virtually indistinguishable from the originals, including Lewis Carroll's *Alice Liddell as "The Beggar Maid,"* circa 1859, *above.* Mechanical reproduction of photography is unlikely ever to surpass the supreme level attained here, a landmark achievement in the histories of both mediums. *Martin Filler*





ART OF THE STATE

The Eden of America: Rhode Island Landscapes, 1820–1920
Rhode Island School of Design, Providence, through Apr. 27.

An anonymous oil painter's panel—a porthole on Pawtucket industry around 1850—and works by the Providence Barbizon school, Newport's W. T. Richards, and Luminists J. F. Kensett, FitzHugh Lane, and M.J. Heade help make this Ocean State survey a microcosm of American topographic art before acrylics.

Margaret Morse

BRIGHT IDEA

Fifth Annual Awards in the Visual Arts, *Neuberger Museum, State University of New York at Purchase, through June 8.*

With the National Endowment for the Arts gravy train derailed, the Awards for Visual Arts (AVA) has started carrying some of the heavy financial freight on the American arts scene. By pooling shriveled NEA grants with loads of private and corporate funding, the AVA annually selects ten American artists from ten different geographic areas, pays them a small salary, and puts their work on a strategically arranged national tour. All visual artists are eligible for selection, but nominations are taken in secret and there is no way to apply for an AVA audience. In the current show are five sculptors, a filmmaker, a photographer, two painters, and collagist Alan Ruppersburg, whose *Cover, Unthinkable Stories* is below. This thumbnail survey of "good art" in 1980s America will also whistle-stop at the Columbus Museum of Art in Ohio and the Norton Gallery and School of Art in West Palm Beach.

Donovan Webster



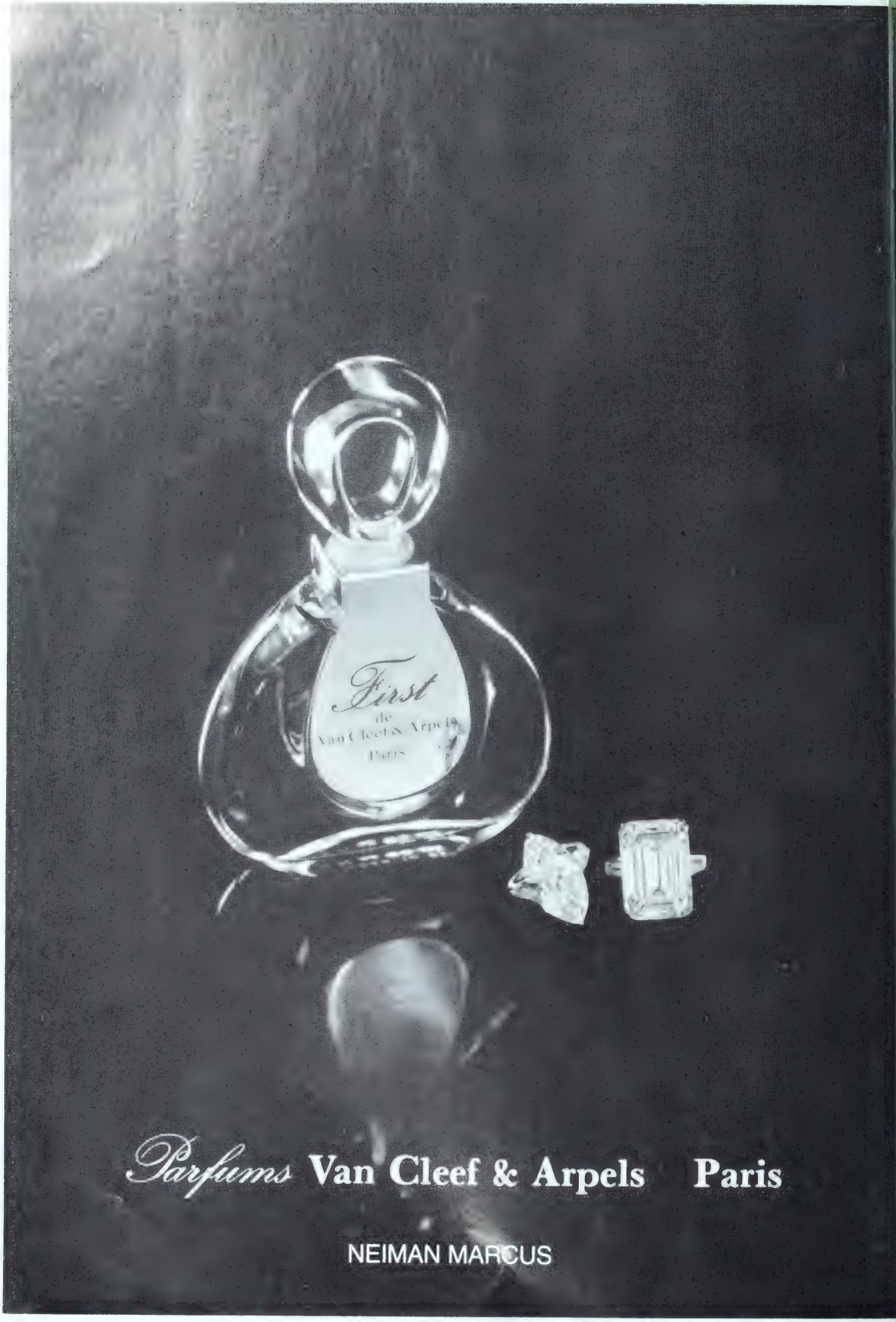
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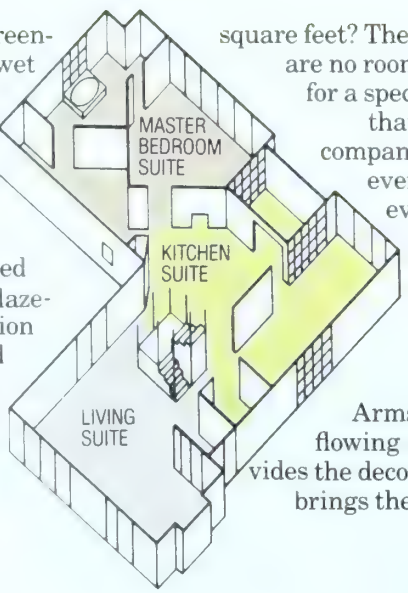
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ALL ABOUT STYLE

By Nancy Richardson



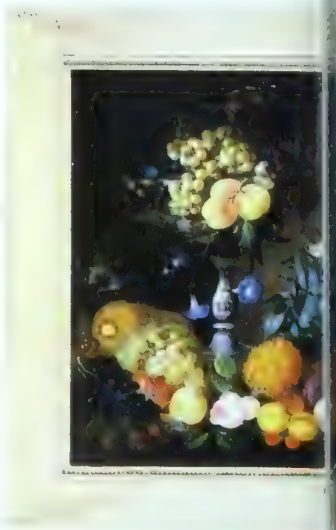
Density is the charm of furniture and paintings alike

Fabia Sturridge and Peter Hone indoors with busts of emperors, at Clifton Little Venice, London. *Below right:* Detail of French Gothic marble plinth.



MONUMENTAL GOOD LOOKS Much nineteenth-century design is bolder, more architectural—at least to modern eyes—and more masculine than its more familiar, albeit beautiful eighteenth-century counterpart. Another reason people are flirting with nineteenth-century antiques is that many of the pieces are *un*familiar and therefore seem "new." Desks that look like temples we recognize, but what about a pylon-shaped, Egyptian-inspired cabinet over a yard high? Who would guess a coin cabinet lurked within, much less sympathize with the passion to fill the tens of tiny dentist-scale drawers with a collection of ancient and modern coins and medallions? The Metropolitan Museum has a very splendid such cabinet made by Jacob Desmalter for the French Empire's premier arbiter of taste, Dominique Vivant Denon, from his and Charles Percier's design. According to James Parker, curator of European decorative arts, it belongs on a plinth and was made for Denon's bedroom. Equally bulky and curious are the nonfunctional examples of technique that nineteenth-century craftsmen did as exhibition pieces for world's fairs or as 3-D essays that proved their technical abilities. The one here is over six feet tall, a confection made by a roofer to show his skill at joinery. (Didier Aaron, Paris.) Surprisingly the issue of a desirable bulkiness extends even to pictures. The attraction of a Biedermeier still life (like Biedermeier furniture) is really its weight—a visual density that is the result of the style of the frame, the treatment of the subject matter, and the identifiably Biedermeier choice of color. In fact many decorative pictures that ought perhaps to be suppressed are being given new life simply because their gutsiness holds down a wall in an attractive way. (Good quality decorative pictures, however, as well as serious art and the still life on this page come from Wheelock Whitney, New York.) ■SCULPTURE INDOORS AND OUT Gertrude Jekyll devoted an entire book, *Garden Ornament,* to reminding twentieth-century readers of the conventions that used to govern the use of sculpture and architectural elements in a garden. In her black-and-white photographs of English gardens taken before World War I, we see human and animal figures, cisterns planted with thyme, piers that mark the end of a hedge, columns that support an arbor, terminal figures used like finials on the top of a wall, stone tables not meant for taking meals, sundials or armillary spheres positioned to please the eye. Recently this sort of element has made a comeback and it is not just being used in a garden—in fact there are the fanciest of cultural antecedents for the use of outdoor sculpture indoors. In the seventeenth century, the Earl of Arundel launched the sculpture gallery as the grandest room in a big







Far left: French Empire coin cabinet, Metropolitan Museum. *Above:* German still life by Johann Nepomuk Mayrhofer, circa 1826.

19th-century French pra piece.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: LYNTON GARDINER, COURTESY WHEELOCK WHITNEY & CO., ROB PEDERSON, RICHARD DAVIES

RALPH LAUREN



Home Collection







For store listings, see page 220.

Sculpture is as important an antique as furniture

house. Pretty soon no important house was complete without one to house a collection of classical sculpture, ancient or copy. Various interpretations ensued until in the nineteenth century it was pretty well decided that sculpture looked just fine in the architectural setting of the hall. In our era the most influential public display of sculpture and architectural elements is the Soane Museum in London where Soane's inspired stuffing of his treasures into a London town house becomes a ready model for collectors both because of the relatively small space Soane was addressing as well as his eclectic taste. Soane's was a universal interest that extended beyond classical and neoclassical traditions to include virtually any truncated or fragmented element that made a contribution to the grammar of ornament. The installation of his collection was completely different from the august and empty-ish space peopled with heroic-sized whole figures that Arundel made so fashionable. Soane organized his busts, urns, pots, and bits by shape, color, and culture and crowded them onto walls and ceilings in a manner that became the ideal of antiquarian decoration as well as a systematic display of three-dimensional form. Mindful of Arundel, familiar with the Soane Museum, and already a fervent collector of sculpture, Jacob Rothschild began several years ago to think that sculpture was certainly as important an antique as furniture. The result is Clifton Little Venice in London where Fabia Sturridge and Peter Hone deal in pillars, busts, broken capitals, and a myriad other things far less obvious. ■IN CASE OF FIRE Behind stairs in any Edwardian house were cabinets, fittings, and rigs that spoke for a moment when households were huge and the running of them was treated as the art-science-business that housekeeping is. Though a large area, the support-system parts of these houses never had an institutional look to them. A present-day detail that sums up everything that used to be nice about domestic systems is the embroidered fire-extinguisher cover Mongiardino designed for Baron Thyssen at Daylesford. ■COMPLICATED BEIGE Recently things have been happening to beige, off-white, ivory, pale gray, and the other cool and warm no-colors that have been the official neutrals against which to display art and sculpture. In museums of contemporary art in which the museum's installation of the pictures has been perceived as the right way of presenting this sort of art even at home, the plain white surface is no longer what it was. In many cases beige linen, silk, other textiles with textures or even a richly figured stone wall is thought to be a better background. As for traditional art, it has always looked like secondhand stuff when put on white or even too-clean walls. Remember when Sotheby's York Avenue was new? In 1982 the Metropolitan Museum, under the direction of Sir John Pope-Hennessy, had the walls of certain European paint-



Above: Detail of Boucher's *Virgin and Child with Saint John the Baptist and Angels* hung against walls lined with Carone, a cotton material printed with a damask design by Fortuny. *Inset:* Caravaggio, another Fortuny design.



Embroidered linen fire-extinguisher cover designed by Renzo Mongiardino.



Below left: French Empire clock on enamel ground. *Below:* Swedish clock that looks like a bas-relief, circa 1805.



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT STEPHEN KELEMEN, SILVIA SARNER, RICHARD DAVIES, LYNTON GARDINER

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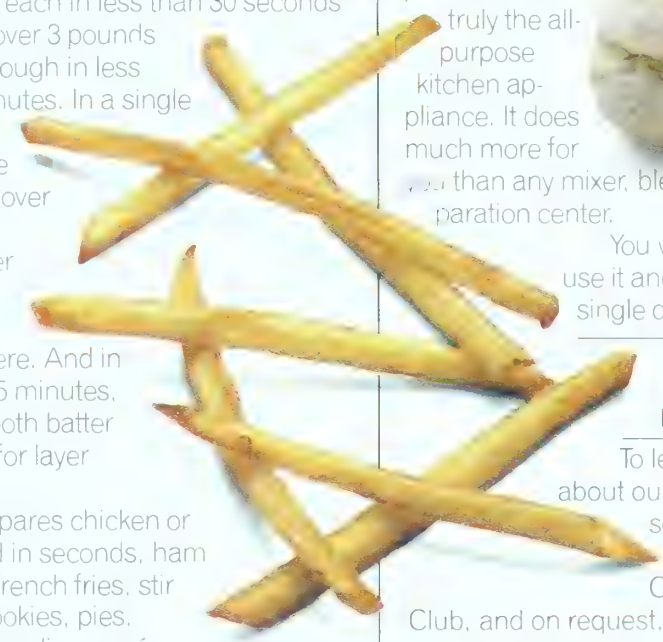
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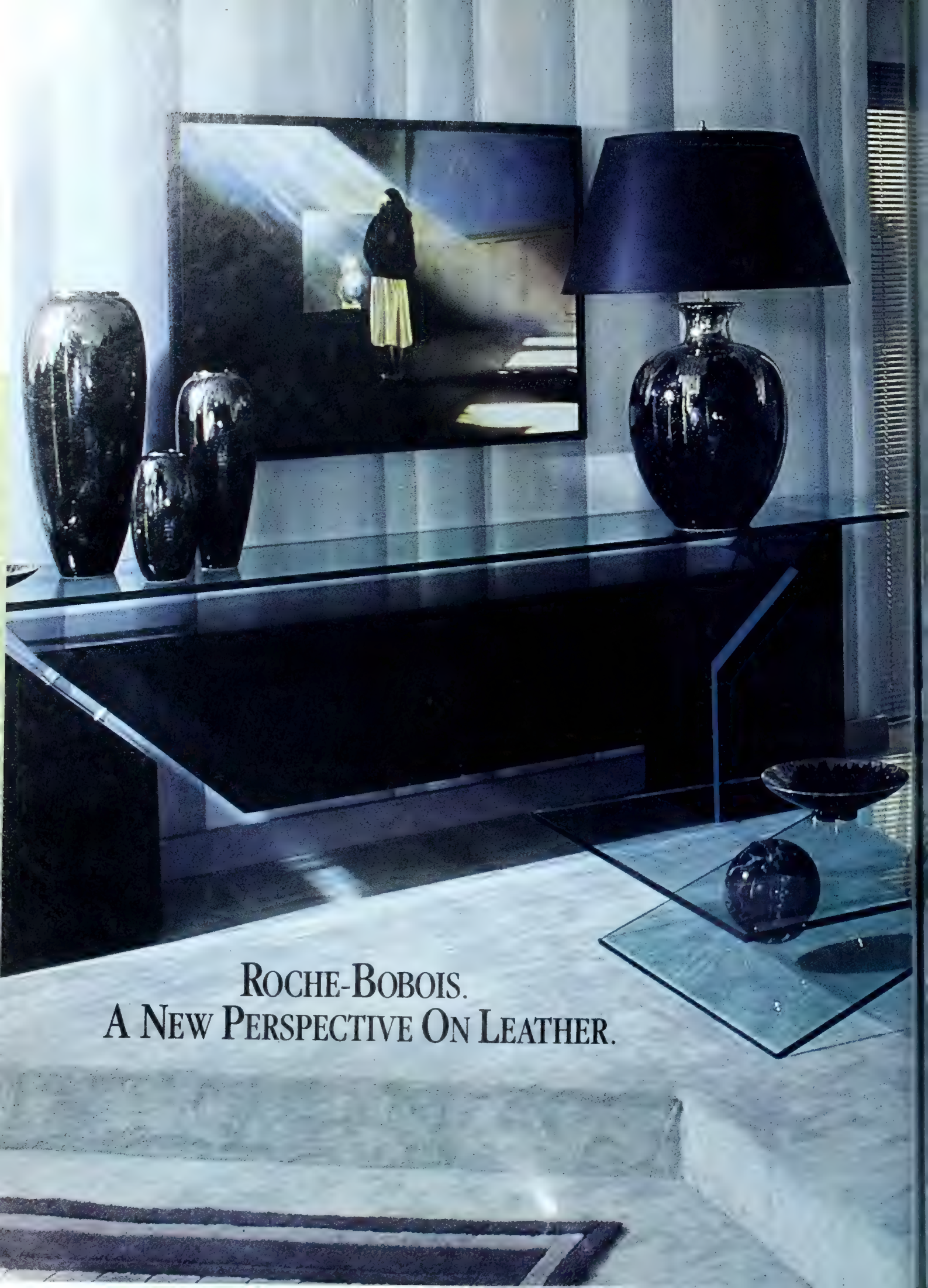
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ings galleries rehung with hundreds o yards of Fortuny cotton printed i various rich damask patterns. Eigh teenth- and nineteenth-century co lectors had hung these pictures again the then-neutral colors—deep green and reds. Though it is still thought tha dark walls can be a supportive back ground, only some of the Metropol tan's galleries are dark colors. Th Tiepolo and Boucher galleries, for in stance, are lined in a Fortuny with generally beige look to it. In fact it is composite of lots of colors—the sam sort of complex but basically monc chromatic coloration found in Europe an tapestries and Persian carpets. Joh Ross, Director of Public Informatio remembers that at the time the wal were being changed the reasoning o color went like this: old master pain ings came originally from complex se tings. The problem was how to prever them from looking murky whe stripped of a background that includ ed many different elements and colo and were placed in a museum spac with little architectural interest. Th answer seemed to be to use comple colors and complex textures rathe than simple colors and no texture. Th need to have a color that was made u of many colors was more importan than whether it was light or dark. Ma be that's why some people liked th beaten-up velvet of the old Sotheby galleries. Wear and tear is also a tex ture. ■ HIGH TIME English clock are famous for their mechanisms an French clocks for their cases. Russia clocks masquerade as jewels. Here with, however, are two rare clocks th experts know little about. One is a early-nineteenth-century Swedis model with the timepiece inserted int a marble bas-relief. The other is French clock in which the backgroun is blue enamel and the beasts ar bronze. (Juan Portela, New York; Jac ques Kugel, Paris.) Clock expert Wir throp Edy reminds us that at the tim of Napoleon clocks were put into mar tels and that the Austrians fancied tin clocks and automata incorporated int the paintings of landscapes wit churches and clock towers in the di tance. Since neither clock is taken fro a mantel nor qualifies as a painting, it open season for a simple delight i what looks good and produces, if nc the correct time, at least the possibilit of a dignified ticktock. □


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BEYOND HAGGIS

In praise of the little-known pleasure of Scottish cooking

By Alastair Reid









Scottish food and fields, *clockwise from top left:* the hearty breakfast, Highland sheep among the heather, harvested turnips, and smoked fish. Scottish food is always about freshness; nothing is wasted and all is "plain, simple, unadorned."

Scotland is a country whose long and turbulent past is everywhere present, petrified in the ruins of castles, cathedrals, and abbeys, readable as the rings in a tree. At school there, we were fond of saying that it was a country with its future behind it; but we were wrong, because Scotland, after trudging grimly through the industrial revolution, leaped abruptly into the Technological Age with the discovery of oil off its coasts, and now, new motorways have made the place smaller, more efficient, less remote. But even though Scotland now has the trappings of a small, modern European country, its ways and habits, its traditional food reflect mor than anything its agricultural founda tions. Going north from the industria midlands, you seem to be movin backward in time into an agrarian past leaving the seethe of the cities behin and encountering the opposite ex treme—a solitary white croft, with a few stonewalled acres and munchin sheep, set at the head of a valley, smal farms verging on self-sufficiency, si lent, brooding lochs mirroring th mountains, and, eventually, bare heathered moors with no soul in sight It is like going back to the country's be ginnings; and indeed, in the Highland and the farming shires like Fife, Gallo way, and Ayrshire, the round of life ha not altered much, but still moves i seasonal succession, the rituals of sow ing and reaping. The annual scourge o cruel weather makes that existence fa from soft, but it is contradicted by a long and heady spring, and a taste o high summer to turn the landscape green and douce. The land still yields a good living, and it is carefully tended for the Scots are ferocious tamers o the soil, and their gardens, whether they be the vast stonewalled enclosures

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Stendhal
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JORDAN MARSH

of country houses or small patches of backyard, are orderly and abundant. Rural Scotland still lives by the agrarian round, and what country people eat comes mainly from close at hand—from gardens, grouse moors, deer forests, farms, rivers, lochs, and the sea. Modern Scotland has succumbed to supermarkets, fast foods, and restaurants of every stripe, but rural Scotland still eats traditionally and well—probably the best food in Scotland can nowadays be found in private houses in the Highlands, where everything on the table has come from within a few domestic miles, and where what is eaten depends both on the locality and the time of year.

In Scotland, freshness is all—potatoes howked from the ground, eggs with faint feathers clinging to them, salmon taken from the river that afternoon, herring acquired in a bucket on the pier from a boat that has just tied up. In no time at all, they are on the table, along with freshly churned butter, baked bread, oatmeal, milk, and honey. It is this freshness, fundamentally, that gives Scottish food all its distinction. Cooking there is direct and simple, a way of making available the flavor of the food. For that reason, we do not think of a Scottish "cuisine," nor do Scottish restaurants spring up in other countries. Separated from their ingredients, they would not flourish. The Scottish recipes that crop up in international cookbooks yield only pale ghosts of the originals, dishes that suffer in translation. The real taste stays home.

I grew up in Galloway, in the country, surrounded by farms, close to the sea, intensely aware of the shifting seasons. My mother was a doctor, my father a minister of the church; and since my mother did not believe in sending bills, we were often paid in kind with sacks of oats, potatoes, and flour, eggs and cream, vegetables, game, salmon, so that my memory of the stone larder is one of an ample bounty. When my father, in church, read from the text of "a land flowing with milk and honey," I assumed he meant the surrounding countryside, for one of my chores was to fetch milk from a nearby farm, warm from the evening milking, and the honey my father drew, with our wary help, from a hive at the bottom of our garden.

It was our habit, as children, to join in the late-summer harvesting of the fields of standing oats and barley on the neighboring farms, and to work along as we grew more able. On harvest days, in the vast farm kitchen, the women would begin early, baking breads and scones, working away at the long, scrubbed kitchen table. Down in the gold of the field, the sight of the women descending the path with wicker baskets of food brought work to a stop, and in the shade at the field's edge, we munched manfully through the basket's abundance. There was always a feast in the farmhouse to crown the end of the harvest, through which, with shining faces, we ate our way. These feasts serve me still as a vision of plenty.



Cakes and sweets: durable and illicit

In rural Scotland, outlying farms and crofts were visited at least once a week by a grocer's van, a baker's van, and a butcher's van, which opened at the back to become small shops. In the Highlands, they still function, although elsewhere the freezer has made them obsolete. Winter, however, can isolate the crofts, so the summer's abundance is preserved, bottled, smoked, and dried. As a child, I would wander into the larder and gaze in amazement at the jars and round bottles of preserves, at the pickled eggs, at the dead eyes of pheasant and partridge waiting to be plucked outside in a snow of feathers. Very little of what



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The fundamental point about most Scottish food is that it belongs at home

we ate "came from the shop," only extras like dates, mustard, odd sauces, and flavors. Winter was a time of the great soups, for which the Scots are celebrated—a stockpot always winked and burped on the back of our stove. Outside, the fields lay mournful and bare except for turnips, frozen into the ground. Spring brought new greens, new potatoes, fresh tastes, just as surely as it brought snowdrop, crocus, and daffodil to the world outside the window. In summer, the soft fruits—strawberry, raspberry, gooseberry, plum, peach—came round as an annual surprise, like friends returning, half-forgotten. Autumn was all mellow with harvest, and the kitchen gave off the rich waft from jam-making, preserving, and pickling for the siege of winter. The seasonal foods succeeded one another, and I easily connected what I ate with the turning landscape I lived in. That was, I have always felt, a lucky connection, but one which leaves people like me unsuited for the supermarket.

Breakfasts. I remember a piece of advice given by the French writer André Maurois in a book he wrote for Frenchmen traveling to the British Isles. He advised them to eat breakfast three times a day, preferably on trains. It was good advice then, for I have eaten many a rich breakfast on a train hurtling north. With breakfast the Scots have reached a kind of perfection. It is common, in farming communities there, for the men to go out to early milking and first chores, coming in later for a substantial breakfast. Once, in the Highlands, I met the breakfast of my life. I had fished early, through the dawn, and, finishing after first light I made my way for breakfast to the farmhouse of a friend. Breakfast had been laid out on the farmhouse table, and everything on it had come from within the circle of the horizon. Oatmeal porridge, milk, cream, butter, kippers and grilled herring, salmon, bacon and a boiled ham, bread, rolls, scones, honey from the hives; and, accompanying it ritually, a tumblerful of malt whisky. The weather in the Highlands, they insist, demands such sustenance, such fortification. This great breakfastin has, luckily, not passed away. Now days, if you drive through the High lands, signs abound saying: BED AN BREAKFAST. Whatever the beds may b like, the breakfasts most likely make u for them. Find a farmhouse if you ca and try to come downstairs hungry.

There are too many legends abou the Scots. One of the most unfair is th the Scots are mean, a clear misinterpr tation of a native frugality. The clima in Scotland, for a large part of the yea is flinty and unkind, less cold than gr and dispiriting, and, combined wi the grim heritage of Calvinism, it h made the Scots wary, suspicious pleasure, with a preference for th plain and unadorned. To do without a positive virtue, and anything th seems wasteful or extravagant has tinge of sin to it. This shows in th food, which is also plain, wholesom and unadorned, fortunately, since th distinction of Scottish food lies in raw materials. Scottish cooking is al ingenious in making use of everythin wasting nothing. A friend who is ma ried to a Scotswoman once called n up in puzzlement. "We always seem be eating leftovers," he told me. think she must get up in the middle the night to cook the originals." Nece sity through the years has bred inve tion, as it did during the war year when rationing in Britain was extrem ly severe, supplies meager. Some of n most vivid eating memories come fro that time, however, for we were drive back by shortages to an earlier age agricultural self-sufficiency and we lucky to live in the country. Every ava able field or spare land was cultivate and rose gardens gave way to veget bles, backyards to poultry. Home fro school on Fridays, I would go out wi a gun, bringing back perhaps a phea ant, at least rabbits, for cartridges t were rationed, and every shot counte

While the backbone of Scottish foo consists of elements native to the cou try—Scotch beef, mutton and lam salmon, trout, herring, game, manifo fruits and vegetables—there is qui another side to Scottish food, a whir sical side that gives the lie to its whol

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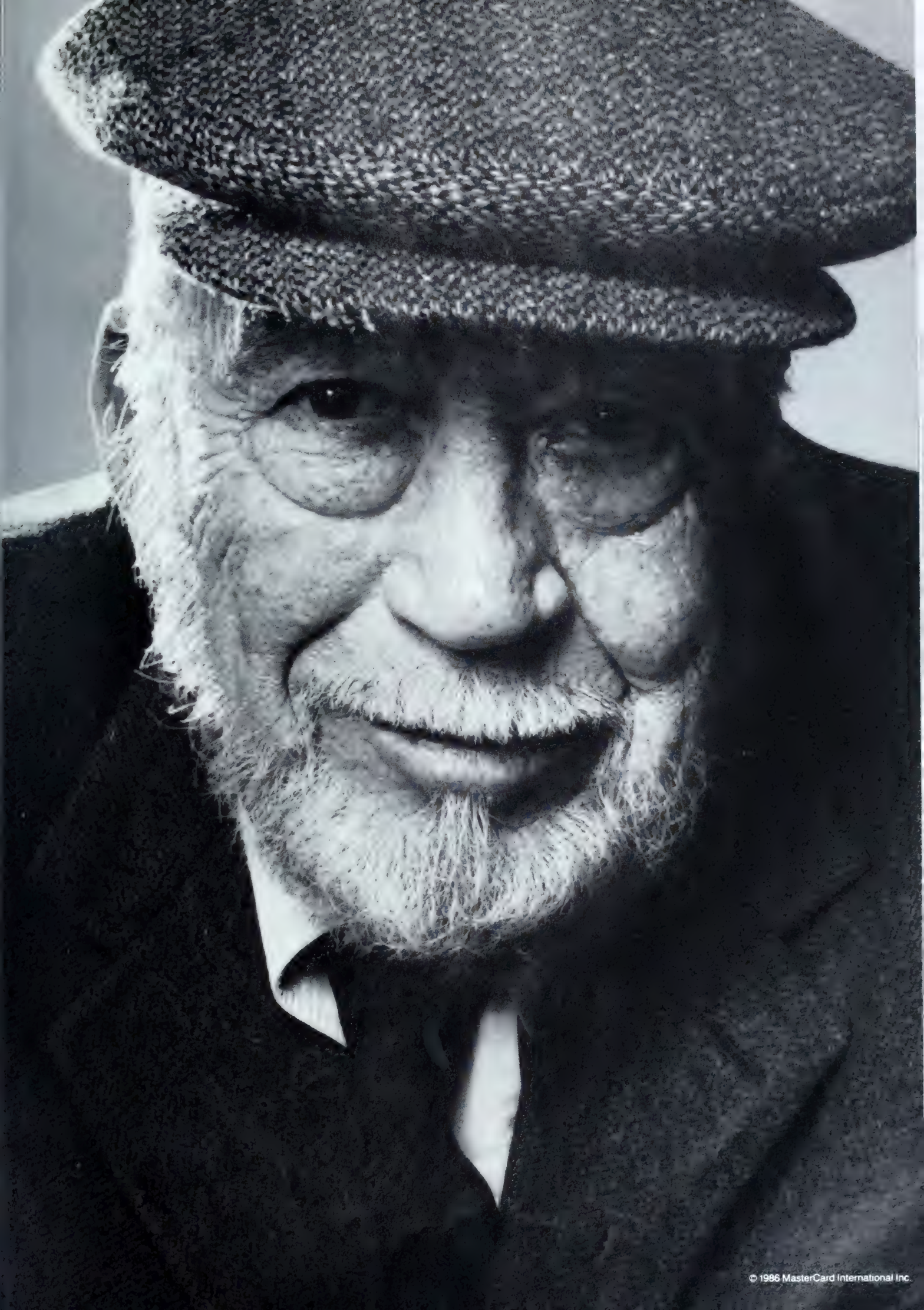
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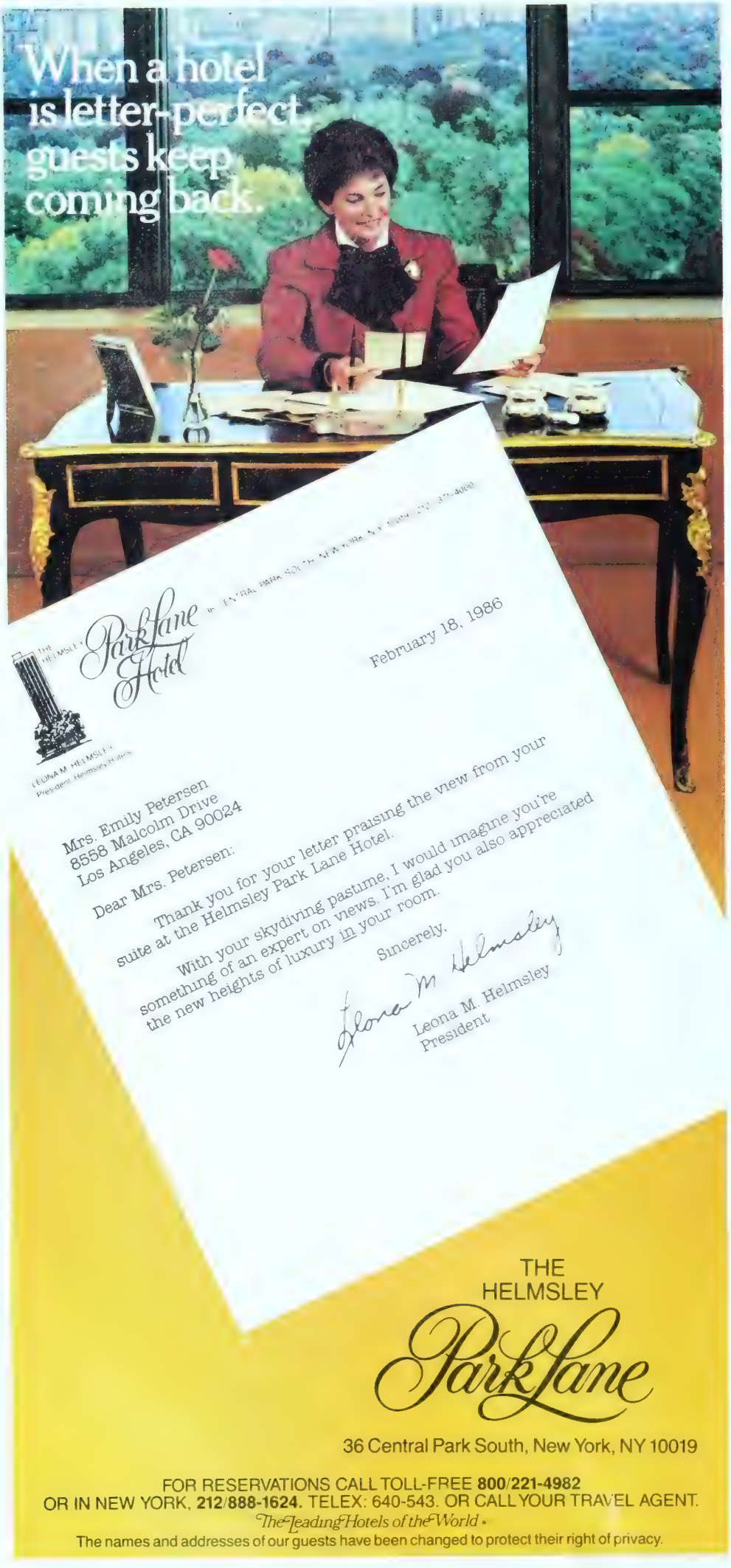
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someness—its subterranean passion for all things sweet: cakes, pies, pastries, puddings, buns, scones, jams, jellies, follies of all sorts. A baker's window is a creamy anthology of confection, and during the day, cakes are likely to appear at intervals. The Scots, although fundamentally kind people, are shy of emotion, but have decided over the centuries that almost anything will be more clearly perceived and borne after a cup of tea, and cakes often accompany the ritual. There are even durable cakes, which are mailed annually all over the world to wandering Scots. At the same time, cakes and sweets carry a faint air of the illicit about them, which may account for their being so gleefully and ubiquitously consumed.

While there are many typical Scottish dishes, like Scotch barley broth, haggis, mutton pies, bannocks, and tea breads, it is understood that individual cooks depart from the ancestral recipes on whim; and indeed, in the smaller communities, certain cooks become well known for a particular dish they make with special flair, so that it bears their name and becomes "Mrs. Muir's mince" or "Mrs. McQuirter's treacle scones." That seems to me real fame. Haggis, about which so many tedious jokes are made, has been elected from many dishes, as good or better, to represent Scottish food, mostly because of its oddity: the heart, liver, and lights of a sheep are ground and mixed with oatmeal and onions, then sewn into a sheep's stomach and boiled. To describe it as bluntly as that makes me realize that haggis cannot be put into words, nor should it ever leave Scotland. That is the fundamental point about most Scottish food: it belongs at home. It does not occur to me in other countries and climates to cook or even to want Scottish food, as one will have, say, Italian and Indian food from time to time. Yet, back in Scotland, I fall in at once with its ways, eating sumptuous breakfasts and feeling peckish at teatime. Last summer, I met a seven-year-old girl from Scotland who was visiting the United States for the first time, and meeting surprise after exotic surprise on her plate. One day she asked wistfully: "Some day, can we have normal food?" Scottish food, she meant. Alas, it does not travel, but instead stays succulently close to home. □



DR. CHRISTIAAN BARNARD ON AGING.

DISCUSSION ON AGING AND ITS EFFECT ON THE SKIN.
BY
CHRISTIAAN BARNARD, M.D.



"The process of aging and its effect on organs, tissue and on the quality of life has long been one of my primary interests.

"For in all my years of clinical experience I have found that the effects of aging can be devastating.

"Unlike a defect in the heart, the manifestation of
ıg is readily apparent to every-

"It is something that
not be satisfactorily hid-
. From yourself. Or others.
is it something that will
way on its own.
"Of course, the skin is the
ın in which this process is
ıt visibly manifested.
"Skin care is, therefore,
ıt important in improving
quality of life.
"This has led my colleagues
I to identify a substance
ch more abundant in

nger skin than in older
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"GSL. Or Glycosphingolipids.
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er skin behave and look like
nger skin.
"Hence, I believe the patented
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THEIR WORLD, NOT OURS

Some of the world's strangest plants and animals flourish under strict protection in the Galápagos

By Anne Tree

And God said let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creatures that have life, and fowl that may fly above the Earth in the open firmament of Heaven." GENESIS 1:20

This today is still the Galápagos.

For many years we had wanted to visit the Galápagos Islands. For a number of reasons 1985 seemed the year to achieve this aim. In due course in March we set off.

For those who dislike package tours Free-Range Tourism still exists. We were a party of four and like Free-Range Chickens we hoped to wander and see and taste.

We flew by Ecuatoriana Airlines to Baltra Island, Galápagos National Park. Here we were met by the captain of the *Tip Top,* Captain Rolf Wittmer. Also, our guide Hernan, a biologist of great charm and knowledge. No one is allowed to visit the islands without a local guide. We were lucky in that Hernan is a well-educated young man who not only added to our knowledge, but is of a merry disposition and added greatly to our fun. Strict rules apply in the Galápagos. The Ecuadorian government is concerned to keep the islands free from pollution and to preserve all forms of indigenous wildlife. Every precaution is taken.

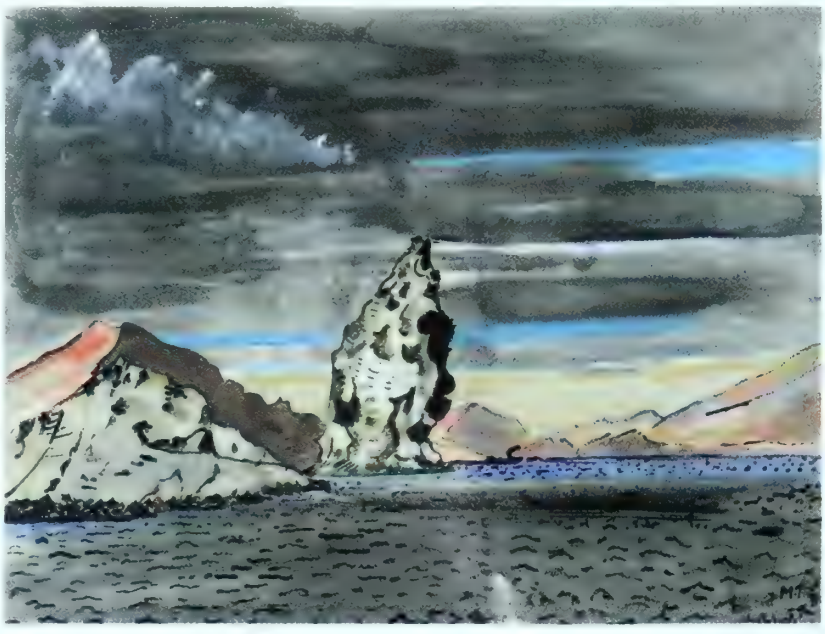
You shake your clothes and wash your shoes and feet before leaving one island for another, to prevent the risk of carrying either seeds or sickness. As each island is totally different this is an important procedure. Only local boats may be rented. The *Tip Top* is a simple, comfortable boat that sleeps eight guests. Apart from Captain Wittmer she has a crew of three including an excellent chef.

She is a happy boat, spotlessly clean with a large saloon. The captain was born in a cave on the island of Floriana He knows the islands and weather backward. We had made no plans, preferring to discuss the matter firsthand with the guide and captain. We discussed our preferences and told them that two of us suffered from seasickness. Captain Wittmer agreed that ten days was time enough to see the islands, that we should have time to enjoy the wildlife and to cool off by good long swims. We were to cover considerable distance and would travel mostly by night. At this point I must say how entirely different our journey became to any other we had made in other parts of the world. We were nine mammals of the species *Homo sapiens* on a small boat. We were entering the world of Flora and Fauna.

The Galápagos Archipelago is their world, not ours. You may kill or touch no living thing, except to fish for the pot. Any living thing may touch you and if you dislike it you move. The landscape of most of the islands is lunar if not post–atom bomb



Denizens of the Galápagos—iguana, turtle—and the islands themselves captured in Michael Tree's watercolors.





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LORD & TAYLOR

Nocturnes by Caron, Paris

Ropes and folds of lava cascade down the side of volcanoes.

No interior decorator could create such designs; but the designs are all in mourning, jet black and iron gray, sinister and powerful. Lovers of lush vegetation and white sand and human company will be frightened of this austerity. The solitude is immense. The world is primeval. The flora has adapted quickly to the necessities of survival. Cacti have evolved into trees to avoid the depredation of giant land tortoises with long legs and necks.

Rootless flowers feed on air. Belts of ivory-white thorn trees grow between the beach and summits of volcanoes, looking from a distance like mist or giant chiffon scarves. They bear leaves only after the occasional rain. Though the Galápagos Islands are on the equator, the cold Humboldt current from the Antarctic flows in close. This has created a prolific wildlife. One moment a vast manta ray floats by an then a shark. Green marine turtles pe form their mating dance, two old-ag pensioners performing a delightf minuet. Incidentally, they give gre hope for the old. Sea turtles live to a immense age. Couples aged a hundre and twenty years old copulate for up t six hours. Perhaps some day som crafty doctor will invent a syntheti turtle enzyme to enable old men to r cover their libido. We shall see elderl heads nodding, beady eyes glistenin behind thick spectacles as old me wave their arms in a courtship danc brought to London and Manhattan.

The sky and the sea are full of birds They bear the names familiar in Vi torian literature. Frigate birds, storm petrels, noddies, and boobies. It is di ficult not to anthropomorphize th world, though there is no touch of Di ney. Frigate birds in particular resen ble many friends. They are large bird with long haughty beaks. Under th beak the male has what appears to be scarlet plastic bag. In March, when th mating season begins, the males tak up their stance on a thornbush and i flate these bags. They sit like figur from a nonsense rhyme by Lear o their uncomfortable nesting sites, wit large red balloons under their chin This attracts the female. Sad sights a to be seen of neglected lovers, the balloons deflated and wrinkled lik discarded balloons after a party. Su cessful Casanovas do not have it a their own way, however. They have t feed every three days and another sui or may nab the premises.

The courtship of blue-footed bo bies is enjoyable. Blue-footed boobi are large white birds with brilliant blu webbed feet. They dance a slow sof shoe shuffle. An engagement is forma ized by the exchange of small stick from beak to beak.The list of birds too long to enumerate, but I was mo struck by the various forms of camou flage. Fledgling birds are flecked wit gray and white to fit in with a nestin site of rocks and bird droppings. C the mammals the sea lions are the mo beguiling. They are dark like their lav rock homes. I did not spot them unt my eyes were accustomed to the black shapes through the glare. Yo are aware sea lions are around becaus of barking and a whiff of fishy B.C Then suddenly one sees them ever where. Supple black bags with amuse



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eyes and moustaches. Bulls have havens and territories. Females are promiscuous and frivolous. The poor old bull spends his time swimming round cajoling his wives and trying to keep order. He becomes lean and exhausted. After a couple of weeks a strong young bull appears. There is a fight. The loser retires to the bachelor quarters on the island, always a pleasant spot on smooth rocks. Here he recuperates from the sex war and scratches and dozes with other tired bulls. It must be like the peace and quiet of a man's club after a nasty divorce case.

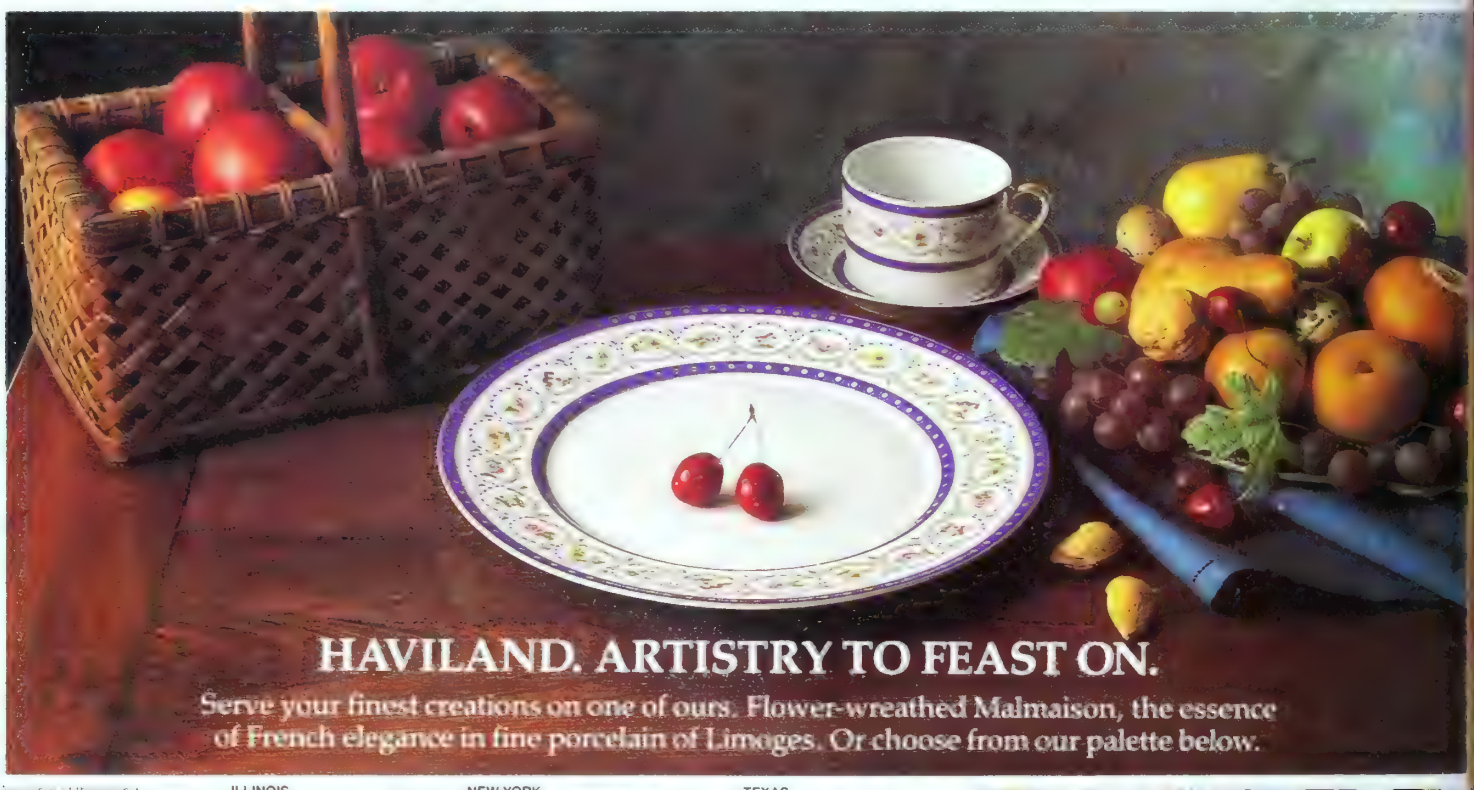
Females and their young love to swim with you. They like to show off with some extra swoops and dives. Sometimes the feel of a bristly nuzzle of a moustache scratches one's behind. With all their hospitality and fun it is still not wise to encroach on a bull's territory.

Iguanas are another great sight. They look like moving fossils made of coal. Their camouflage on the rocks is so perfect one might step on one did one not hear an angry spit of warning. Land iguanas are colorful, beautiful reds and blues and greens, but have the same habit of angry spitting. The sea and the sky are teeming with life. I swam on my back. As the birds wheeled and dived I pondered on the infancy of human aerodynamics. I swam on my front. Below is the deep. It is as clear as crystal. I did not need goggles. Blowfish are everywhere, mercifully their normal shape and not inflated by terror to make into urban lamps. A shark may go by or a school of golden ray, glossy like brass. Turtles are everywhere and schools of unnamed fish. Finally one returns to the boat.

The boat is your territory as well as your home. You are conscious of this other world around you the whole time. Nine humans are a small matter in this teeming world. You are conscious you are the stranger here.

Life on the boat is very pleasant. An early start, soon after dawn. Sight-seeing until the sun gets too hot, then a bath and a potter. Early lunch followed by a long siesta. Then out again to see the sights, probably at another island. More bathing, then home to tea with hot fritters or homemade biscuits. A nice loll on deck with a drink to watch the marine life. Then an early dinner. Afterward, cards, chess, or reading till an early bedtime. We had good weather and a full moon. I found the gentle roll of the boat under way better than any sleeping pill. Dolphins were around the boat in deep water, night gulls fished and fish leapt high out of the water. It was almost light enough to read when the moon got up. One woke to the sound of the sea lions barking or a pelican looking through the porthole.

Returning to the world of Man was a shock. There seemed many, too many of us. We seemed dusty, noisy, and bad-mannered toward each other. I miss the solitude, grandeur, and peace of the Galápagos Islands and cannot wait to return. □



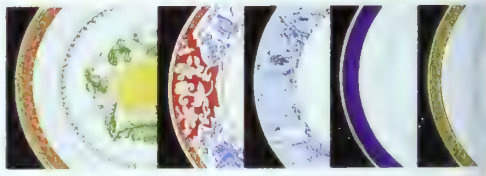
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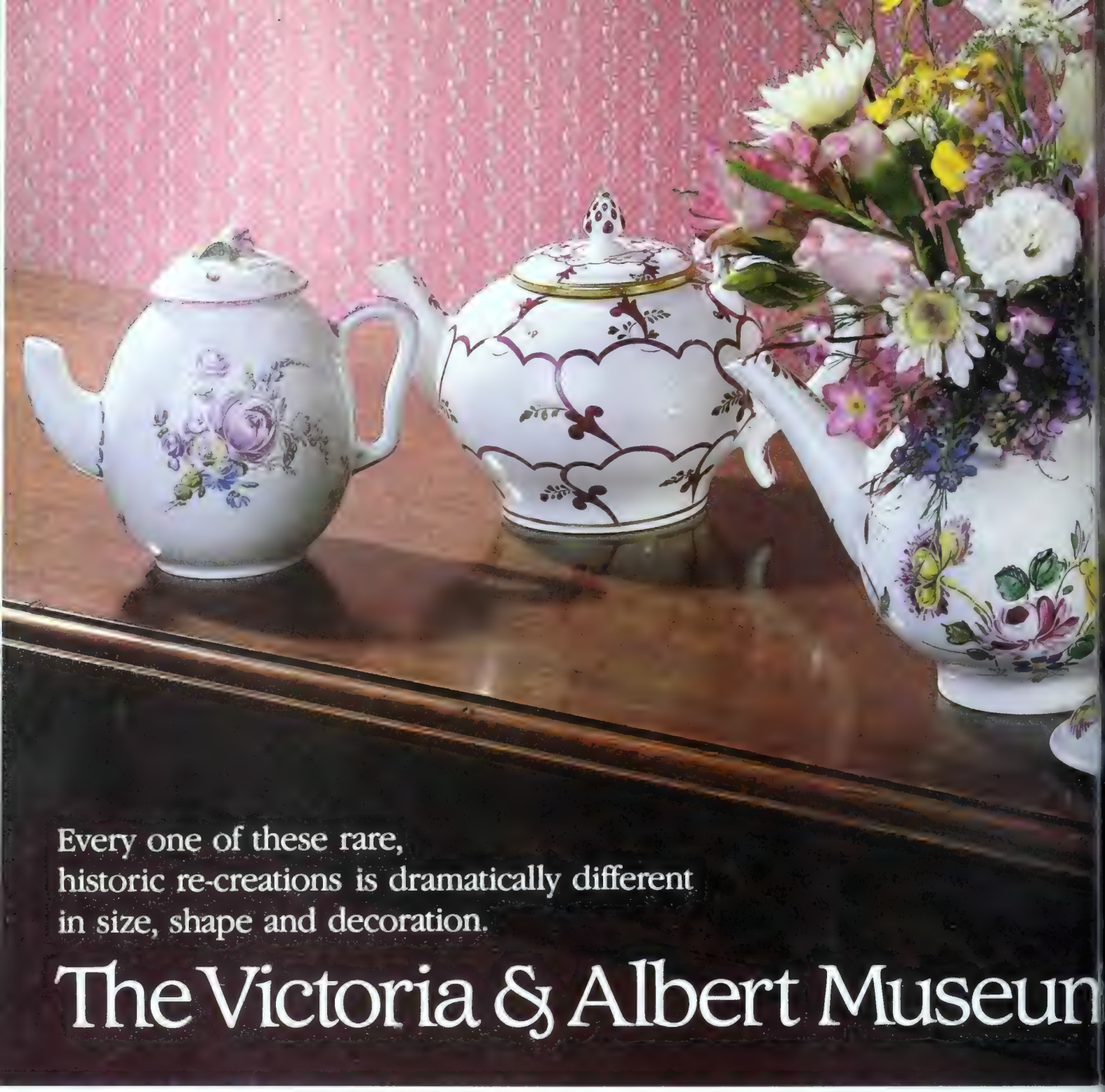
Dear Sharon,
You haven't lived, until you've made your own pottery in Guadalajara! My "teacher" Mario says I've got talent--who am I to argue?
Leaving these warm people and their endless sun and gorgeous beaches is going to be so hard. We've already decided we're coming back.
Love,
Michelle

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From the world's foremost museum of decorative arts... exquisite little teapots that reflect the most treasured porcelain styles of all time.

Only the Victoria & Albert in London has a collection of porcelain teapots like this! And for the very first time in its history, the Museum has issued a collection of authentic re-creations from its irreplaceable treasury.

Each of the twelve originals selected for this collection by the Victoria & Albert's own curators was made and decorated by hand a hundred years or more ago—at a specific factory or in a particular region of the world which strongly influenced the artistic development of porcelain.

Yet, as important as this collection is historically, its remarkable charm and beauty are even more outstanding.

For these are truly captivating little teapots, wonderfully varied in size and shape as well as in decoration. Each one is delightfully different from all the others because they represent the height of porcelain artistry from China, Japan, Germany, Italy and France as well as England.

There is, for instance, a Flemish beauty from the famous Tournay factory, founded in 1751 under privilege from the Empress Maria Theresa. And a lavishly decorated teapot—rich with 24 karat gold and cobalt blue—re-creating an original in the ornate Imari style from the famous G man house of Meissen.

There's also a characteristic Chin teapot from Jingdezhen, site of the m famous porcelain kilns in China. The C nese influence is clearly seen in the C ental figures decorating a teapot crea by Worcester, for many years the m prolific producer of English porcelain

The variety goes on. An 18th-cen French teapot from Mennecy in the cennes style. An exquisite Venetian tea decorated in rich Italian rococo fashi

These are all full-scale re-creation some of the most beautiful teapots e made—most of the treasured origi created in the 18th century, when tea an expensive luxury and therefore s but exquisite teapots like these gra



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HEAD OF THE CLASS

Gep Durenberger sells antiques in his San Juan Capistrano shop and holds seminars in the Gothick folly in his backyard

By Brooke Hayward





Left: A faux-bamboo 19th-century iron daybed and a French Directoire table in the shop. *Above:* Gep Durenberger. *Below:* The outside of Folie Gep, left; the main room where seminars are held, right.

San Juan Capistrano, a coastal town that lies about an hour and a half south of Los Angeles, figures in California folklore as the site of Father Serra's eighteenth-century mission—long considered to be the jewel of California's Spanish missions—to which yearly (on St. Joseph's Day in March, to be precise) the swallows return from a warm winter somewhere farther south. There even used to be a song—sung by Leon René—that went, "When the swallows come back to Capistrano..." Locally, nowadays there is cause for renewed architectural celebration because adjacent to the old mission rises the new library, a Post Modern building designed by Michael Graves that incorporates elements of its venerable neighbor into its overall plan and structure—and thus into the community.

Just in back of the library, on a street aptly named Camino Capistrano, sits an irresistible little antiques shop all covered in vines right up to the red Spanish tiles of its roof. Embedded in the white stucco wall by the entrance is a blue-and-white tile logo, G.R. Durenberger. The shop, it turns out, is an 1880s Basque-style cottage, bought by Mr. Durenberger in 1967 with every nickel he could then beg, borrow, or steal (about $18,000 worth). Another $10,000 went to bring it up to code. As he was very fond of adobe, he set about transforming it int what he calls "Earl California," stuccoin all the exterior wal while retaining the ori inal interior plan floorboards and wal boards. Doors and wi dows were brough over from Europe ar set into deep casemen with heavy masonr Fireplaces were r turned to working o der. And last but n least was the matter finding and shippi stock.

Luckily, Durenbe ger's previous expe ence with antiques h been of the highest order: in 1959 (ha ing graduated from Notre Dame 1958), he'd gone to work for the ven able antiquarian, Carl Yeakel, just the coast in Laguna Beach. Now, years later, he hoped he knew what was doing. He went to Europe and i ported a shipment from England a France. In those days, San Juan Cap trano was a sleepy Hispanic town two thousand people ("and everyo







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ought I had lost whatever marbles I ad moving down here"). One might rive through it on the way to St. Malo, opping for lunch at El Adobe Restau- ant. Durenberger sent out announce- ent cards, courtesy of Carl Yeakel's ailing list, and on the Friday before is Saturday opening, withdrew the st of his savings from the local bank pay the tile man. Enchanted, the tell- s sent him a Hawaiian plant studded ith orchids. Half an hour before the heduled opening, cars began show- g up—"Talk about intercession of e saints," says Durenberger—and by e end of the day he was cleaned out. he was an instant success, and went ght back to Europe for more stock.

Gep Durenberger does not so much *alk* into a room as *blow* into it like a id-spring gust of wind. As he talks, e air clears and cobwebs scatter. He a big, six-foot-one, trim Midwestern- from Le Sueur, Minnesota ("I'm ally the Jolly Green Giant"), with ch a contagious laugh and guileless anner that within minutes of meeting m you could swear he's your oldest ildhood friend.

Most unexpected, I remark to my- lf, as Gep throws himself into an old nglish wing-back (for sale, of course) ith the same gusto he displayed in en- ring the room. In front of us a fire ars away and hot tea is served. We e in another charming little house— hind the main building and separat- l from it by a garden with a fish pond the center—which Durenberger uilt ten years ago for additional dis- ay space.

"I'm always sort of embarrassed and y, 'Hell, it looks this way because I dn't have any money.' This is not ench, it's not English, it's no particu- r style. But it is a *sort* of a look, maybe composite of all kinds of dreams and emories collected over the years of avel and living . . ."

In keeping with both the personality the man and the look of his shop, all e antique furniture and bibelots are splayed exactly as they would be if ey were in someone's home. On first tering the premises, in fact, one is t sure one is in a shop at all. A cut vel- t shawl is draped casually over the m of a French provincial chaise, or a isley flung on an English tea table set th china; life-size terra-cotta mastiffs om an ancient garden guard the en- trance; a circular Regency dining table looks as if guests are about to arrive for dinner. Twice a year, with customary zeal, Durenberger travels to England and France to beef up his dwindling supplies, and he augments these purchases with quantities of goods from the Midwest.

I inquire how he got interested in the antiques business.

"Well, Brooke," he says, "I come from a clan which loves old things and we lived in an old house on an old river and that sort of thing."

The old house in Le Sueur, as it turns out, was an 1859 Georgian revival farmhouse which had belonged to his grandfather. In 1939, it was sold by his father. At the time, Gep Durenberger was three years old, and yet he claims he remembers every foot of it, and every piece of furniture, every painting. This prodigious memory was to stand him in good stead forty-odd years later when, in 1980, he was able to purchase it again for himself—and refurnish it exactly as it had been with all the original paintings and furniture, which had been dispersed to various relatives. Everything came back: old rugs, old prints of Lohengrin's wedding march, old linen curtains for upholstering the William IV furniture.

"You can imagine the local newspapers—with the 'prodigal son' theme," chuckles Durenberger, offering some homemade cookies. In the end, though, he can only get there twice a year—a week in the summer and another at Christmas—because, not content with his success as an antiquarian, Gep Durenberger is presently wearing two other caps as well. One is his commitment to the three-year-old Libros y Artes, a nonprofit group (of which he is president) under the aegis of the city government, which sponsors special cultural and fund-raising events at the San Juan Capistrano Library and Cloister (such as exhibitions, concerts, and festivals). The other, cut from a piece of the same cloth, is The Durenberger Series. This is a series of study tours abroad and seminars at Folie Gep that examines domestic architecture and the decorative arts. And what is Folie Gep?

"In 1977," says Durenberger, "the business of selling antiques got to the point where it wasn't as much of a challenge. I'd done it for ten years and I

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started thinking that it was time for some new plans and goals before rigor mortis set in."

So off he went to London and a ten-week study course at the Victoria and Albert to broaden his background. At this point he was thinking of getting out of the business entirely. He had a new plan each week.

"But what I found out was that I was never going to be an academic, I would always be a dilettante, and there was no point in fighting it anymore. And that I really was a dealer—it was in my blood."

However, out of that summer came the idea of a study center in California. So he came home and built the Folie Gep on empty property behind the little cottage where he lives.

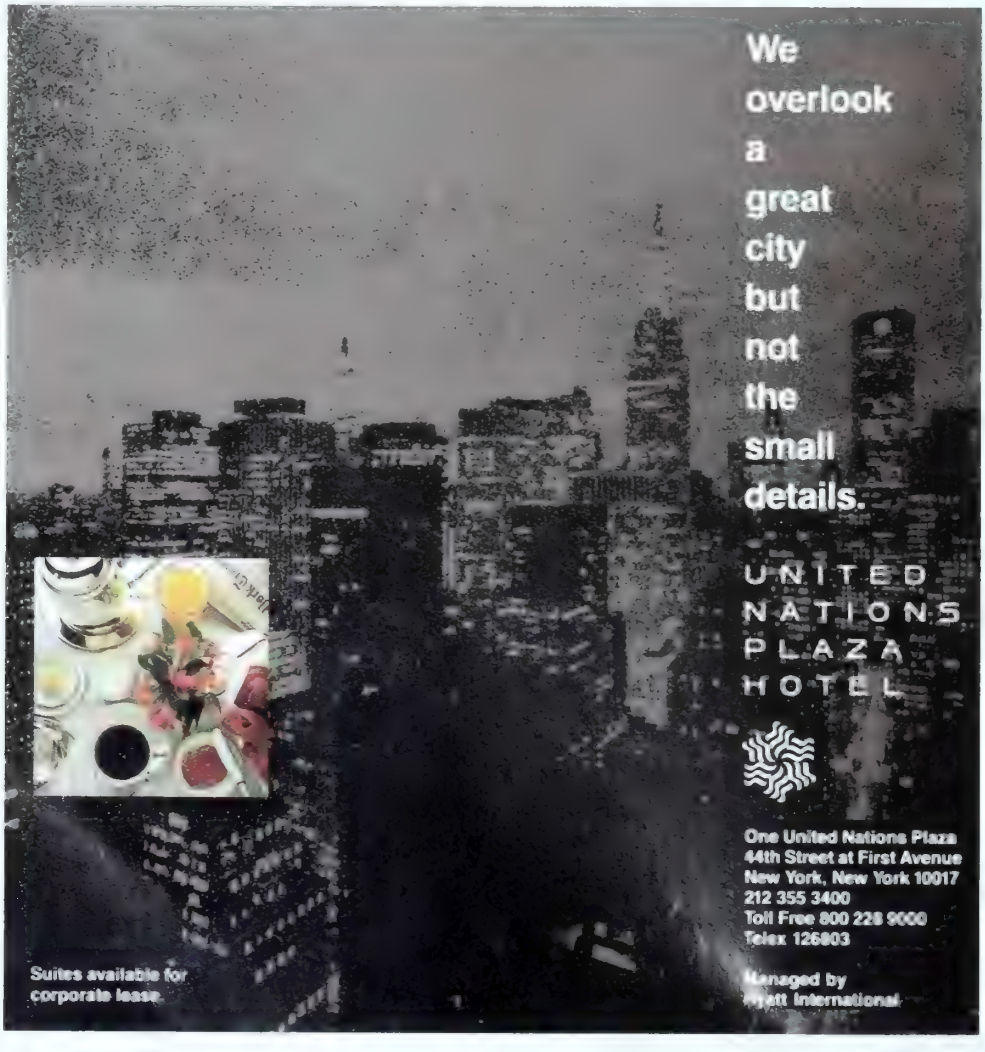
"And the word spread. Everybody said, 'I can give a lecture.' It was just like a Mickey Rooney film. You know—'We're going to do a play in the backyard'. . ."

Of course the idea has evolved into something quite different from a play in the backyard. You might attend a Garden Weekend at Folie Gep with lectures by Dr. James Yoch on "Renaissance Italian Gardens," "The Baroque Whirls of Italy and England," and, with a break for a picnic, "Chiswick and Co.: The Autumnal Exuberance of Palladian Form." The next day, Dr. Eric T. Haskell might address you on the subjects of "Grottos and Labyrinths of France," "Theatricality and Le Notrien Aesthetic," and (after another picnic) " 'Folies', 'Fabriques', and the Anglo-Chinese Influence." Or you might prefer to wait a few months for a Russian Weekend.

I was driven over to see Folie Gep for myself, and was accorded the great honor of an invitation to lunch in the garden. Durenberger bought his house in 1971. It is a 1929 one-story bungalow designed by Roy Kelly for Edward J. Doheny, who established the whole area—Capistrano Beach, then Doheny Beach. Originally there were six cottages, a beach club, and a house for Mr. Doheny, along with a number of zoning and architectural ordinances th went the way of all things when the S Diego Freeway cut through in 1958 '59, and southern Orange Coun started to open up to developme The house has an airy, breezy look, o room opening into another, with a le motiv of chintz the color of natural si striped by hand in a rosy terra cotta. the garden behind is a gazebo ma from an old tool shed where we ha marvelous lunch. And *behind* that the Folie Gep at last; an astonishi creation, really, inspired by a visit Wilton twenty years ago, where G first encountered the famous doub cube room. Folie Gep is an amalgam the mathematically pure Palladian a the Gothick. Its central core ("t schoolroom") is a sixteen-foot cu which, in turn, supports a pyram from the floor to the top of the pyra is a span of twenty-seven feet. T walls of the cube below the pyra are pierced all around with Gothi clerestory windows, and below the halfway between the floor and top cube (eight feet up or down) each the four walls gives way to an adjace exterior half-cube (each sixteen fe long by eight feet deep by eight fe high). Seen from an aerial view, t structure would be cruciform. T chalky-gray walls of "the schoolroo are plaster, trompe-l'oeiled, and hea ly scored to resemble cut stone. Els where—and there is a kitche bedroom, and bath downstairs, thr bedrooms and a bath upstairs—t walls are a mixture of unpainted pla ter and straw. This material, combin with the antique doors and windo throughout and the furniture (such a seventeenth-century Louis XIII fou poster bed), makes for a disarmi mood, at once extremely rustic and s phisticated. Twelve months a year, t is the seat of The Durenberger Serie

"Folie Gep is certainly an apt nam for it," I murmur.

As I turn to go, however, my mind elsewhere, suffused with images of house I've never seen, never thought until that day—the old Georgian R vival farmhouse in Le Sueur, Minnes ta. It sounds like the home we all wi we could go back to. Even now, ma months later, I can close my eyes a instantly imagine the Jolly Green Gia gathering his clan in Le Sueur Christmas. □





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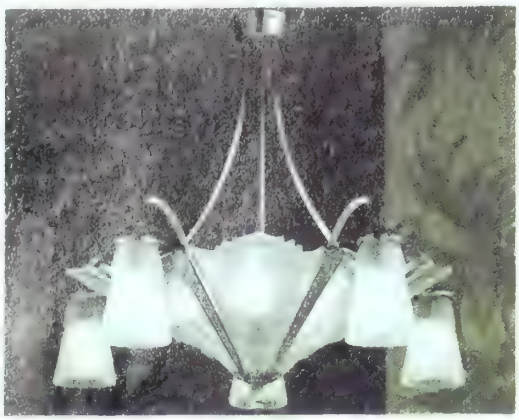


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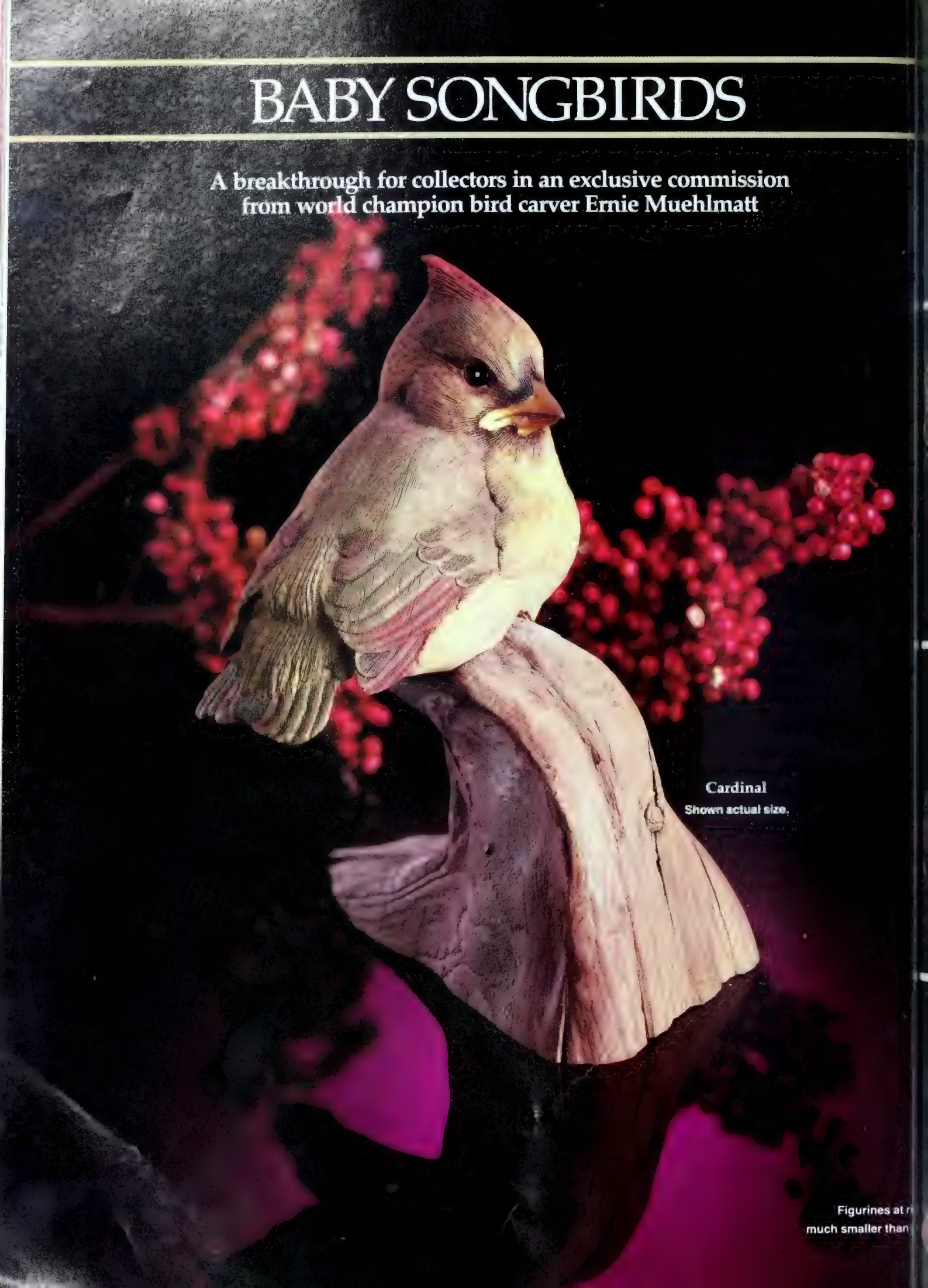
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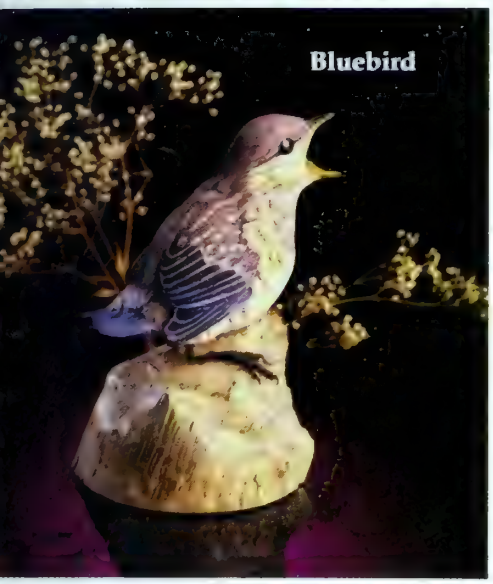
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REFLECTIONS IN A PHOTOGRAPHER'S EYE

Robert Mapplethorpe's Scandinavian ceramics

By Steven M. L. Aronson

Robert Mapplethorpe was putting the finishing touches on his new, 3,500-square-foot loft in the Flatiron District of Manhattan's West 20s. The white minimalism of the space had been carefully raised by gently rounded columns to a powerful purity. But the Prince of Darkness—a sculpture of Mephistopheles—sat glowering on a Mission pedestal by the entrance to the kitchen, while yet another devil, a nineteenth-century German figure complete with toasting fork, schemed in frivolous malignity on the bar: the fittest survivors—or perhaps just the most favored—from a previous Mapplethorpe collection.

The 39-year-old photographer was methodically, with practiced intuition, installing his fifty Scandinavian vases on a cantilevered wooden shelf over the fireplace. The loft's details—its surfaces, materials, and craftsmanship—would provide the ideal backdrop for his latest collection.

"The most refined stoneware vessels, the ones with the most beautiful glazes, were done by a Swede, Berndt Friberg, who died in 1981," he notes. "There's an undercurrent of Orientalism. Look at the refinement of the bases." Although in Scandinavia the most desirable Fribergs are held to be the miniatures, because they were the most difficult to "throw," Mapplethorpe dismisses these as being too much like knickknacks. "The bigger the better for me," he says, tracing the outlines of a large Friberg stoneware pot. "I'm arranging them in groupings. If you're an obsessive grouper, somebody who likes to put things together, they're great little toys.

"I started out collecting Scandinavian glass and got into ceramics. I bought a lot from Fifty-50 on Broadway. Then a place called Scanform opened on Thompson Street. I was the only one collecting the stuff so whenever they got new pieces in they called me. The prices kept going up which

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couldn't figure out because I was still the only one buying them—they had me competing furiously with myself," he laughs. Then he adds, "I always knew that if I took one good photograph of each ceramic, it would pay for itself. That's how I rationalized paying that kind of money.

"I've been photographing them as long as I've been collecting them. For me, photography is all about a kind of love that you can have for both the inanimate and the animate. There's an advantage to photographing inanimate objects because you don't have to deal with the personality of the sitter. I can move these any way I want, and every time I move them I see new shadows, new textures. I wanted to see vases as no one has seen them before. I also wanted to see if I could insinuate my own personality into an inanimate object."

As Vivien Raynor wrote recently in *The New York Times,* "There seems to be no subject this photographer can't make beautiful, erotic, and slightly repellent all at the same time." Susan Sontag in "Certain Mapplethorpes," her preface to *Certain People,* a book of one hundred Mapplethorpe portraits, addresses the photographer's unique working style: "Being photographed by Mapplethorpe was different from being photographed by anyone else. He reassures differently, encourages differently, is permissive differently . . . He is not in a predatory relation to his subjects." (I can second Sontag's observations. When Mapplethorpe photographed me, in 1978 and again in 1982, the sittings were like a duet with a silent partner. He was cool, clear, and surprisingly low-key, given the power invariably projected by his photographs.) "What he looks for, which could be called Form, is the quiddity or isness of something," Sontag continues. "Not the truth about something, but the strongest version of it."

What quality above all attracted Mapplethorpe to Scandinavian pottery? "The cleanness of line. It's far from my life-style," he admits, "but not far from my sensibility. The subtlety of glaze appealed to me, too. And there's a sensual feel to them. Also, the form is almost classical. The little bowls are like rice bowls—some of them have a Japanese feeling. The shapes can also be sharp—they can have sharp, crisp edges to them, and that relates in a way to my photographs. Unless I'm photographing these vases, I don't put anything in them. My life's too complicated for flowers."

An unexpected remark coming from a photographer whose still lifes and hand-printed photogravures of tulips and orchids have been praised for both their cool elegance and their voluptuous textures. Mapplethorpe is of course equally celebrated for his portraits of the rich, famous, and fashionable embalmed in the glamour of pure identity ("people in collusion with the vision they believe they're encountering," according to one critic), as well as for his sexual photographs—graphic images of dominance and submission.

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He has been denounced by *The New York Times* for "redrawing the boundaries of public taste" and by a London art magazine for "playing havoc with our value systems and response mechanisms." Better than any contemporary photographer Mapplethorpe understands that the meek inherit nothing. A true child of his time, he grasped early on that, second to success, nothing succeeds like controversy. It took him practically no time at all to become a topical fixture in galleries, museums, and fashion magazines, not to mention a cult figure who is extensively collected himself.

"Either you're a collector of objects or you're not," Mapplethorpe reasons. "If you are, there's no stopping it. As a kid I collected stamps, marbles, bottle caps—whatever kids collect. I started seriously collecting in 1973—photographs. My first was a Baron von Gloeden—*Sicilian Boy in a Straw Hat with a Fish*. By 1982 I wanted to collect other things so I sold my whole collection at Sotheby's." The Mapplethorpe collection included such photographic landmarks as Steichen's *Portrait of Paul Robeson as "the Emperor Jones,"* Stieglitz's *The Steerage,* Man Ray's *Portrait of a Tearful Woman,* Julia Margaret Cameron's *Devotion,* and George Platt Lynes's *Nude Portrait of Yul Brynner.*

"Then I started collecting devils. Images of the devil in sculpture—brass, glass, bronze. It was just one of those things I did for a while. Why? Because I'd never seen a collection of devils. All the things I collect are basically because no one else is collecting them. Where do you get devils? I used to find them. You know, when you're looking for something you find it, or it finds you.

"I began collecting Mission furniture—Stickley—from the turn-of-the-century American Arts and Crafts movement when I needed a comfortable chair, a nonfragile, practical chair. Next came a couch. Again, nobody else was collecting this stuff. But then Mission furniture started to become fashionable—then expensive, fashionably expensive. And I'd gotten to the point where I had educated myself to its visual ideas—I mean, I'd used them in my photographs—so it was time to move on. I shifted to collecting fifties furniture: George Nelson, Noguchi, Vladimir Kagan. Then came Italian and Scandinavian glass."

How long does Mapplethorpe plan to stay with the collection of Scandinavian ceramics that he has just finished installing—the fifty-odd vases now extended to our scrutiny that coruscate with light glinting from within, their purity of form, clarity of line, and flawlessness of surface, soft, sentient gleams against the pallor of the shelves, their exoticism already fully absorbed by the personality of their owner? "There's no way of knowing—the curves go on infinitely—it's not like Mission. These vases have a poetic touch as well as being functional. I mean, they're both art and craft."

As certainly and as inextricably as Mapplethorpe himself is both art and craft. □

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THE JAMES RIVER PLANTATIONS

Virginia's answer to the Stately Homes

By Christopher Gray







To most travelers, the plantation houses along Virginia's James River are simply additional stops on an itinerary already overloaded with historic sites, like Mount Vernon and Colonial Williamsburg. Shirley, Berkeley, and Westover are the best known of the riverfront properties, great eighteenth-century houses built during the golden age of political and agricultural development of the colony by some of Virginia's leading families. But most people overlook the fact that they have stumbled onto not just another blur of paneling, red brick, and Colonial nostalgia, but also what may be the oldest, grandest residential enclave in the United States.

It is a rural grouping, strung out eighty miles from the mouth of the James River at Newport News to the falls at Richmond, where all river traffic ended. Although the properties occupy seven counties on both sides of the river, the greatest concentration falls in Charles City County, just east of Richmond. Most of the dozen-odd plantation houses were first their own small, self-contained communities—Charles City County still has no main settlement—with a main house, servants and slave quarters, stables, storehouses, and related buildings on the river edge of plots of 800 to 1800 acres. Each plantation owner was master of his own small fiefdom, controlling food, shelter, and employment for his own subcolony of up to a few hundred people. Riverfront siting was crucial for access to the mother country's ships, which called regularly to pick up tobacco and deliver the niceties of life unavailable in the colony. Jamestown, the first permanent English settlement in North America, is just eight miles east, and the area itself is rich in Colonial and Civil War history. You cannot go from one house to another without rubbing shoulders with the ghosts of Washington, Jefferson, Harrison, or Tyler, Jeb Stuart, or Union General McClellan, or various Lees, Hancocks, Randolphs, or other prominent middle-Atlantic families.

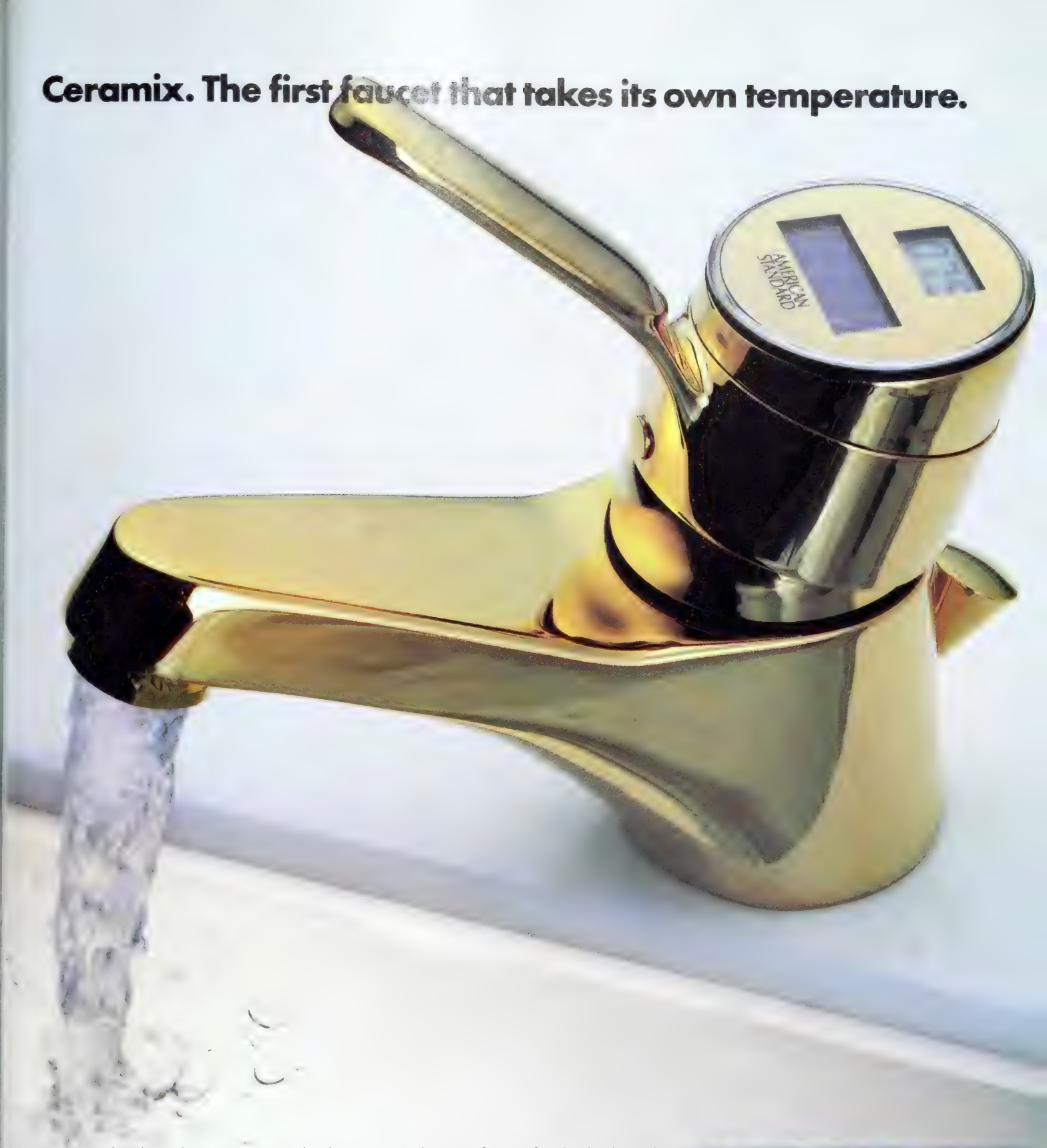
Clockwise from top left: Sherwood Forest, home of John Tyler's descendants; Carter's Grove, where, legend has it, both Presidents Washington and Jefferson had marriage proposals refused; Hickory Chair's reproduction of a Berkeley wing chair.

Although the first-time traveler will see Charles City County as a miscellaneous collection of rural farm tracts and patinaed houses, no other county in Virginia can match its combination of history, architecture, setting, and residential character—every one of these Charles City County houses is still in private hands. For the outsider they occupy three concentric rings of privacy, with even the most private often open during Virginia's annual Garden Week in April.

Berkeley (1726), Westover (1730),

TOP LEFT, PETER VITALE; TOP RIGHT, TOM LEONARD

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Shirley (1770), and Sherwood Forest (1730 and 1844) are the most significant and most public, built by the Harrison, Byrd, Carter, and Tyler families respectively. Berkeley, family home of Presidents Benjamin Harrison and William Harrison, is a great, pedimented Georgian box of a soft red brick, with wide terraced grounds stepping down to the river.

Westover, built by the Byrd family, is the one that will make you gasp—an immaculate Georgian house on a high bluff right on the river. Here you best experience the local climate: the constant mild humidity, the fine hazy sunshine, the rich smell of the fertile soil. Shirley, home of the Hill-Carter family since 1660, has the most striking group of outbuildings, and is low and close to the river. Sherwood Forest is the odd one, not visually on river frontage, occupied by the grandson of President John Tyler, who lived here after he left the White House. They are all distinctly Virginian, mixing a certain Anglophile high culture with a native agrarian sensibility.

These houses have such a presence as tourist stops it is difficult to believe that they are also private residences, but their owners are quite definitely "river people," a term applied to the gentry of the entire Tidewater area. Senior in rank is the C. Hill Carter Jr. family, the ninth generation of Carters to occupy Shirley. For years they operated the plantation as it had always been, a working farm, but in 1972 they leased out the land to keep it working and began to devote full time to the tourist attraction of their house and grounds. Now the traveler will park at the end of the great double row of Lombardy poplar trees, walk down a gravel path between paired brick outbuildings, up onto the porch of Shirley, and, if the day is right, will be met by a rugged, hearty man in a suit who will say: "Hello, I'm Hill Carter. Welcome to Shirley."

Most of the larger houses operate in the same general way, reserving for the public the grounds and grander, downstairs rooms (painted paneling, mahogany dining tables with silver service, ancestral portraits) but reserving the upstairs and bedroom wings for the day-to-day family life. There is always a certain propriety to the tour—a velvet rope across the stairway, and a slight bareness to the rooms (as if mementos have just been removed for a large party where all the guests will not be personal friends); financial and bathroom arrangements are generally made outside the main house.

Extensive gardens give Berkeley a more leisurely feel than Shirley, but this is a deceptive sensation, since owner Malcolm Jamieson is the acknowledged dean of tourism in Charles City County—this year he expects eighty thousand visitors at six dollars apiece. Just as it was with his colonial predecessors, to Jamieson plantation management involves a tireless and ingenious search for new ways to squeak a little something extra from the operation. He is always promoting group tours, selling plenty of "Historic Berkeley" box seedlings (starting at $2.50 apiece), and reresearching Berkeley history to assure an impressive stream of firsts—first bourbon whiskey, first Thanksgiving, first commercial shipyard, first pediment roof—a string that makes his neighbors smile, but not without a touch of envy. Berkeley was also first to be open regularly to visitors, in the 1930s, and today has the only gift shop, restaurant, and bookstore in Charles City County.

At Westover only the grounds are regularly open to the public, but the formality of this grand mansion, with iron gates imported from England and a long crescent of tulip poplar trees, is disarmed by a child's jungle gym on the green between the house and the river—an innocent touch that would horrify a curator bent on an unspoiled historical setting.

The Tylers' sign at Sherwood Forest carefully warns you that there is a charge even for "just looking," and that a minimum charge to be admitted inside the house is $30. Even if you are just one person, that will be money well spent—Payne Tyler is an intelligent and charming hostess—the kind of person you'd want to sit next to at a dinner party where you don't know anyone. She will put you at your ease as she shows you her house: "Now if my son were giving this tour he'd say 'this is the dining room' and leave it at that." The Tylers have a curious long, narrow ballroom (where President Tyler danced the Virginia reel) and the mid-nineteenth-century Empire decoration is in contrast to the more formal Geor-



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gian interiors of the older houses.

Unlike professionally run house museums, all the James River houses have their own personalities, as decisions on furniture, restoration, and tour practices are made according to the tastes of the owners. Shirley has a no-nonsense air to it, with farming operations next to the house and the solid flavor of hard work and plenty of it. Berkeley emphasizes its garden setting, but its many different operations re-create the feeling of an original plantation. Westover is coolly beautiful, with a discreet human touch, and Sherwood Forest is frankly homey and full of sentiment.

Outside this group of houses there is a second group, open to the public less regularly or only to special groups. Belle Air, a frame house of 1670 now cut off from its original riverfront land, is one of these. Now owned by Mrs. Walter Major, the house has the tight medieval planning of the early period of the Virginia colony, with a stunning Jacobean staircase.

Another in this second group is Kittiewan, and this is the house to see, if you are lucky enough to arrive when it is open. The other houses try to strike a balance between the requirements of tourism and normal habitation, but William and Wilma Cropper have arranged Kittiewan almost purely for their own pleasure, and it is clearly the most personal and lived-in—the antithesis of Colonial Williamsburg. The parlor, now a bedroom, has exquisite paneling, which is unrestored, so the visitor has the sense of making a great find. The house is chockablock with furniture of all ages, Empire armoires next to craftsman chairs next to gas heaters, all of it of family descent through the Croppers; these are anything but period interiors. Scattered throughout the house is a broad and idiosyncratic collection of old issues of *Southern Planter* magazine, arrowheads, bits of pottery, World War I gunsights, vintage wedding invitations—all obviously collected as a personal endeavor, with marginal regard for anyone else's tastes. This rich trove of folk goods and family furniture, in counterpoint to majestic, untouched eighteenth-century paneling, is heady, Proustian stuff.

The last and most obscure group comprises the houses that function almost entirely as private residences. These are more or less invisible to the outsider—Upper Shirley, Evelynton, and Brandon, for example, and a few others. They are usually down unmarked driveways, but sometimes open during April, when The Garden Club of Virginia's Historic Garden Week tends to open even the most private of doors. None are as grand as Westover or Berkeley, but each creates a different mood in its relationship to the river. Weyanoke is rather formal, a great white frame house in the middle of planted fields, set well back from the river. Upper Weyanoke is the exact opposite, an intimate federal cottage right on the riverbank. Upper Shirley, built by the Carters but now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Pollard Alsop Jr., is the most romantic, on high secluded ground on a quiet reach of the lower James.

Circumstances of geography have maintained a remote, rural character in Charles City County, long after other areas of Virginia's eastern, Tidewater areas have become chic or suburbanized. The West End residential section of Richmond, the nearest city, has always developed away from Charles City County, separated from it by an industrial section of downtown. Unlike the northern sections of Virginia, particularly the Potomac, the James River area has not attracted an urban, monied crowd. "Nobody here has the time for fox hunting," says Muschi Fisher, who lives at Westover with her husband, Frederick, Deputy State Attorney General. "There is too much to be done with the house or the grounds." What this section does have is stability—two plantation houses have been in the same families since they were first built; even today, most of the households are cousin to others in the group. Frequent intermarriages have sprinkled the local surnames—Harrison, Ruffin, Carter, and Saunders, for example, as middle names over a wide area. People like Mac Jamieson, whose father bought Berkeley in 1907, are still clearly identified as outsiders, simply because they or their parents were born outside Virginia. In full-time occupancy at Berkeley since the late 1920s, Jamieson is perhaps the senior plantation resident, since family plantations tend to move around among relatives. "Now don't print that," says a native Virginian,





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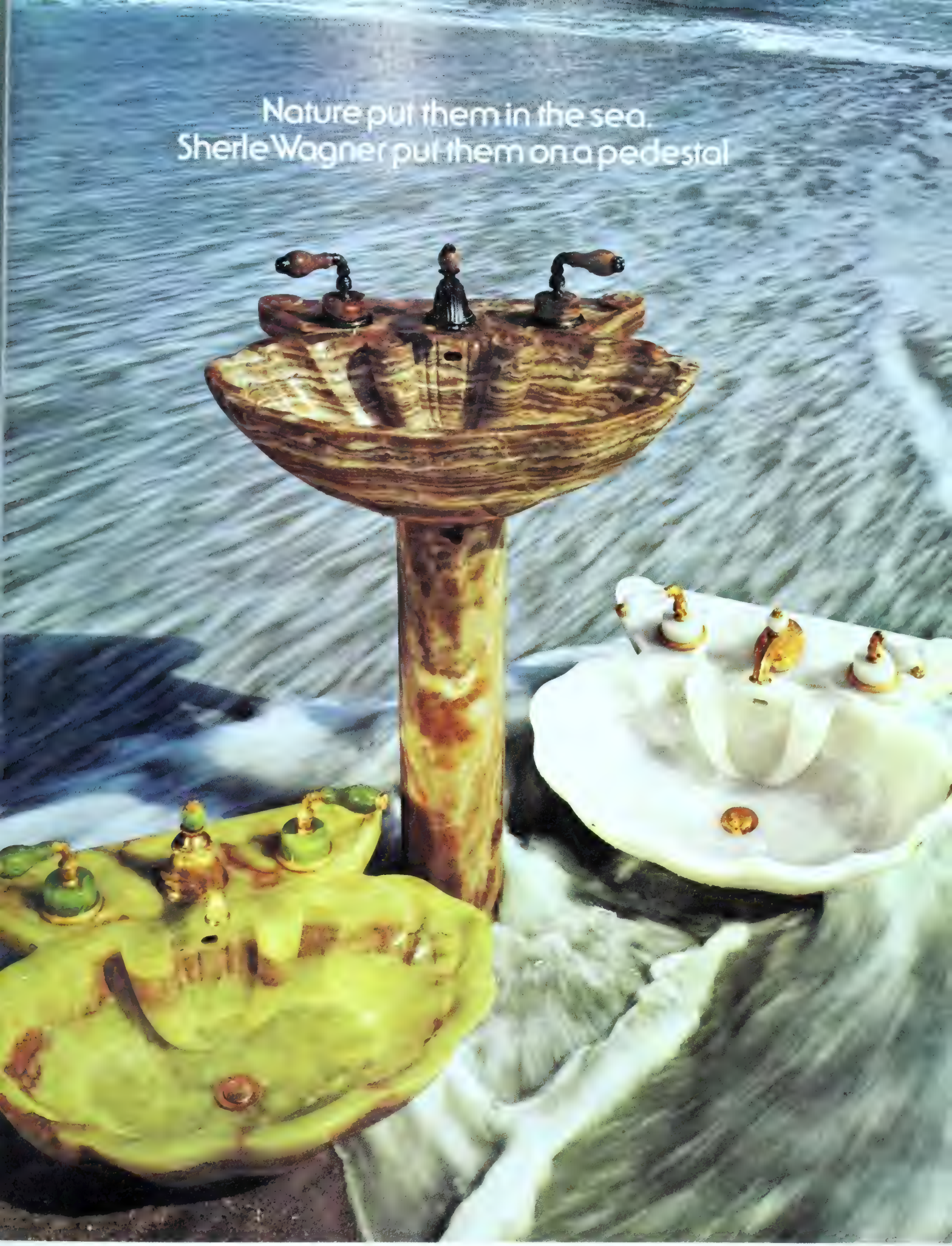
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alarmed that a newcomer has such a distinction, "people will get the wrong idea." But she cannot provide another name.

The reception of tourists into what is otherwise a fairly closed society is accomplished so naturally that it does not strike you until later: what, exactly, are these families doing here, living in these grand houses but then admitting across their thresholds pretty much whichever strangers happen to drop by? The customary answer to this question along the James River is that all the families share a sense of their roles as stewards of the past for the rest of those Americans not fortunate enough to live in Virginia. "Why, everyone comes from Virginia, somewhere along the line," says a householder who has observed the tourist traffic grow from a trickle to a flood over the last quarter century. There are other answers as well. Malcolm Jamieson's example at Berkeley has clearly made some people see the dollar signs that the plantation houses, even amateurishly marketed, could command. But there are symbolic rewards, too, in the reincarnation of the golden age of plantations, harvesting tourists instead of tobacco. To some degree the river people of Charles City County are emulating the hard-working aristocracy of the eighteenth-century, masters of their small kingdoms, depending upon God's grace only in matters of weather and vacation itineraries. Also, there is something distinctly complimentary in people coming from all over the United States to the James River, as if the plantation houses were once again at the center of things.

A graceful striving continues on the James River plantations today—these are working gentry, tightly knit, with the common goal of carrying on traditions and attitudes that have been maturing for two centuries. It is not so much a closed community as a complete one; what could possibly be added to such a setting of history and architecture at this late date? If there are compromises with the twentieth century, they have only made both parties that much stronger, and everyone on the James River expects that the plantations' future harvests will be every bit as rich as those in the past. □



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A NOT SO PEACEABLE KINGDOM

New books and a current exhibition explore surprising facets of the Mayan civilization

By Suzanne Winckler



THE BLOOD OF KINGS
by Linda Schele and Mary Ellen Miller
George Braziller/Kimbell Art Museum
340 pp., $45 cloth, $24.95 paper

THE MURALS OF BONAMPAK
by Mary Ellen Miller
Princeton Univ. Press, 212 pp., $67.50

THE SCULPTURE OF PALENQUE
by Merle Green Robertson
Princeton Univ. Press, $125 (v. 1), $135

POPOL VUH
translated by Dennis Tedlock
Simon and Schuster, 380 pp., $19.95

THE ART OF MESOAMERICA FROM OLMEC TO AZTEC
by Mary Ellen Miller
Thames and Hudson, 240 pp., $9.95

From left: Reliquary figurine, ca. 700–900 A.D.; the famous rabbit pot, ca. 600–800 A.D.; jade portrait mask with glyphic inscription.

The screaming clay figure above is a Maya captive, circa 700–900 A.D., and from what is known about that particular group of Mesoamericans, he is the object of ritual mutilation. He has been disemboweled and scalped and will soon be incinerated. The man's painful situation is often in evidence in Maya art; the voluptuous lines that immediately draw us to him are not. By comparison to much of the art our culture embraces—from Greek sculpture to the works of Rodin to Brancusi eggs and beyond—the Maya's intricately carved stelae and lintels seem chilly and otherworldly. The figures are flat and stylized and, given our penchant for the nude figure, wildly overdressed. There is such an excess of line that it is difficult to follow the route of one that has taken off on a sensual, corporeal path.

Yet to anyone who has visited the various Mesoamerican ruins—from the great city of Teotihuacan in the Valley of Mexico to the grandiose temples of Tikal in Guatemala—the people who built them remain maddeningly seductive. For one thing, their architecture has a balance and grace that make it immediately more approachable than a good bit of their art. For another, these people inhabited an exotic, tropical world that has always held a romantic sway over those of us who live in more temperate climes. It would be hard to love the paintings of Rousseau and Gauguin and not have at least some curiosity about the jungles of Mesoamerica.

Several new books on the art of Mesoamerica, most of which pay special attention to the Maya, plus a new translation of a Maya origin myth, help the recalcitrant eye and balking mind look southward to those baffling cultures. The books have two things in common: an exuberance for the topic that is contagious and a desire to interpret these people, based on the evidence at hand, not as anomalous cultures, which has been the tendency in previous scholarship, but as members of the human continuum, a club to which we all belong. Those notions of the unstoppable human spirit and of shared humanity come across especially in Dennis Tedlock's translation of the *Popol Vuh,* the origin myth of the Quiché Maya, whose descendants still occupy western Guatemala. Those people, for whom the *Popol Vuh* is still a living text, figure prominently in Tedlock's book, giving it a zest it might have lacked if it had been simply an academic translation. In tandem with the art books, especially *The Blood of Kings,* the *Popol Vuh* will inform in the same way that the Bible helps explain the Renaissance, or *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* illuminates the late-nineteenth-century South, the latter perhaps being a better example since, like *Huckleberry Finn,* the *Popol Vuh* is a pretty lusty story.

For many years scholars wanted the Maya to be perfect, a race of benign and high-minded people who spent

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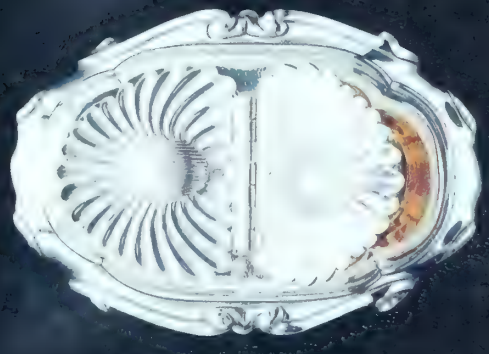


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their days and nights contemplating questions of mathematics and astronomy. A quick review of world history and contemporary affairs, as well as a frank assessment of one's own foibles, should argue strongly against the likely existence of such a faultless race, and at long last *The Blood of Kings* attempts to set the record straight. The book is the catalogue for an exhibit of the same name at the Kimbell Art Museum in Fort Worth, May 17 to August 24, and The Cleveland Museum of Art, October 8 to December 14. (Another exhibit now touring Canada and the U.S., "Maya: Treasures of an Ancient Civilization," is of considerable interest but is somewhat more timid than *The Blood of Kings*.)

Rather than being a plodding chronological survey, which books and exhibits of this type often are, *The Blood of Kings* revolves around the premise that the Maya were engaged in very human, if not always laudable, endeavors. They were concerned with class hierarchies, they wanted to please their gods, and they were interested in their immortality (quite literally as well as via their monuments and works of art), all things that in various ways and degrees are still of vital interest to us.

What is off-putting, and what many scholars have tried to ignore, is the shocking degree (by our standards) to which bloodletting and human sacrifice figured into the Maya scheme of things. Word has been out for a few decades that the Maya were not the contemplative, peace-loving people we wanted them to be, but there has been a great lag in getting the word into print. *The Blood of Kings,* then, is not a book about something new, but it is about something that everyone, for one reason or another, has been slow to discuss. Linda Schele and Mary Miller talk about this rather puzzling lassitude in *The Blood of Kings,* and Miller writes about it further in her book *The Murals of Bonampak,* and for people who enjoy the history of ideas as much as the ideas themselves this is one of the most fascinating parts of their books.

Many of the enduring notions of the Maya were formed by the very persuasive Mayanist Sir J. Eric S. Thompson, who was promoting his theories during the time of our two world wars, a period when discovering a peaceful race of people would have its obvious palliative effects. He was winding up his work about the time that the Bonampak murals, with their blatant references to warfare and blood rituals, were discovered. It was simply too late for Thompson, a man who by all accounts was something of a dogmatist anyway, to change his tune. Then, in ensuing years, archaeological research shifted away from studying the art and monuments of the Maya to looking at settlement patterns and agricultural techniques, pursuits of great interest but not apt to shed light on the sanguinary nature of the Maya.

This scholarly shift took place at least partly out of despair that the hieroglyphic content of the art would ever be fully understood, which of course was central to understanding the art itself. But breakthroughs in reading the glyphs (many of which Schele participated in) have confirmed the suspicions of scholars who saw in the lintels, stelae, and murals the message that Sir Eric Thompson and many of the peers under his influence chose to ignore. That a picture is worth a thousand words did not apply in this case. Scholars have had to understand the words before they would believe what they saw in the pictures.

Maya warriors raiding neighboring cities to take captives for their blood rituals, royal families going through elaborate bloodletting ceremonies, wild dances playing out in the midst of human sacrifices—all of this is made imminently clear in *The Blood of Kings* and *The Murals of Bonampak*. Certainly coming to understand the significance of blood rituals in Maya life is interesting in and of itself, but what seems most thrilling is how that knowledge makes a heretofore cryptic body of art take shape and come alive. In *The Blood of Kings* Schele and Miller walk their readers through the art, object by object, and out of the chaos, confusion, and mystery, time and again, they reveal not only the story and the players but also the line that etches the forms and shape we love.

Using beautiful color renderings, Miller performs much the same task with the murals of Bonampak, a particularly poignant exercise given that the original works can now be counted as lost pieces of art—they are moldering, barely visible under layers of calcification and fungi, in three rooms in a



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A bloodletting lintel from Yaxchilán

crumbling temple in the jungle, having suffered from both neglect and misguided attempts to preserve them. *The Murals of Bonampak* is one of the rare cases in art history where the treatise on a work is better than the work itself.

All three murals are wonderful in their way but the one in the second room is truly exquisite. (It also contains all the proof you need of the Maya's sanguinary practices.) In a kind of point/counterpoint, a battle scene of high intensity is followed by a court scene, as hushed and regimental as the former is loud and chaotic, where a royal figure (known to Mayanists as Chaan-muan) presides over the mutilation of captives. In achieving the artistry of utter chaos, this battle would find its modern cinematic equivalent (all a good many of us know of war) in one of Akira Kurosawa's battle scenes. For the grace of its composition, the mutilation scene is considered, rightfully, one of the great works of all times. Its finest touch is the Oriental positioning of the captives' hands, held up in final, futile supplication.

For twenty years Merle Greene Robertson has been doing for the art of Palenque what Miller has done for the murals of Bonampak. The task is a mammoth one. Palenque, a Maya site in the Mexican state of Chiapas, has the richest store of extant stucco sculpture of all the Maya ruins. Robertson has photographed and, where additional insight is helpful, made drawings of all of this work. She had to set up elaborate scaffolding, because of the placement of some of the sculptures, and she had to work at night with cumbersome lighting equipment, because the roof overhangs cast shadows on many of the pieces during the day. Robertson's is a labor of love, and that unabashed quality runs through these three volumes. Her motivation was doubtless partly the lure of Palenque itself—of all the Maya ruins everyone agrees that it possesses an uncanny magic—but also it was based on a fear that runs through the archaeological community that these sites will deteriorate, or be defaced or looted, or simply change. Even in the best of worlds, time and mother nature impose their fees. Palenque was pummeled by abrasive white ash when the volcano El Chichón









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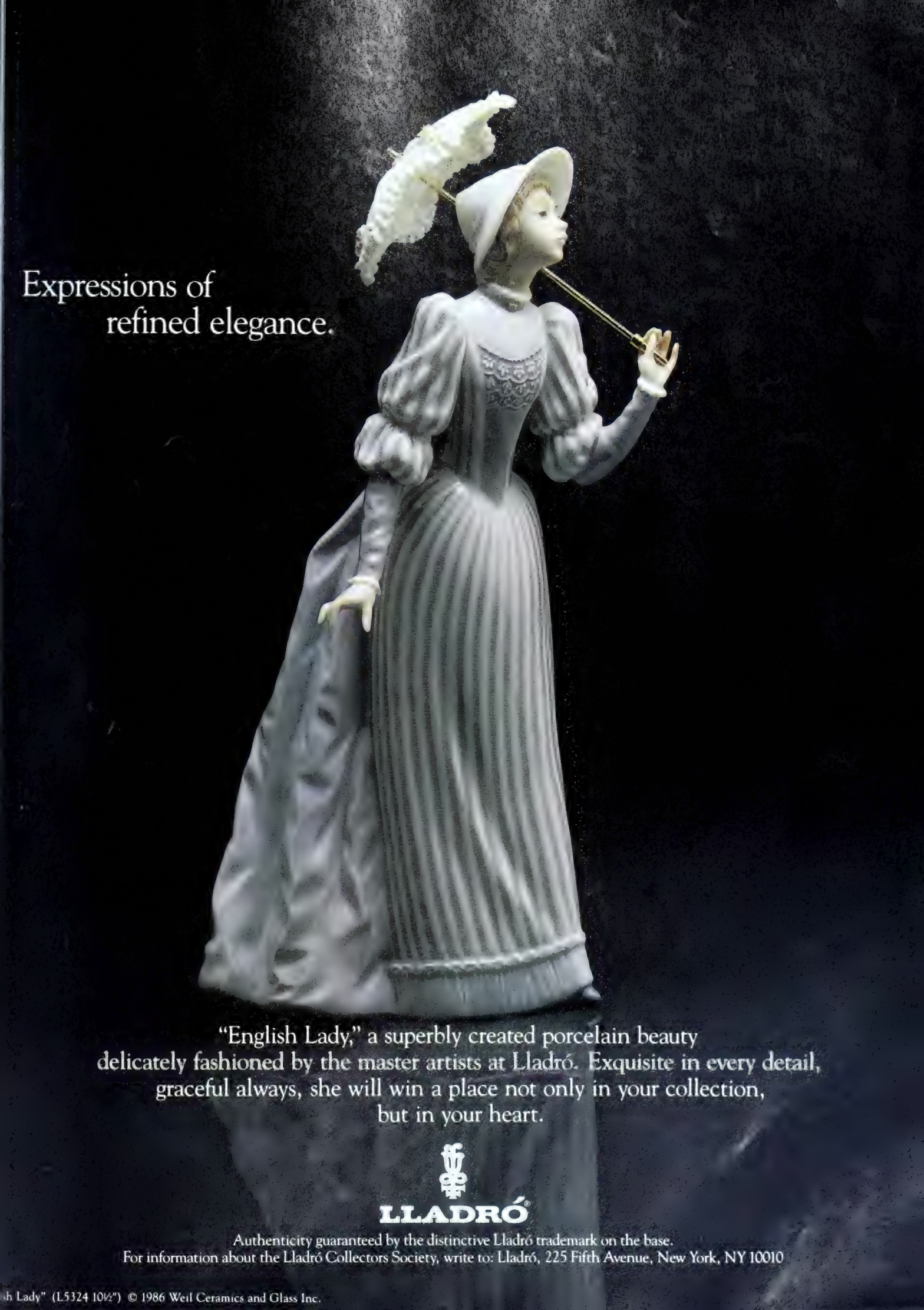
Above: The moon goddess Ixchel embracing a lascivious rabbit is a mold-produced clay whistle, ca. 600–900 A.D. *Right:* Jaina male/female pair in clay, 700–800 A.D.

erupted in 1982, which rubbed out even more the fading remnants of paint on several of the temples.

Many of the sculptures at Palenque have more depth and curve than the bas-relief style typical of Maya work. Here, figures seem to be almost struggling to take fuller shape, and to an impressive extent Robertson captures that emerging-from-rock quality in her photographs. There are the perplexing pieces, too, of which perhaps the most famous is the huge, intricately carved limestone sarcophagus cover that rests in the depths of the Temple of the Inscriptions. In 1952, the archaeologist Alberto Ruz lifted up this lid to discover a tomb in which a decorously appointed skeleton lay, the remains of a king that Mayanists now call Pacal.

Amid an explosion of carved details, the king is depicted life-size in the center of the cover. Poised precariously, he is about to tumble over backward into the Maya underworld. Robertson's photographs and drawings of the sarcophagus cover are thorough to say the least; they take up 38 pages of Volume I. One can become minutely familiar with it, can even come to love it for the very attributes that at first seemed off-putting. Odd masked faces begin to peer out from the cover. Soon you can follow the outline of a lavishly plumed bird perched atop an elaborate cross, a reference apparently to the sacred tree of the Maya, which is called the ceiba. And then there is the figure of Pacal, his serenity in this chaotic death dream achieved by the quiet curve of his chin, the long slope of the nose, the poised right hand, and his splendid feet, the left pointed and arched, the right turned to show the round ball and the bottoms of five toes fanned out in their last wriggle.

In the company of such weighty texts, *The Art of Mesoamerica from Olmec to Aztec* might seem cursory, yet that is its greatest virtue. It pulls back and takes the long view while its companions hold a magnifying glass. A risk that comes from dwelling too long on one culture is that you tend to disengage it from its neighbors in time and space. Miller's guidebook puts the Maya in their context, and at $9.95 it is a small price to pay for that important lesson. Books of this sort all too often get skimmed quickly on airplanes en route to exotic places. That is something of a shame, since Miller brings the same energetic conciseness and enthusiasm (there are lots of heartfelt exclamation points!) to this text that is apparent in her Bonampak book. And that in the end is the singular joy of these books. They are written by scholars who have the amicable capacity to share. □


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MASTERPIECE THEATRE

The TV show that keeps us home on Sunday nights has changed the way we look at everything else

By Gabrielle Winkel



PATRICK D. MILBOURN

For many Americans Sunday nights at nine P.M. mean only one thing—*Masterpiece Theatre*. That cozy television program of English serials winds down weekends like a cup of freshly brewed tea. With its distinctive style—slow-paced, articulate, elegant, and so refreshingly void of laugh tracks and car chases—it has done a lot more than provide entertainment over the last fifteen years. By proving that there is an audience for thought-provoking drama, *Masterpiece Theatre* has acted as a testing ground for three overly cautious commercial networks. And it has changed America's expectations of what television can and should do.

Masterpiece Theatre appeared at a time when television hadn't seen consistently good drama for almost a decade. During the fifties, television's Golden Age, productions such as *Philco Television Playhouse* and *Playhouse 90* provided beautifully produced dramas—*Requiem for a Heavyweight, A Doll's House,* and *Death of a Salesman,* to name only three. But such programs became fewer and farther between as more families bought television sets, more producers began to think in terms of popular entertainment for mass audiences, and more advertisers flocked to sponsor the shows that attracted the most viewers. Game shows and comedy were in. Drama and Ed Murrow out.

Above: Masterpiece Theatre characters around host Alistair Cooke, left to right: Lillie Langtry (Francesca Annis), Ross Poldark (Robin Ellis), Elizabeth I (Glenda Jackson), Claudius (Derek Jacobi), Rose (Jean Marsh), Demelza (Angharad Rees), Ronald Merrick (Tim Pigott-Smith).

Ten years later, in the late sixties, something interesting happened on the network few watched outside the classroom. National Educational Television (NET) acquired *The Forsyte Saga* from the BBC. This 26-part black-and-white serialization of the novels by John Galsworthy was aired from October 1969 through March 1970 to an enthusiastic audience. It was so successful in the U.S. (as well as in the 42 other countries it had been syndicated to) that it was rebroadcast as soon as it finished. More important, it clearly indicated that NET's decision to reorganize into a unified national network, soon to be chartered and named the Public Broadcasting Service, would indeed rid it of its strictly educational image and make it a con-

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tender for disenchanted commercial network audiences.

Stanford Calderwood, then the president-elect of Boston's WGBH, and Christopher Sarson, one of the station's producers, were so impressed by *The Forsyte Saga* that they wondered what else might be in the BBC's files. Calderwood went to London in the summer of 1970 and returned with rough tapes of *A Portrait of a Lady* and *Vanity Fair,* a reasonable leasing agreement with the BBC (via Time-Life), and the conviction that a weekly television series presenting the BBC's classic serials would attract—and perhaps expand—that *Forsyte Saga* audience. The hunt for the necessary American underwriter was more difficult. Corporate America had just begun to enter the world of TV funding and no company was ready to back the BBC's fine shows on a regular basis. "I got turndown after turndown," says Calderwood, "between twenty and thirty—from companies I won't name to protect their goofs." But the country's reaction to *The Forsyte Saga* was not lost on Herbert Schmertz, Mobil vice-president, public affairs, and he agreed to foot WGBH's bill.

With January 1971 as target airdate, Calderwood and Sarson first went to London, where, with Schmertz, they chose the first season of dramas for the newly christened *Masterpiece Theatre.* Sarson had also begun his casting search for a host, a necessary addition because BBC episodes ran approximately fifty minutes. Alistair Cooke, his first choice, had reluctantly refused, fearing overexposure before his *America* series aired. But a month before the airdate Cooke reconsidered.

Masterpiece Theatre debuted on January 10, 1971, with the twelve-part BBC series *The First Churchills.* The debut of the series was immediately applauded by the critics. At long last there was a weekly time slot for quality television. Their appetites thoroughly whetted by *The Forsyte Saga,* closet Anglophiles were ecstatic about this weekly dose of the English class structure coming right in their own living rooms. *The Golden Bowl, The Six Wives of Henry VIII, Elizabeth R—Masterpiece Theatre* quickly became the catchwords for high-quality, highbrow television. (And loyal viewers quickly learned that British television did not mean prudish viewing. Serials such as *I, Claudius* and *Thérèse Racquin* were years ahead of what "shocks" viewers on the networks today.) To discuss the latest episode on a Monday morning was a sign that one watched the right show Sunday night. Sophisticated audiences had found some thinking television at last.

The commercial networks were watching very carefully for the first few years, yet their territory was not particularly threatened. After all, television trends come and go; how long could this evening literary soap opera last? And the ratings, well, were very low. *Upstairs, Downstairs* changed all that. A series imported from London Weekend Television in 1974 (the first non-BBC series to air on *Masterpiece Theatre*), *Upstairs, Downstairs* caused a fever among audiences as well as critics, some of whom actually reprimanded their readers for missing an episode. Then, too, the Emmys started pouring in.

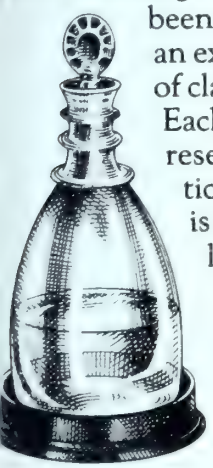
Finally the networks had to respond. Copying *Upstairs, Downstairs* was the obvious first step. Unfortunately for CBS it was with the short-lived, now infamous series *Beacon Hill.* Featuring an Irish family on Beacon Hill in the 1920s (a farfetched notion at best), the series was roundly attacked the moment it debuted for laughable scripts, an abundance of oversexed characters, and historical inaccuracy. One critic went so far as to call it Minorpiece Theatre. The powers that be flew in the producer of *Upstairs, Downstairs,* John Hawkesworth, at the eleventh hour as script doctor, but the episode he wrote never aired; the series lasted only eleven painful episodes. Richard Schickel, writing in *Time,* perhaps explained its failure best: "... it is just a case of commercial television once again refusing to trust the intelligence of its audience."

Masterpiece Theatre continued to win Emmy after Emmy. A few years after its debut, the drama-series award was divided into two categories—limited and continuing—a calculated decision to keep *Masterpiece Theatre* from running off with the best-drama-series award every year. In its final season, 1977, *Upstairs, Downstairs* won the "best continuing drama award," losing the "limited series award" to an NBC project—christened a "miniser-

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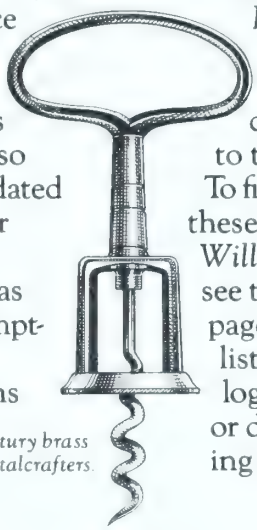
For example, several decades ago a Williamsburg archaeologist excavated fragments of unusual glassware with a fascinating teardrop motif inside the stem. How was it made? After considerable research, *Royal Leerdam* of Leerdam, Holland, rediscovered the 18th century technology necessary to reproduce this extraordinary mouth-blown, hand-formed lead crystal.

This same obsession with authenticity and detail is reflected in the sterling silver reproductions of *Kirk-Stieff*. Consider the perfectly executed raised shell motif on a fork handle. Note the tapered and seamless sides of a coffee pot. Craftsmanship like this rewards the owner in countless ways over a lifetime.

Visitors to Colonial Williamsburg invariably notice the fine examples of original delftware that 18th century colonists also prized. To obtain the rare coloring and brilliance, Dutch potters fired each piece three times and glazed each piece twice, once with tin-enamel. Interestingly, today's imported reproductions are so faithfully executed they are dated to avoid confusion with their antique cousins.

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ies"—that had broken through the ratings roof. The series—*Roots*.

Roots, aired in mid-January 1977, brought the American miniseries to the networks with a big bang. Its concluding episode received a 51.1 in the ratings. And unlike *Beacon Hill* it dealt with a purely American topic, something only the Americans could do. Its success caused John J. O'Connor to write in *The New York Times* the summer after *Roots,* in an article called "The Granddaddy of 'Em All, The Forsyte Saga Returns," that "The networks, stunning in their timidity, were finally forced into limited run mini-series. Almost despite themselves they were confounded with success." The miniseries was here to stay.

But obviously simply borrowing the format did not insure that the quality of the miniseries on commercial television would rise to or even maintain a *Roots* level of production. And despite the popularity of the format, some media watchers have worried that too many poor-quality miniseries could hurt the format for everyone. Ironically, one of the most acclaimed, most talked about, and most influential miniseries in recent years was a spin-off of the *Masterpiece Theatre* format on PBS itself, *Brideshead Revisited* on *Great Performances*.

With the miniseries set as the bankable format of the seventies and eighties, it was time for the networks to try their hand at the prime-time continuing drama. It took a little longer for this format to catch on; *Beacon Hill*'s failure made the networks a little gun-shy. But the networks had only to look back at their own history and remember the success that *Peyton Place* had had in the mid-sixties. CBS tried again in 1978 with a drama concerning an oil family in Texas. *Dallas* was not an instant hit, but within two years it was number one, and the other networks were scrambling to find their own rich families and glamorous cities to set them in. The format was successfully adopted; the quality was not that easy to transfer.

The good news is that in the past few years several series have appeared on the networks with good scripts, three-dimensional characters, and a thread of a story line. Shows from the light romance of *Cheers* to the dramas of *St. Elsewhere* and *Lou Grant* have well-written, thought-provoking stories aimed at audiences who like to be pushed and prodded as well as entertained. Networks must be congratulated for staying with programs despite initially low ratings and potentially unhappy advertisers. NBC stood by *Hill Street Blues* when the ratings were low to see the series win many Emmys, a loyal following, and respectable ratings. Viewers' letters reversed CBS's decision to cancel *Cagney & Lacey,* this year's Emmy-winning best dramatic series.

Networks are also taking some chances at heavy-hitting drama again. Last fall's CBS presentation of *Death of a Salesman* was shown with the greatest respect for its material and audience, interrupted by commercials only between acts. Even live television is making an occasional comeback, with such shows as NBC's *All the Way Home* and *Mr. Roberts*. If commercial television continues with this sort of experimentation, the viewer may see much more quality television in the future.

And what about *Masterpiece Theatre* today? The series has undergone several changes. Christopher Sarson was succeeded by Joan Wilson in 1973, and it was Miss Wilson who brilliantly brought *Masterpiece Theatre* into the era of co-productions between the British television companies and WGBH/Mobil. Miss Wilson was succeeded, after her death last summer, by Rebecca Eaton. Last year's *The Jewel in the Crown* won an Emmy as best limited series and was universally hailed as one of television's best series ever. *Variety* noted that its 6.7 ratings for the first episode were among the highest for PBS. For the future, Rosemary Sisson, one of the writers of *Upstairs, Downstairs,* is busy at work on a serial tentatively titled *The Bretts,* about three generations of a theatrical family in the 1920s and '30s. And though *Masterpiece Theatre* will continue to present historical costume dramas, it is considering some serials set in post–World War II Britain.

Mobil Masterpiece Theatre remains the one-of-a-kind television viewing it was fifteen years ago—a program on which American audiences can see the best of British-made television. The key word is *best*. By importing the best, it shows viewers and the commercial networks alike that television should be good, and can be great. □



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Most amazing to the casual viewer is the variety of furnishings and decor that comprise the "Williamsburg style:" works of the most sophisticated English and Continental artisans; and extraordinary developments by new Colonial craftsmen. This exhilarating profusion may account for the vivacity and pertinence of Williamsburg both as a "social museum" and as a modern-day source of decorating ideas.

A few years ago it might have seemed that modern rooms using historic styles were—or should be—"out." To some, "period" was not a nice word. (Possibly "exclamation point" was more what they were after in their rooms.) This attitude may have been an over-reaction to the sort of interiors that sought to recreate total period ensembles—rooms where even the ashtrays had to be Louis Quatorze or else.

But the use of "borrowed" historical moments in every sort of real decorating scheme has been a continuing feature of most well-put-together homes, even the avant garde. Whether the "history" is very personal or sentimental—Aunt Lucy's chair, say—or merely reflects an individual taste or interest in some past style or fashion, what seems new and modern about the current vogue for The Past is its self-assured pluralism. A feeling that, well, really—anything *can* go. So that you find surprising juxtapositions of eras and epochs. Things are now put together that just a few years ago would have been decorating no-no's but that today are met with resounding yes-yes's.

Which brings us back to Williamsburg, where a similar mixing can be discerned. The two Queen Anne chairs shown in the small pictures here are an example. The elegant wing chair is covered in Schumacher's sophisticated *Jones Toile*, reproduced from a 1761 English document; the side chair's seat is covered with a linen-and-cotton *Onion Resist* print, based on a mid-18th Century resist-dyed document. In feeling, these two fabrics are a world apart yet both are authentic *Williamsburg*® reproductions. (And both, incidentally, are among Schumacher's perennial best-sellers.)

The inviting entrance corner of the modern flat shown at right was designed by Sarah Tomerlin Lee and combines *Williamsburg* and an almost casual melange of past eras to supply instant warmth to an otherwise coolly modern space. The unique Federal settee is upholstered in *Floribunda*, a *Williamsburg* floral cotton; the bamboo-striped wallpaper and draperies are *Tsuno*, of Oriental inspiration that provides a perfectly compa ble backdrop. From other eras, the Persi rug, the marble tiles, the drapery trim, t wall accessories, even the divided moldi sandwiching a paper border—all join to d liver a decorating eloquence that seer timeless yet very much "now."



Sarah Lee recalls that on her first visit Colonial Williamsburg as a college studer she was told that the Rockefellers put the money into the restoration of Williamsbu rather than some more famous city because was a sleeping beauty waiting to be broug to life. For designers and decorators, that an attitude that they bring to almost any roo —a place that seems to be waiting for them bring it to life.

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MUCH EDO

The Japanese talent for absorbing change and transforming tradition is the focus of an ambitious show on Tokyo and its arts

By Martin Filler





In architecture and design, Japan now stands at the forefront of originality and excellence, providing predictions of how the visual style of the approaching millennium will likely evolve. While designers in the United States and Europe agonize over the proper place of the past in the present, the Japanese demonstrate that prosaic notions of time need not prevent art from being true to current values as well as those of earlier epochs. That ability to connect to one's own moment and yet be beyond it is what most impressed Martin and Mildred Friedman about Japan during a trip they made in 1982. He, director of the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis for the past 25 years, and she, the Walker's design curator (and Martin Friedman's wife), were thereby inspired to undertake the most ambitious exhibition under their praiseworthy leadership of the most venturesome modern art museum between our coasts. Centering on the creative capital of Japan, "Tokyo: Form and Spirit," co-organized with New York's Japan House Gallery, continues the difficult task of explicating the Japanese aesthetic to the West (most successfully accomplished in Arata Isozaki's exhibition "MA: Space/Time in Japan," which toured the world at the beginning of the eighties) and does so brilliantly.





Top left: Edo (later renamed Tokyo) in print by Keirin, circa 1860. *Top right:* Stylized view of Tokyo in Taisho period (1912–26) by Tadanori Yokoo with frame by Arata Isozaki, 1985. *Above:* Interior for Walker Art Center show by Tadao Ando and Shiro Kuramata. *Right:* Detail of screen by Masami Teraoka of geisha after jogging on Tokyo's Nihonbashi, 1985.

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ing, reflecting, and playing. The participants—architects Tadao Ando, Hiroshi Hara, Arata Isozaki, Toyo Ito, and Fumihiko Maki, and artists and designers Kiyoshi Awazu, Shigeo Fukuda, Eiko Ishioka, Shiro Kuramata, Kohei Sugiura, and Tadanori Yokoo—show that although the vanguard in Japan today is phenomenally accomplished, it is not at all homogenous.

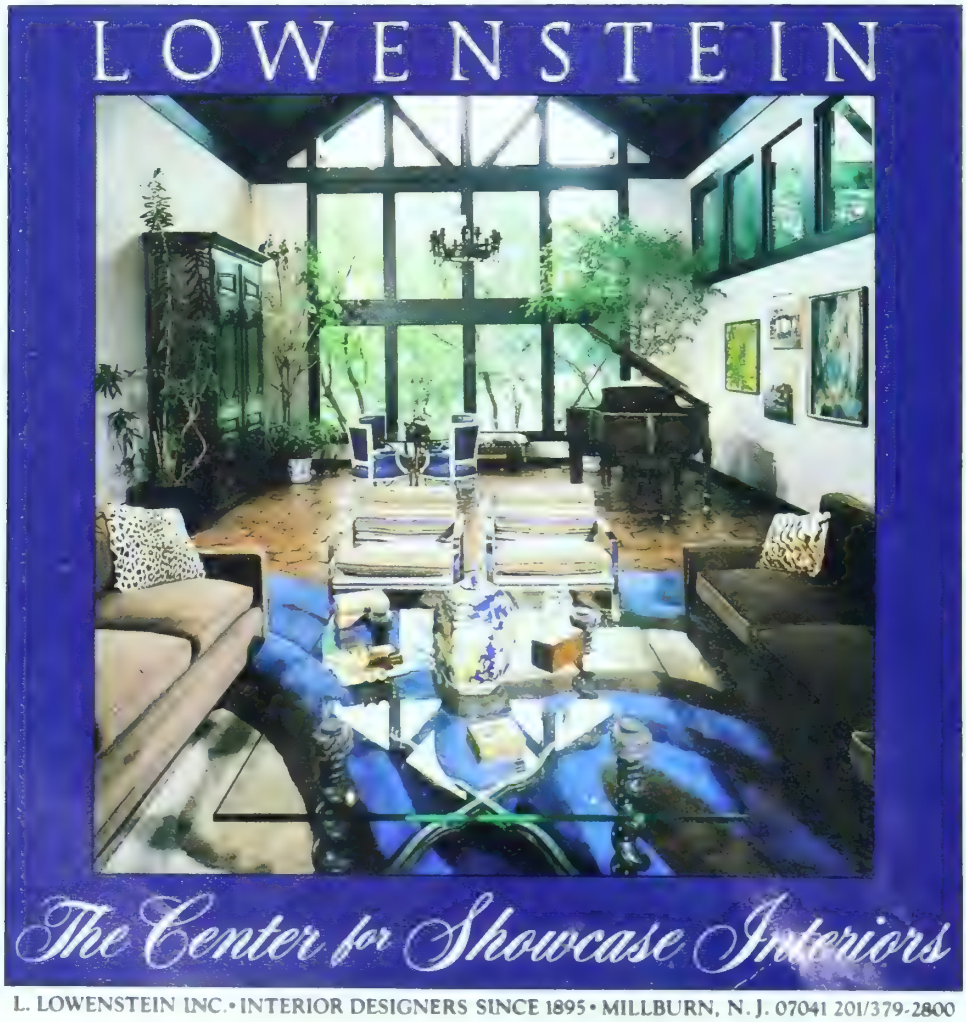
Visitors to the exhibition will quickly become aware that it is basically about the persistence of a way of life that has flourished in Tokyo since the city's founding as Edo in 1590. (Its name was changed to Tokyo—which means "eastern capital"—when the government was moved there from Kyoto shortly after the Meiji Restoration in 1868.) A pair of magnificent eighteenth-century folding screens painted with the flora of the Musashi Plain, on which Tokyo rises, strikes a dissonant yet resonant chord across from a pair of screens painted last year by Masami Teraoka, whose deceptively traditional style is laced with ironic references to the incongruities so rife in modern Japan. Here, a geisha in kimono rests after a run on Nihonbashi, the famous Tokyo bridge dating back to early Edo days; on her feet are geta (clogs) but in her hand are a pair of jogging shoes.



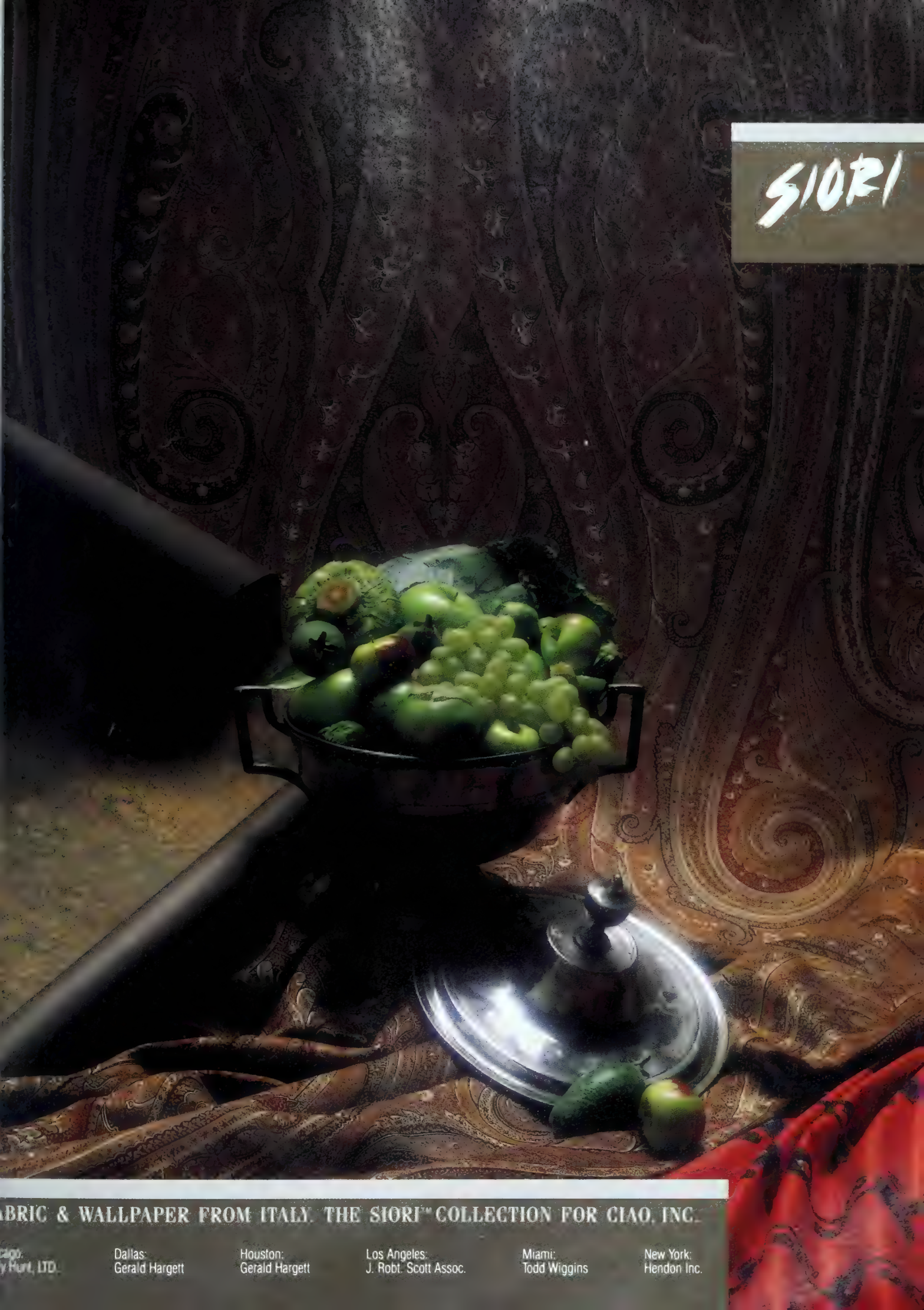
Shigeo Fukuda's 15-foot-high version of *inu hariko*, a Japanese folk toy dog, has peepholes revealing illusionistic games.

That prologue is brought to dazzling, even garish, fulfillment in the arresting collaboration between Isozaki and Yokoo. A "thematic space" evoking the throbbing thoroughfares of Tokyo, their "Street" is a modular construction housing a series of boldly stylized representations of the city in seven phases of its historical development. Set within Isozaki's strongly differentiated architectonic frameworks, Yokoo's brightly silk-screened ceramic-tile murals employ his typically violent iconography to symbolize the Edo period, the Edo to Meiji period, the Taisho period, the postwar years, the sixties, the present, and the near future. The Great Kanto Earthquake of 1923, the devastating fire-bombing of World War II, a premonition of an impending attack by Godzilla, and the second coming of the Amida Buddha are all part of the catastrophic chronicle. As Yokoo writes in the superlative exhibition catalogue (Abrams, $40; $24.95 paper), "Tokyo's fate is continuance Like human beings, Tokyo has its own cycle of life and death The spirit of the city continues to live and this spirit is contained in the ideas of its creators and builders. Ideas bring eternal evolution to the city, [and] more directly, they bring about a karmic cycle."

Founded as a stronghold of military might as authority in Japan slipped from the hands of the theocratic emperors into the grasp of the warlord shoguns, Edo from the outset was the antithesis of cultivated Kyoto, the courtly capital and *Nihon no furusato*—"the spiritual heart of Japan." The new city possessed a unique *katagi* (literally "form-spirit," but defined by Yuichiro Kojiro in his masterly catalogue essay as "the elements and temperament of a given community that combine to create its distinct atmosphere"). The Edo *katagi* has been cosmopolitan since the very beginning. After Tokugawa Ieyasu became the first Tokugawa shogun in 1603, he required the attendance of his feudal lords at Edo, his power base and Japan's new de facto capital, much like Louis XIV's Versailles later in that century. Tokugawa's vassals not only brought their native customs from all over Japan but turned Edo into a quintessential consumer city: seventy percent of its residents were warriors, the remainder those who supplied and served them. The wealth and status of tradesmen grew quickly, a develop-



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ment parallel to the rise of the mercantile middle class in Holland.

A number of the things we now consider to be characteristically Japanese are in fact specific to Edo and the raffish upstarts who prevailed there during the 250 years of the of the shogunate. Kabuki theater, more animated, colorful, and exaggerated than the esoteric No drama, arose as a favorite form of entertainment. Daring polychrome wood-block prints extolling the *Ukiyo-e*—the "floating world" of carnal diversions clustered around Edo's numerous waterways—became the art fad among an uneducated public that eschewed the subtlety of classical scroll painting and calligraphy. The sophisticated Zen sect of Buddhism, which contributed so much to Kyoto, made few inroads in Edo, whose citizens craved experiences more immediate and earthy than imagining the sound of one hand clapping. Even sushi, arguably the world's best fast-food concept, is indigenous to the city on Edo Bay. It was, all told, one of the world's first great popular cultures, and far in advance of the West it legitimized pop art, which became a major expression of the sensibility of the modern period.

In the eighteenth century, Edo's population grew to 1.3 million, making it the world's largest city and encouraging a number of the social observances and design conventions that began as practical methods for coping with extreme overcrowding. No people has more intricate and delicately measured manners than the Japanese (at least on a one-to-one basis), and nowhere is limited interior space handled with more ingenuity than on those tight little islands. But for all the conformity that Japan's smallness has imposed, it is Tokyo's limitless capacity for accommodation and absorption that is the source of its astounding resilience as an urban organism. As Yuichiro Kojiro puts it, "Edo's culture was matriarchal, taking into its fold both good and bad sons. It was not a patriarchal culture that killed or drove away sons who weren't up to standard. It did not seek to attain purity through deductions and deletions. It continued to create something new through additions, mixture, and blending."

It is that synthesis specifically that was sought in the Walker show. There are enough traditional objects, both


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high and low style, to qualify this as an art exhibition of the first order. From the exquisitely refined appurtenances of the tea ceremony to the vigorous, eye-catching Edo *kanban* (trade signs) that were the precursors of today's omnipresent outdoor advertising in Toyko, the parallel and conflicting aesthetics of Japan's various taste systems are well represented.

Japan's shamanistic Shinto faith (which predates the introduction of Buddhism there in the sixth century A.D.) is alluded to by several of the invited participants. Fumihiko Maki and Kiyoshi Awazu designed a group of six freestanding totemic cylinders recalling animistic Shinto steles more than architectural columns. One of them brings to mind the stylized samurai robots that are an integral part of modern-day Japanese child's play. Another has a high-relief map of Tokyo spiral-wrapped around it. Arata Isozaki and Eiko Ishioka have assembled a performance space that is part Shinto shrine, part New Wave video installation. In some societies such as confluence of the sacred and the profane would be considered highly offensive, but in Japan the two are not necessarily seen as mutually exclusive. (One recent visitor to a Tokyo department store at Christmas—celebrated in Japan as a secular festival—reports coming across a most unnerving religious symbol freely reinterpreted from Christianity: Santa Claus on the cross.)

No exhibition could possibly capture the experience of what it is actually like to be in Tokyo, with its dizzying visual stimuli, weird adaptations of Western architectural styles, lack of urban planning, and frightening human density. Yet taken at close range, it is a city filled with initimate details and pleasures of high amenity. For all the superficial craziness, Tokyo somehow miraculously works. And for all its long-standing emphasis on the work ethic, it is also a city to delight in. So is this exhibition, filled as it is with abundant and bouyant evidence that "the floating world" floats on. □

"Tokyo: Form and Spirit" is at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis from April 20 to July 20, then the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles (August 30 to October 26), the Japan House Gallery in New York (November 23 to February 8, 1987), and the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art (March 15 to May 10, 1987).






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FRINGE BENEFITS

Pourquoi pas passementerie?

By Mark Hampton

The word *passementerie* is one of those French *mots justes* that you find in English dictionaries. It means "decorative trimming," and tassels, rosettes, gimps, and fringes of all sorts are a few of the things that make up the large general category. Passementerie traces have been found in Egyptian tombs and we can look at rosettes and braid in wall paintings that have survived from Pompeii. This form of ornamentation seems to have lain dormant for centuries until it reappeared in the 1400s.

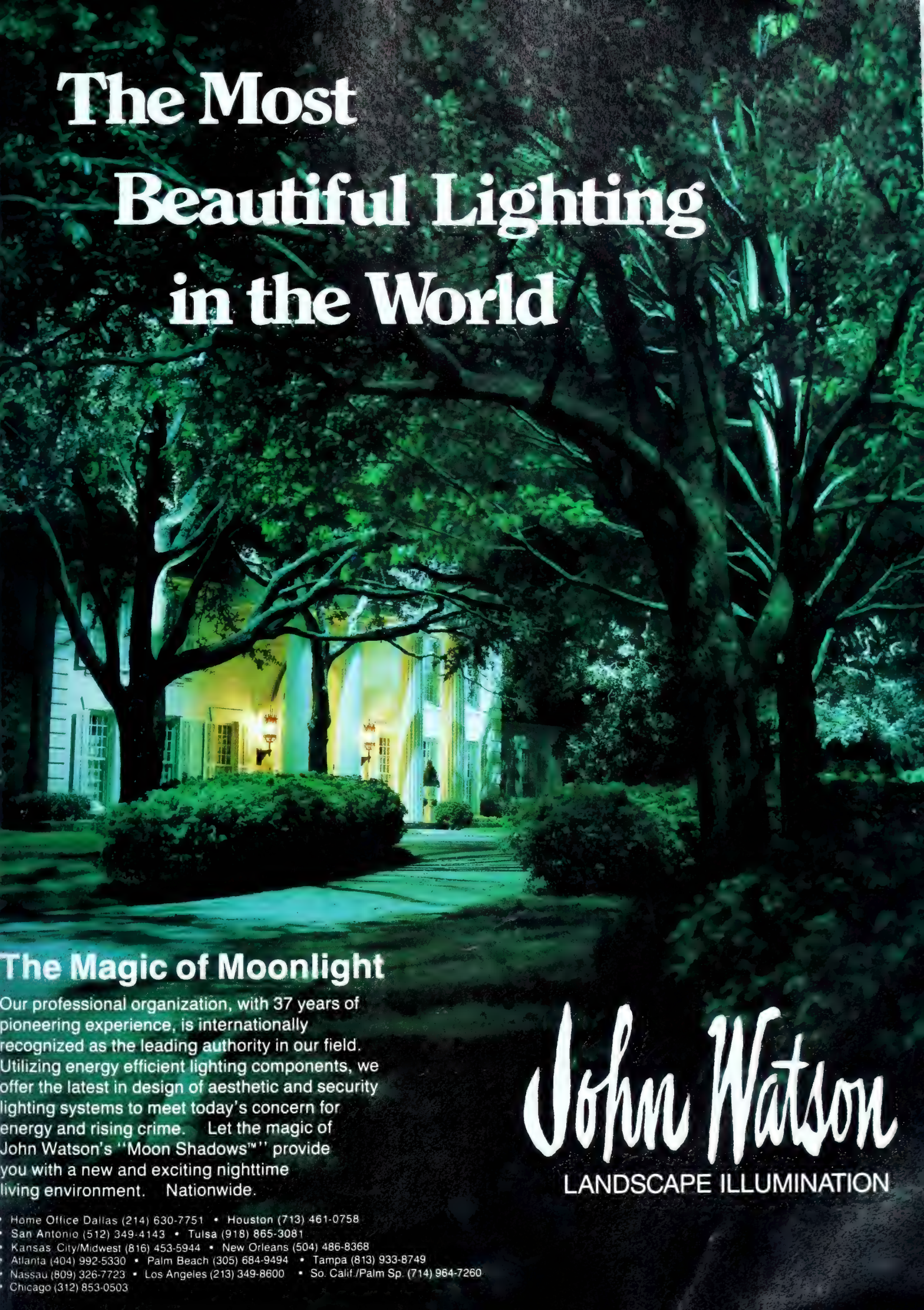
The obvious place to look for all this decoration of half a millennium ago is, of course, in paintings. The works of northern as well as Italian painters from the fifteenth century show endless curtains and bed hangings and furniture covers finished off with trimmings of all sorts. Carpaccio's interior views, which are astonishing for their beauty and their appeal to twentieth-century eyes, show bed canopies with scalloped edges and little tassels hanging from each scallop, and below the canopies, coverlets trimmed with embroidered tapes and fringes. Van Eyck's beds, almost a hundred years earlier, are equally well trimmed.

In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, passementerie, which we know from many actual examples as well as paintings, reached heights of elaborateness and beauty that are still the standards against which we judge modern trimming. Somewhere along the way in our own century, however, ornate fringes and braids came to be associated with the kind of vulgar fussiness that was thought to be reprehensible. Most Americans over fifty grew up thinking the proper place for deep fringes and heavy braid was along the



Above left: Tieback reproduced by Scalamandré for Vanderbilt Mansion, Hyde Park, New York. *Above:* Large First Empire tassel, Louis XV tieback, Louis Philippe smaller tassel, all available through custom order from Brunschwig & Fils. *Right:* 19th-century French tassel, Metropolitan Museum.

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bottom edge of the curtains on the stage of a theater. Another possibility was the furniture in hotel lobbies. As far as nice decoration was concerned, elaborate trim was not in favor. If any question of historical styles were raised, many people would have said that ornate passementerie was Victorian in character, and better for Belle Watling than for Harriet Beecher Stowe: a little tarty, in a word. But, of course, that attitude is the result of two phenomena—one is the ever-present Puritanical streak in American thinking and the other is the modernist movement of this century which reacted so strongly against the Victorian period. Indeed, one can imagine many Americans admiring the refinements of eighteenth-century gimp and cording and tassels, but finding them appropriate only against the grand backdrops of European architecture. But as we all know, rich backgrounds and elaborate details are very popular now, and along with this increasing taste for lush decoration comes an inevitable need for the elegant passementerie that is required to finish the curtains, pillows, and furniture.



Detail of the bedroom of Robert Denning of Denning & Fourcade, prime movers in the passementerie revival.

If you're going to deal with fancy trimmings, you've got to be talking about the real thing, and the real thing must be beautifully made out of beautiful materials. Wool, silk, and cotton are the fibers most often used. Slippery-looking synthetics won't do.

It can only help, furthermore, if you are seriously interested in the remarkable variety of handmade trims still available, to take a look at what went where historically. In the eighteenth century, for instance, a great deal of attention was paid to the different types of gimp and cording that were used on the chairs of various styles. The design of the passementerie was related to the design of the chair frame and to the spirit of the material being used. Marion Morgan, the brilliant decorator who created many of America's grandest rooms during her long years at McMillen, once shuddered as she saw me casually select a Louis XVI trim for a Louis XV chair. It was embarrassing to admit that I hadn't really thought that the trim in question was invested with any particular characteristics of Louis XVI. Under her tutelage, I saw the light.

It is clear that the tassels illustrated here are very different from one another. The rococo one is full of the playful spirit of its time. The one from the First Empire is as closely related to the hard, stiff lines of that period; it even looks as though it could have been plucked from one of the uniforms that became so obsessively adorned in the nineteenth century. As the bourgeoisie got richer and more numerous, the demand for lavish trimmings galloped along, and the styles became, as so many things did in the nineteenth century, more and more elaborate and heavy. All you have to do to see what finally happened is take a look at something like a Turkish corner in a New York brownstone circa 1890.

There were brave souls fifty and sixty years ago who managed to overcome the stultifying effect of turn-of-the-century excesses without giving up their beloved trims. Syrie Maugham made curtains and valances that were covered with lavish scrolls of fringe inspired by seventeenth-century upholstery. Jean-Michel Frank, one of the most inspired furniture designers of this century, used massive wool bouillon fringe that was both evocative of the past and perfectly suited to the bold scale of his furniture. This was all



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in the twenties and thirties. After the war, a new wave of opulence swept through England and France. Nancy Lancaster and John Fowler set out on their sentimental journey, bringing a romantic, feminine view of the eighteenth century back into fashion, and in Paris, Georges Geffroy, Madeleine Castaing, and the firm of Jansen, to name a few, established a new interpretation of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century decoration that was a brilliant blend of historical accuracy and up-to-the-minute chic—a sort of chic that seems to occur only in France.

I suppose that after the years of the Depression followed by the war, it is perfectly natural that things would start to get pretty fancy. Wasn't Dior's "new look" of 1947, with its yards and yards of material used for one skirt, a direct and logical reaction to years of rationing? The same thing certainly happened in French decoration. Palatial rooms are expected to have opulent decoration but the wonderful richness of postwar French interior design extended to many rooms that were in rather typical Parisian apartments. I have, for instance, a photograph of a room done by Henri Samuel, who for about fifty years has been a major force in decoration in France, in which all the furniture is from the period of or in the style of the Régence (I always say Régence even though it sounds mannered, because if you call it Regency it can be confused with the English Regency a hundred years later). The fact that M. Samuel limited the furnishings to the Régence period gives the room a bolder look than if he had mixed several close periods together. It also affected the profusion of trimming details that filled the room. The curtains had stiff, pennant-shaped valances, typical of something out of a Daniel Marot engraving. The edges were completely outlined in a rather coarse, two-color trim, as were the fronts and bottoms of the curtains. The tiebacks were typical cords and tassels, made in the same colored yarn as the fringe. The upholstered walls were edged with a proper braid or galloon. The chairs were edged with a wavy fringe that was suspended from another braid over which nails had been placed at one-inch intervals. That adds up to five separate trimmings and my photograph only shows about one third of the room.

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ON DECORATING

I don't mean to sound as though American decorators were unable to work in the same lavish style as European decorators, but there can be little doubt that our native tastes and dwellings are a little simpler. The collaboration between the legendary firm of Jansen and Mrs. Charles Wrightsman in New York and Palm Beach and later at The Metropolitan Museum resulted in a number of interiors that set a standard for all American lovers of eighteenth-century style and twentieth-century luxury. Happily for us all, the rooms at the Metropolitan will be there for a long time, and one's enjoyment of them seems to increase as time goes on. In the Met's ravishing, robin's-egg-blue room from the Palais Paar in Vienna, there are, for example, curtains of silk damask woven in the same shade of blue plus cream but with the silvery overtones that characterize that splendid material. They are trimmed with cream and blue silk fringe, with blocks of two colors, and they are held back with five pairs of tassel tiebacks per window. I remember when they went up and they are more beautiful today than they were then.

There are at least two reasons for not using fabulous passementerie, I suppose. It is fiendishly expensive. It takes forever to make. I can't think of a third reason. The arguments in favor of using it are far more numerous. The effect of richness that passementerie gives is tremendous. Intricate trimmings made by hand also provide huge enjoyment for those of us who take pleasure in anything that is part of the long tradition of craftsmanship. From the point of view of basic design, fringes and braids and cords often define shapes and structures in a vivid way that greatly heightens one's appreciation of the design itself. And with regard to durability, a point that is particularly pertinent given the expense of custom-made trimmings, they often outlast the materials they are applied to, and their reuse is usually very easy. A few years ago, I helped to recover a sofa at The Frick Collection which had not been redone for decades. The velvet on the sofa was shot but the marvelous trimmings were still beautiful, with the result that we were able to put them right back on the new material. These are all pretty good recommendations, you must agree. □

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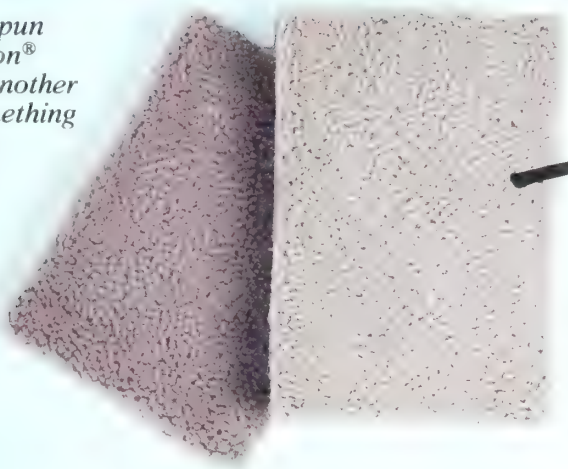


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ELSA PERETTI, WHEN IN ROME

Renzo Mongiardino shows a peripatetic designer the way home

BY ALICE GORDON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI

"This apartment is for life, for the future—for my life and for the next people who have it. Because, you see, I have the impression it is a classic"



With terra-cotta bas-reliefs, friezes, and columns, Mongiardino indulged a "fantasy on Italian classicism" in Elsa Peretti's apartment. Over 18th-century fireplace flanked by Venetian blackamoors hangs a lion cub by English painter James Northcote (1746–1831). Small table by Mongiardino is topped by an Edo-period tray, an ivory tiger, a gold maki-e vase. Joaquim Ros bronze on round table is of Spanish dancer Antonio Gades, a friend.



"The furniture, the beautiful marbles give me ideas in order to design; and the phone rings much less while I am thinking. I could never live in New York the way I live here, lingering. I like to clean my own things, perhaps put some wax here or there, have the pleasure of feeling, touching things"

Elsa Peretti wears a blouse by her friend Laurence Mercati, a French fashion designer, and two of her own designs for Tiffany & Co.: a pearl ring and Diamonds by the Yard. *Opposite:* A white marble torso of Elsa Peretti by Xavier Corberó is draped with her gold mesh. Precious root vase, probably Ming, holds a branch of juniper. On wall, a copy of a Roman bas-relief.











"This is typical Mongiardino: each time he scratches his beard there is something wrong. When he first saw my apartment and started scratching his beard, I thought, 'Oh my goodness, it is not his cup of tea.' But, I think, he took it as a challenge . . ."

Olive branches fill a 17th-century Verona marble well in the living room, *left.* Sofa by Mongiardino and armchairs are covered in French cotton. *Above:* An elephant saddle from India supports finch cages. In the distance, the pine trees of Villa Borghese.

Probably everyone who meets Elsa Peretti hopes to get to know her better. She is one of those ignited people whose light others want to share, and she gives the impression that she would be happy to oblige. It is no wonder she must regularly isolate herself to design her jewelry and objects and live her life. That life, though it still involves a lot of traveling, is led in a more peaceful fashion than it used to be; New York sees her less and less now, losing status to a tiny village in Spain, a hilltop in Italy, and a city she thought she didn't love anymore.

Elsa Peretti's apartment in Rome, in the building she grew up in, was where her late father made his last home and office. He died eight years ago, and two years after



that, with the apartment in her possession, she decided it would be convenient to put a foot down in her native city again; she hadn't really spent time there in twenty years.

There was no time to fix up the apartment herself. Nor did she feel confident enough to do so, being attuned to the "washed" look of the countryside. She thought she would ask Renzo Mongiardino, Milan's acknowledged master of ambience, to help her: in her sister and brother-in-law's palace he had beguiled light and space. He had also seemed to be "a very nice guy."

The master of ambience and Elsa Peretti were a little shy together at first; though he was "not at all imposing," he didn't say much, and as he looked around he scratched his beard in a way that made her think he didn't want to take on her small apartment. But he did, and from her brief list of favored materials and colors, he conjured a proposal that made her wonder how he had crept under her skin.

The apartment overlooks Villa Borghese, Rome's largest public park, and the terrace that wraps around three sides affords views of St. Peter's, the surrounding hills, the old and new glories that lie in between. Mongiardino had a celebration of all this in mind as he executed his plans; but of course his liberal interpretations and reinterpretations

"I said to him, 'I'd really like to give you carte blanche; what I like is terra cotta, marble, slate, the color black.' Then he did a very pretty esquisse, like a little theater, to show how he was thinking. I loved it immediately"

Coral necklaces spill from an Etruscan cup, *opposite*. Falcon is one panel of a Japanese screen. *Above:* In dining room, Empire chairs, two Mongiardino tables of various marbles, petrified wood. Viennese painted-bronze dog on steps. On tables, scroll by Tsurugawa T'anyu, Edo period; Peretti plate, vase.





"Mongiardino likes the perfect frame; if he doesn't have it he cannot work. I'm like that too, if I don't have the perfect setting for a stone These things take time, and I didn't push. I began to live very well in this apartment before everything was set up. He got the right frame; and I had a bed to sleep on"

Circa-1670 Roman cabinet in bedroom, *right,* was influenced by Borromini, has mate in living room. On it, a T'ang lady-in-waiting. *Above:* Falcon-screen panels flank an Imari plate by George O'Brien for Tiffany & Co. Small objects in and on shelf include cricket cages, evening bags and lacquer bean by Peretti, jade cigarette holder.

of classical columns, friezes, and bas-reliefs are more than that. His "patchwork of antiquity," taking in Rome's rich light, history, and art, is also his sensitive response to the apartment's owner, showing profound understanding of the sensibility that revolutionized jewelry design ten years ago. (The five years of painstaking craftsmanship that went into this apartment were overseen by Mongiardino's right-hand man in Rome, Bruno Carlino, also a nice and "very Roman kind of guy," Elsa says.)

Is it possible that a physical environment can reveal someone to herself? Reintroduced to the flavors of a city she had left behind, Elsa Peretti feels she has been given the luxury of home. "And I think I have earned it," she says. "Mongiardino, I believe in him strongly, very strongly." □ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*







"The magic comes from the reflection of the light on this coloring, the pink, the black, the precious woods together, and the respect for the Roman feeling, with all the green outside. You get a sparkle in your eyes you're so glad to be here. I am—happy. That is it . . ."

Gazebo by Mongiardino echoes cupola of St. Peter's. Terra-cotta acorns, vases by Tobie Loup de Viane, who transformed terrace planting. Gate from an old convent.
Opposite: A typical Peretti still life: likely to change tomorrow, Chinese Buddha, coral rose, rock crystal Peretti perfume bottle in front of a chunk of that mineral, petrified mushrooms, ivory bird-feeding sticks.







"It's a Virginia farmhouse in the tradition of the Old Dominion: early on there were few furniture makers here so they brought a lot over from England"

ANGLO-AMERICAN TRADITION

BY GABRIELLE WINKEL
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FELICIANO

A teenage trip to England is what marked me for life," an American horse breeder says, explaining her very English-looking house. "One of my father's relatives was English, complete with title. I went to visit him when I was fifteen and stayed there as his pampered niece with the complete run of the house. After ten days of fox hunting in Leicestershire, I went home and announced to my family in Virginia that I was going to marry an Englishman. I never thought I'd marry three." (She was once divorced, once widowed.)

Much of her early adult life was spent in England and there she was able to indulge her great love of horses. Her proudest achievement was the raising and training of a champion two-year-old, now a breeding stallion in Kentucky.

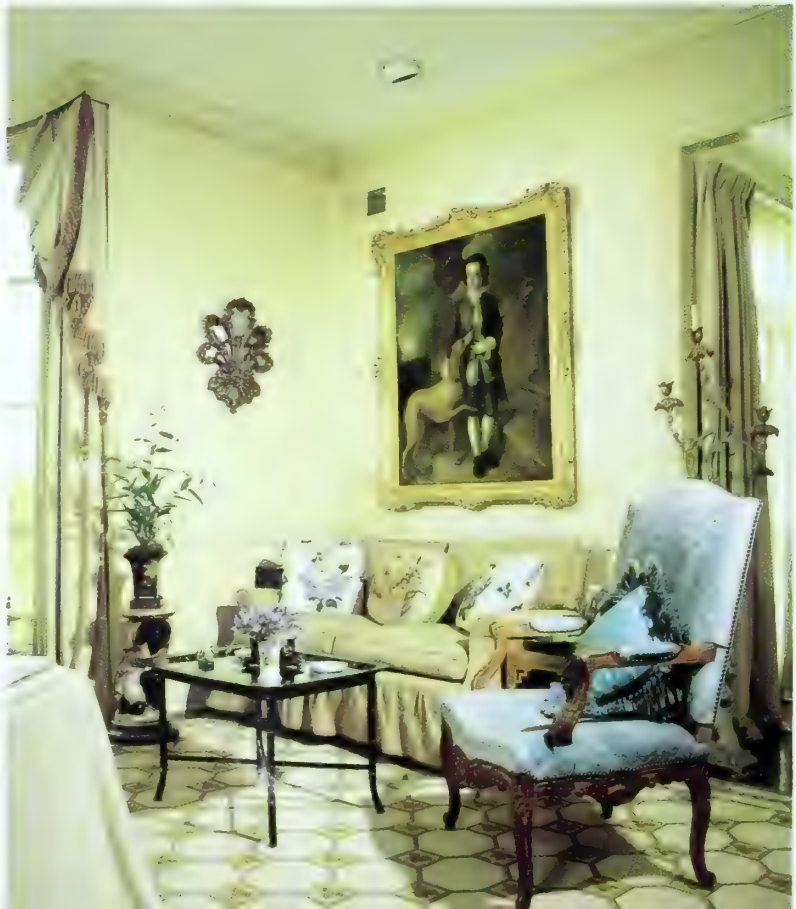
Eight years ago, she returned to Virginia with her third husband, settling into a small eighteenth-century house that was a gift from her mother.



Images of animals have the run of this Virginia farmhouse. In the dining room, *opposite,* an American painting of grouse hangs above 18th-century English table and horse clock. *Above:* The farm overlooks a man-made pond. New bow window was inspired by one at the White House. *Right:* In the entry hall, a Hepplewhite period bench, Colonial lantern.

Interior decorator Mario Buatta gave the drawing room, *right,* a look that is very English. Hogarth prints, collected in London, are from *A Rake's Progress* and the life of Charles II; below on an 18th-century gilded console stands a porcelain French dragoon. Candelabra are from an English church. *Below:* A favorite pillow, handpainted by George Oakes of Colefax & Fowler, is flanked by a pair covered in Cowtan & Tout cotton. Near 18th-century chair: one of a group of 19th-century tray tables. Custom Wilton carpeting from Stark. Flower arrangements by Marky Love.
Left: Kitchen garden provides herbs; the pond beyond sometimes yields frogs' legs.

"My husband loves the unimpeded view across our pond to the lovely bluegrass fields and the Blue Ridge mountains. For me, the whole charm of the house is its petiteness"







There the couple established a working horse farm. With the move came a "hodgepodge of things picked up over the years," primarily eighteenth-century English furniture and quantities of horse-related objects. All seem made to fit the small Colonial rooms. "That's why I've tried to hide the new addition." This structure by architect Barbara Parker Robinson is a farm-office wing built to balance the kitchen wing.

Landscaping was kept simple. The dreaded stockyard look with miles of fencing was avoided by digging a ha-ha (trench) to keep the horses out of the front yard. Fortunately, the animals have acres of bluegrass fields to gallop, for "race tracks do get boring." □

Editors: Kaaren Parker Gray and Dodie Kazanjian

In the dining room, *above,* two 18th-century pieces from Maryland cabinetmakers: sideboard and dining table set with wildfowl plates. Painting by John Wootton. *Opposite:* A Regency bench is useful at the foot of the Georgian canopy bed. Mirror between linen-curtained windows is an 18th-century pine piece. Both these rooms are by George Clarkson. *Opposite, above:* A sheltered part of the garden.



"We don't give big parties. Our favorite kind of entertaining is small dinners for ten. We have fun after dinner with music, a little dancing, sometimes games"



"The library has a collection of my favorite books and is filled with photographs, scrapbooks, and memorabilia of happy times. I love clutter"







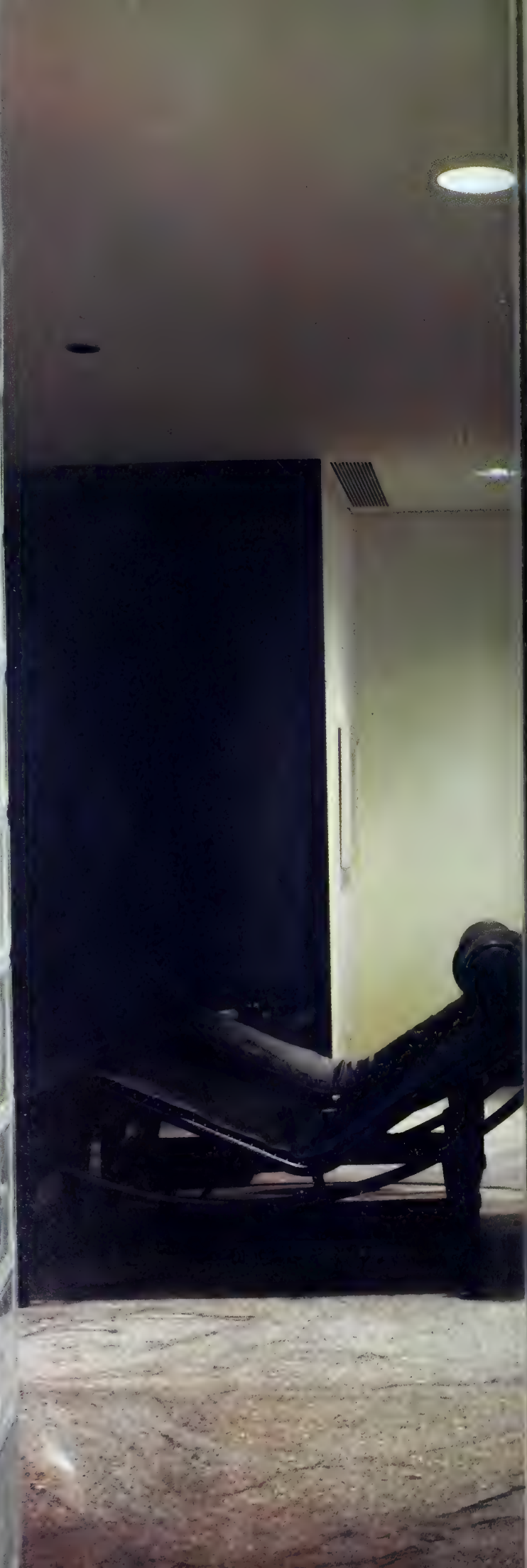
A pair of Virginia wild turkeys mark the corners of the stone wall behind the house, *above;* beyond is the owner of the farm in her favorite role as horsewoman. *Left:* In the library, decorated by George Clarkson, an 18th-century gilded mirror hangs above a cabinet with fox brasses on which stands a bronze horse by Mène. On the wall hang Piranesi prints and a 1910 Maud Earl painting. Brunschwig curtain fabric. *Below:* Mirrors backing bookshelves add light to the room. Small painting by Wallace Nall depicts the owner's champion two-year-old.



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BY ELAINE GREENE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANGDON CLAY



The staircase to the upper floor is the only full-height space divider in the apartment's large living/dining area. Granite and brass elements had to be assembled at one time; fourteen artisans and designers worked simultaneously to do the job. The project architect was Marvin Herman of Chicago.





A long, deep ledge of granite, *above,* lines the living room's inner side. Striped wall has Italian inspiration. Robsjohn-Gibbings benches from Gretchen Bellinger. African art, B.C. Holland. *Opposite:* In dining area, Art Deco cabinet, turn-of-the-century Viennese chairs, table by Bray-Schaible, who designed white speaker cabinets that double as candelabra pedestals.

The three best skyscraper apartment views in the United States are the Golden Gate Bridge on the West Coast, Central Park on the East Coast, and Chicago's lakeshore in between. These are views that make things happen. A few years ago, Arllyn and Alan L. Freeman, Chicago natives residing with their three children in one of the city's suburbs, decided that full-time living with chintz and wallpaper and clutter and gardening was beginning to pall. The children were growing up and the couple felt it was time to look for a family weekend place that was totally different, totally urban, and—the prime requirement—centered on the wondrous lakeshore view of Chicago's Gold Coast.

Their condominium was a hole in the ground when they bought a duplex above the fiftieth floor and began to look for an interior designer. Alan Freeman, commodities broker, yachtsman, and connoisseur of mechanical details, gladly took on the role of chief client that his wife equally gladly handed him; while the design process fascinates him, it bores her. (Results are something else: she loves what he has achieved.)

Alan Freeman likes to show interested visitors the model apartments still in place in his building because they demonstrate what he was trying to avoid: "Little rooms leading into other little rooms. When you come in the front door, you can't see the lake unless you look down a narrow hall and through a lot of furniture. You might as well be in Highland Park." The Freemans had to interview several interior designers in several cities who could only come up with "just another apartment" before they commissioned the New York team of Robert Bray and Michael Schaible.

Bray and Schaible perceived the location and the raw space the way Alan Freeman did, and there was not much more than that perception in the clients' program—other than four bedrooms, places for two generations to entertain, easy maintenance, "and glamour." The architecture of the building did not interfere greatly with the interior designers, either. They were bound only by fixed plumbing stacks and some structural piers. No partitions were erected until they drew the plans, and the stairs were also placed by Bray-Schaible.

The apartment has a five-sided plan that might be viewed as a prow-ended figure pointing straight at Lake Michigan. Three of the five sides have windows, but the entry is deep in the core of the building and Bray-Schaible's handling of it instantly demonstrates their sympathy with the apartment's reason *(Text continued on page 247)*







The foyer, on the far side of the twin columns at left, is two shallow steps below the main floor level and has a one-story ceiling, which helps build the drama of passing into the light and height of the two-story part of the living room. Second-floor master suite borders the void and gains a lake view (here fogged in) across it. Living-room furniture by Bray-Schaible. Slipcovers are moiré from Manuel Canovas.



Tucked into the center of the lower floor is a much-used video room furnished with six Corbusier chaises from ai; I-beam tables by Ward Bennett. Rounded wall of glass block brings daylight into the [illegible]





MAGNOLIA MOUND

A two-hundred-year-old plantation house lives on in modern Baton Rouge

BY VANCE MUSE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERNST BEADLE

Architectural modesty may not spring up among thoughts of southern plantation houses, so Magnolia Mound, built a half-century before the South got grand, can surprise you with its simple beauty. A raised cottage, an eighteenth-century Louisiana archetype, Magnolia Mound is more sensible than its neighboring Ionic-ordered Taras along the River Road, that stretch of the Mississippi once steaming with traffic from Natchez to New Orleans. The place is named for its site, a magnolia grove standing just above the eastern riverbank. Its elevation is slight, truly no more than a mound, but that is southern Louisiana's answer to a mountain. The city of Baton Rouge now surrounds Magnolia Mound, Interstate 10 roars in the distance, and you must plug your ears to get a sense of the house and grounds as they were in the 1790s.

Building the house, Irish merchant John Joyce gave in to the prevailing Creole style, the French and Spanish hybrid developed in the Caribbean. Magnolia Mound looks island-born, open, scrubbed, at fragile peace with an intemperate climate. The materials were had on the spot, and you could build the house today without leaving the property: the construction is a mud-and-moss *colombage,* the natural insulators packed between posts of cypress, the hardy tree once abundant throughout the region. Perched on squat brick piers, the house rides above the river's floods and makes the most of its breezes with shuttered doors opening every room front to back and side to side, indoors becoming outdoors on wide, shaded porches, known locally as galleries.



The front gallery, *opposite,* makes a keen vantage point for Catahoula Leopard dogs, an indigenous hunting breed. More exotic pets, like Chinese gold carp in glass, *above,* were among merchandise offered along the River Road from the late 18th century. *Overleaf:* Cove and ceiling millwork caps the thoroughly Federal salon. Wallpaper is after the First Empire original.

Merchant Joyce also grew indigo on his land, though he was around for only a few harvests; he drowned, and in 1802 the widow Constance Joyce, a Creole, married Armand Duplantier, who had come to America in the Marquis de Lafayette's entourage. (A writer of an antebellum romance could not come up with a more dashing name for a wealthy planter than Armand

(*Text continued on page 258*)







Pickings from the fenced garden, *above* and *below*, go to the kitchen, *opposite*, detached from the house for safety. Equipped with open hearth and oven, the brick-floored room has windows barred against intruders—including hungry hounds. Center table is of local cypress. Pine cupboard holds wares based on shards discovered in archaeological digs at Magnolia Mound.







OF TIME AND THE GARDEN

Abundant planting produces season after season of magnificent color

BY ELAINE GREENE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARINA SCHINZ

In the thirties a couple with three children moved into a turn-of-the-century Tudor-style house on a large wooded property in the gently rolling North Shore section of Long Island, New York. One daughter of that family loved her childhood home dearly, and seven years after she was married in its garden, she returned to the house as its owner. For this estate, where she and her husband were to raise five daughters and where they still live, the renowned landscape designer Umberto Innocenti allowed himself to be coaxed out of retirement in 1966 to design and execute one last garden.

The new owners wanted to revitalize the garden, which had faded to a certain extent, and they looked forward to more of an outdoor family life than the previous generation had had. But probably the strongest impetus for a new, ambitious garden was the desire of the woman of the house (who is also a serious collector of master drawings and paintings) to participate in creating such a work of art. Since her childhood she had known Innocenti's estate gardens on Long Island and in Palm Beach. Now she had thirteen familiar, promising acres to work with, and Innocenti, who lived nearby, was willing.

His client says Innocenti would recognize the garden in an instant if he could see it today (he died in 1968), so little has it changed. "Of course it is a more mature garden now," she says, "but he designed it to look old and established." Innocenti and his client worked for a year together to develop a series of outdoor spaces that he spoke of as similar to rooms in a house: spaces with their own identities, furnished for their role in family life.

Innocenti's last client treasures that garden-making year as one of the richest she has lived. The septuagenarian landscape designer, "a handsome man with courtly Italian manners," became part of the family's daily life, and the little girls would look forward to tea with him after he had made his last rounds of the work areas. Many laborers were under his supervision, including a crew of masons from Italy, but no foreman ever appeared: Innocenti was his own foreman and a stern perfectionist.

There had not been a pool on the property before 1966, nor a formal garden. Both were wanted and Innocenti combined the two in a three-acre patch of rough woods. Here excavations were made so that there could be steps—a double, railed flight down to an outdoor room unseen from anywhere else. At the far end of the pool and its flanking symmetrical espaliers, flower beds, and potted plants, stands a combined guest and pool house built and furnished to the plans of Melvin Dwork, also the interior designer for the main house.

Another secret place, reached from the back lawn by winding through a dense stand of trees, is the lush "English Garden." It is surrounded by tall hedges, and the paths and beds follow a circular plan. Two successive plantings bloom here every year: the early springtime cherry blossoms and tulips—mostly Darwin hybrids—and the summer annuals including snapdragons, petunias, ageratum, salvia (blue only), zinnias, cosmos, portulaca, lobelia, nicotiana, marigolds, and much more, packed in tightly and by midsummer spilling over into the pathways.

The woman of the house, who is just as actively in-

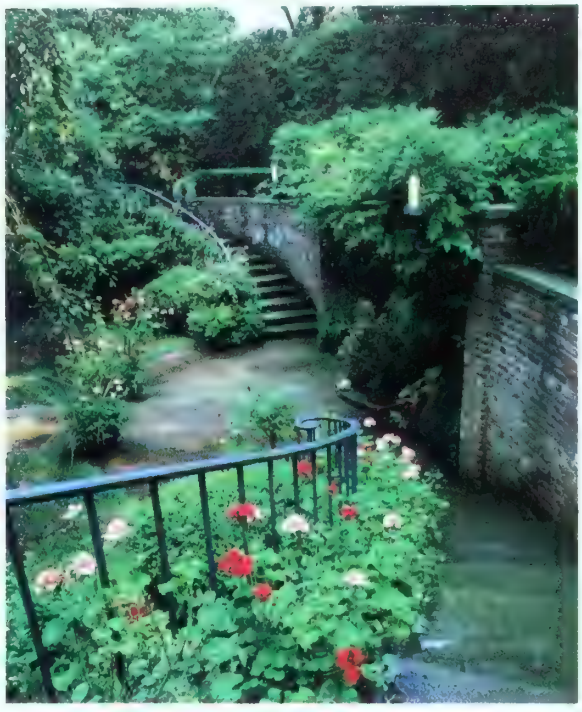
The richness of tulip color, the perfection of tulip form, *above,* is the glory of much of this Long Island garden in early spring. *Opposite:* The English Garden is one of several secret places on the property. *Overleaf:* Beyond a breakfast terrace, a formal garden grows around a central wellhead.

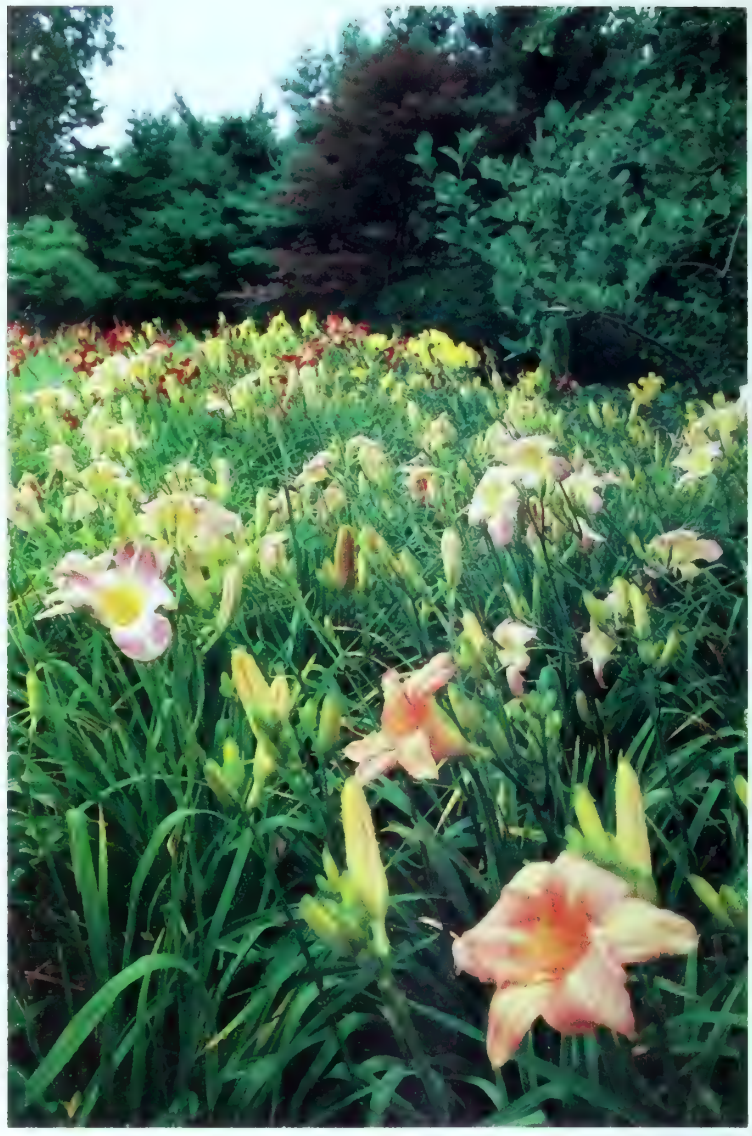










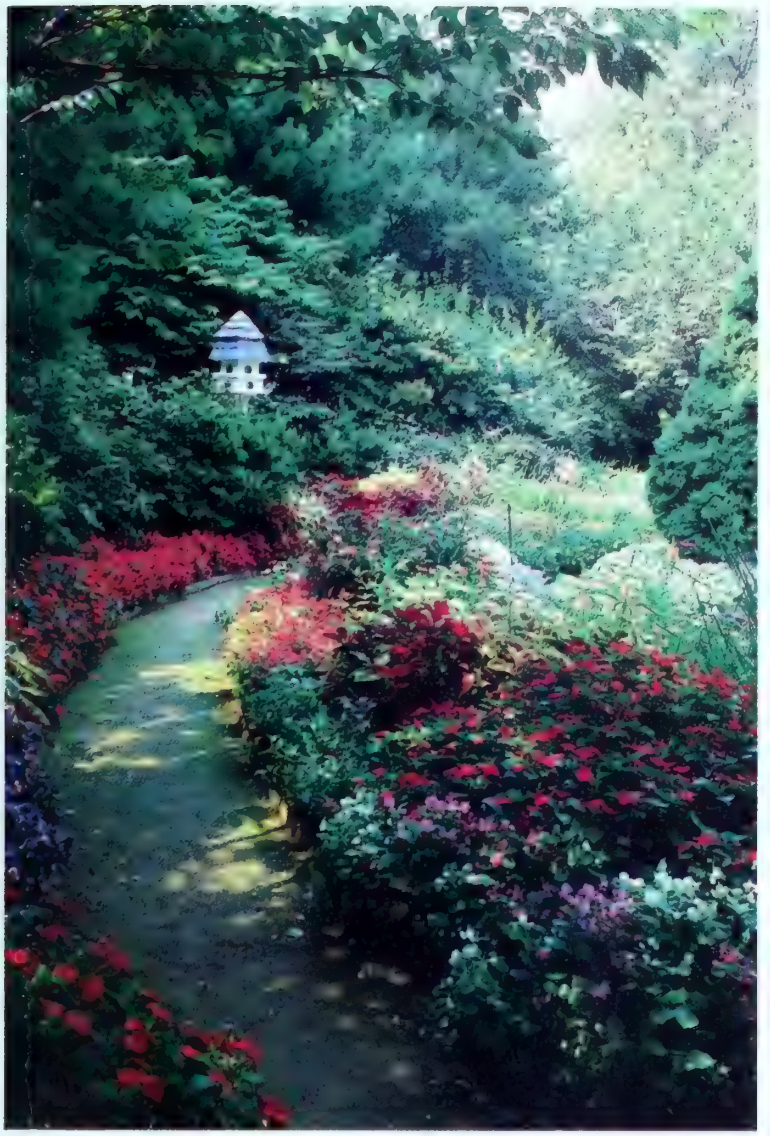


The old oak bench under the cherry tree, *top left,* is one of three in the English Garden. Beds and paths here follow a circular plan and are rimmed by tall hedges. *Above left:* Two curving flights of steps lead to the walled Italianate pool garden. Extensive excavation created the change in level. *Above right:* A river of day lilies edges the hundred-yard-deep main lawn.

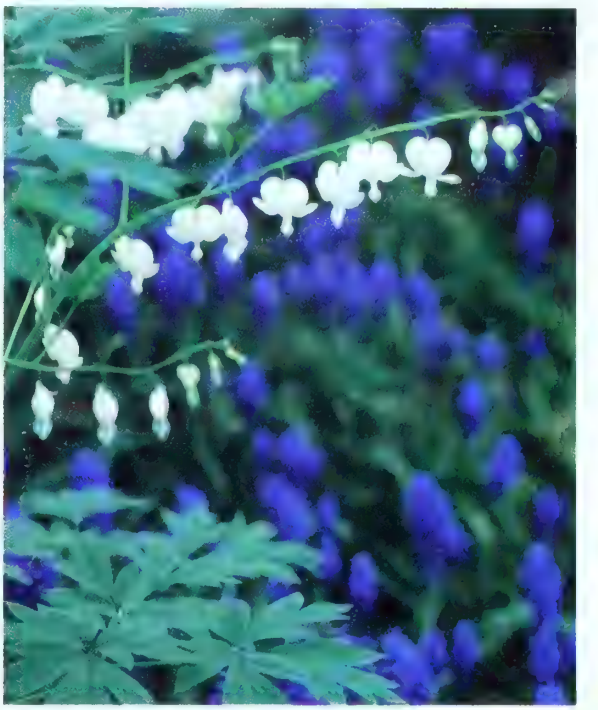
volved in keeping up and enriching the garden as she was in its planning, says the English Garden is "a place that casts a spell, a place for meditation." She likes it best in early morning when the birds are feeding, the dew is still on the ground, and the flowers are their freshest. She sometimes visits here in her dressing gown, barefooted, before the household is awake. Three old oak benches from England invite solitary readers and sometimes the family has a small lunch or tea in this garden.

Another Innocenti set piece is an extension of the breakfast terrace off a wing added by the current owners when they took over the house. Innocenti always referred to it as the "Williamsburg Garden" because it resembles the parterres that are so popular in that restored town. The main grassy rectangle contains a central wellhead in a circular bed plus four rounded corner beds. Tulips bloom here in springtime, lantana in summer—both standards and four-inch bedding plants. Background plantings are clipped ilexes and boxwood.

Innocenti also designed numerous paths with deep flower borders, a box-edged rose garden, two large swaths of narcissus of all types, another of day lilies, a greenhouse, a fenced cutting and vegetable garden, a small rockery, and an entrance garden. No detail escaped the eyes of the designer and his apt client. On the path to the cook's cottage, for example, a few espaliered pears grow on a low fence; behind the old playhouse where the owners' grandchildren play with their dolls, as did their mothers and grandmother, cinnamon, ostrich, and Christmas ferns are cultivated along with astilbe, primula, and Virginia bluebells. The owner and her head gardener, Andrew Bardolf, are experimenting with bioponic lettuce growing in the greenhouse, and they are talking about turning a shady area into a new wildflower garden, which they hope will attract certain ground-feeding







The little dovecote in the English Garden, *above left,* reproduces one seen by the owner in a book by Peter Coats. It is used as a feeder, one of many in the garden. Favorite visitors are goldfinches and Baltimore orioles. *Top right:* The children's playhouse, probably as old as the main house, has been used by three generations of the present family. *Above right:* Dicentra and muscari in the rockery.

birds. Perch feeders are already well served.

The movable component in this garden has been important since its inception. Plants in containers decorate the terraces, the pool, the tennis-court seating area, and the flights of steps. The pots and boxes and baskets hold every kind of geranium, flowering and scented, topiary juniper in spirals, pom-pons, and basket forms, and also jasmine, heliotrope, *Dracaena indivisa,* and fuchsia. Profusion is a philosophy. The owner says, "I don't believe in exotica. Jungle flowers belong in the jungle. In this garden, I want what belongs here—everyday plants, in abundance and in many varieties."

The garden is such an important part of the family life—not only as an aesthetic pleasure but as a place in which two, three, and sometimes four generations live and entertain—that a long season of bloom is carefully worked out. When tulip time is over, up come the bulbs—no time to let the leaves die down to replenish the plants, and the second year's bloom is never as good as the first's anyway—to be given to the arboretum nearby or discarded. In go the summer annuals. When they are spent and removed in October, the soil is reworked and fed, and in goes a new batch of tulip bulbs. Andrew Bardolf checks the pH every spring and adjusts the feeding according to his findings. The constant recropping builds up soil-borne organisms and he has to treat the beds regularly with fungicides. Despite this maintenance, he finds it necessary to remove the soil to a depth of perhaps ten inches every three or four years and begin again with fresh topsoil.

All the labor and resources and thought that have been lavished on this garden disappear into the background when the ultimate product is experienced: when the garden is looked at, touched, breathed in, listened to. Any artist knows that casting a spell is a long hard job. □

Editor: Carolyn Sollis



The English Garden is at its early summer peak when the annuals are beginning to flower. A pair of fine, dense conical Alberta spruces are focal points all year round. Bee skep is decorative; bees are not in residence.

Overleaf: The same garden at tulip and cherry blossom time.









UP AT THE LAKE

In Wisconsin, a romantic replay of the rustic vacation house by Hammond, Beeby and Babka

BY HEATHER SMITH MACISAAC PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN HALL



The house soaks up sun in a clearing in the woods bordering the rocky shore of a Lake Michigan bay, *above*. Master-bedroom porch perches on top of the broad roof of the great room, *top*, and the children's bedrooms tuck under it, *opposite*. In summer the great room takes on the character of a generous screened porch.





Simple detailing—chamfered pine window and door surrounds, painted wainscoting, paneled kitchen cupboards with iron hardware—adds up to a charming but not precious interior, *above*. *Opposite:* In the great room, a vestige of structure remains in the graphic plank "X" dividing the bold apple-green outer wall of the children's bedrooms into a geometric mask with diamond-shaped window "eyes." The overhang of the bedroom creates a cozy nook for the fireplace.







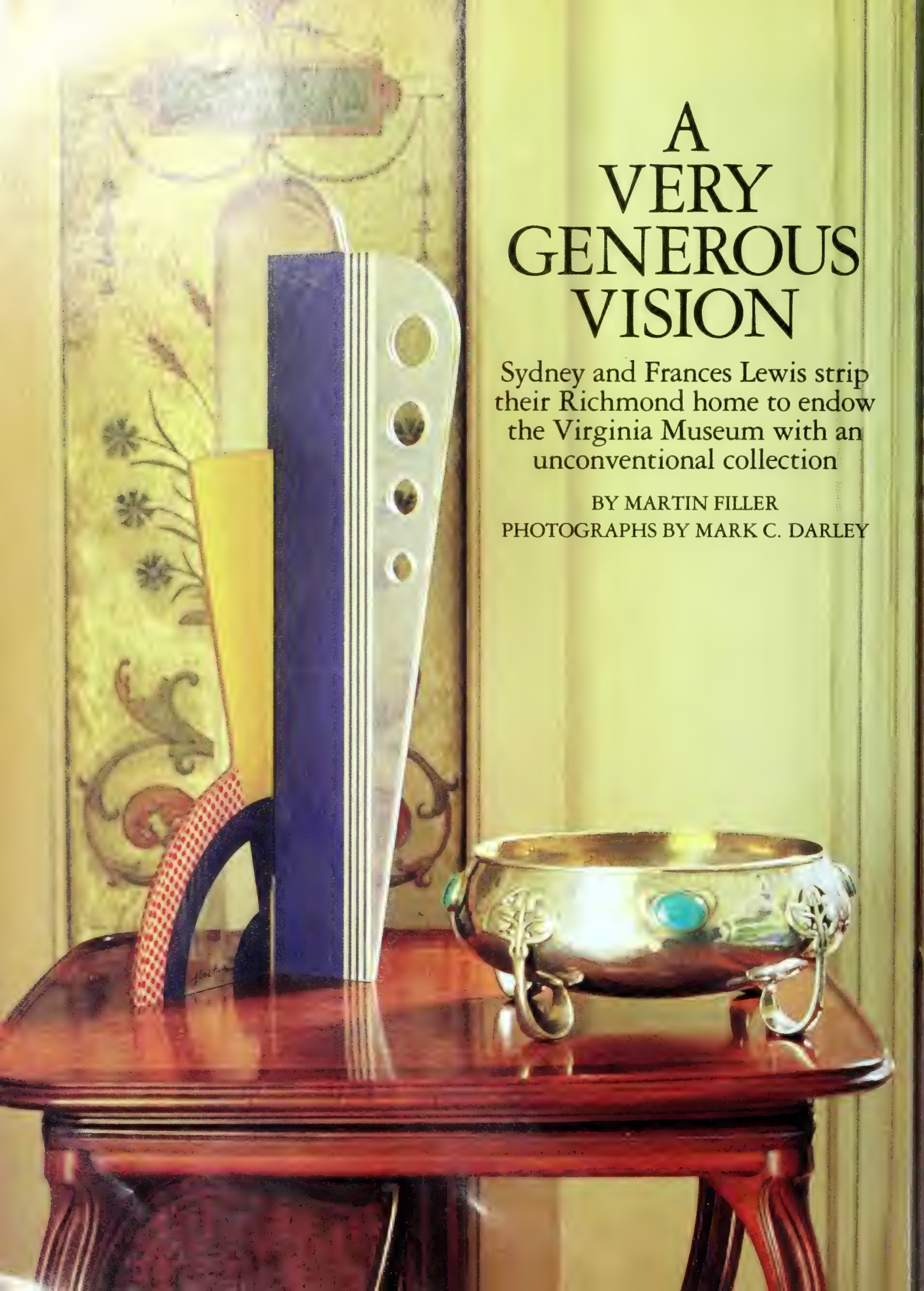
Lofty third-floor bedroom, *above,* retreats to the treetops. Painting of a logging ship over the mantel extends the horizon of Lake Michigan seen through glass doors leading to lattice-railed porch. *Opposite:* Low gabled ceiling and oversized window opening into the great room below form a snug "cabin" and spying roost for a child and an overnight guest.

Wisconsin, like Michigan, the "mitten" state, has a thumb separated from the rest of the hand by a bay; it is Door County. Green Bay on the west and vast Lake Michigan to the east form the more than 250 miles of shoreline that have made this jagged peninsula the summer mecca for landlocked Midwesterners since the turn of the century. More recently, it has been a year-round weekend destination for cityfolk like the owners of this house, a Milwaukee couple with three children aged twelve, fourteen, and sixteen. Settled more than a hundred years ago by Scandinavians who felt a kinship with the climate and terrain of a place halfway to the North Pole, Door County is a landscape of rocky farmland, orchards and forest, and quaint villages—Sister Bay, Ephraim, Egg Harbor, Fish Creek—populated by homespun wooden structures after the simplified fashion of Carl Larsson.

For John Syvertsen and Jonathan Levi, principal-in-charge and project architect, respectively, for this commission given to the Chicago firm of Hammond, Beeby and Babka Architects, inviting the vernacular onto their drawing board would have been the easy answer to their clients' vision of a cozy country cottage. The site is much like Door County itself—long and narrow with a sliver of a peninsula at one end projecting into a bay of Lake Michigan. But the architects had no desire to create a masterpiece as literally rooted in the local tradition as the sod-roofed log cabin in Sister Bay housing Al Johnson's Swedish Restaurant, where Al's flapjacks vie with goats on the roof for attention. Moreover, the dual nature of the site—heavily wooded *and* waterfront—demanded more than a one-track solution: was this to be a cabin in the woods or a cottage by a lake?

Presented with a choice, the clients, as clients are wont to do, elected to have both, and the architects, as is their burden to bear, delivered. Oddly enough it was the Easterner Jonathan Levi who proposed drawing from local farm buildings to wed the house to the site, and it was John Syvertsen, the native Milwaukeean, who suggested introducing elements of the *(Text continued on page 256)*





A VERY GENEROUS VISION

Sydney and Frances Lewis strip their Richmond home to endow the Virginia Museum with an unconventional collection

BY MARTIN FILLER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK C. DARLEY



Sydney and Frances Lewis's 1979 portrait by John Clem Clarke greets visitors to the bedroom, *this page*. Beyond, part of an Art Nouveau suite by Louis Majorelle and one of the Lewises' 59 Tiffany lamps. *Opposite:* An untitled 1967 Roy Lichtenstein plexiglass multiple and a 1904 silver and earthenware bowl by A. Edward Jones on a table by Eugène Gaillard, circa 1902.



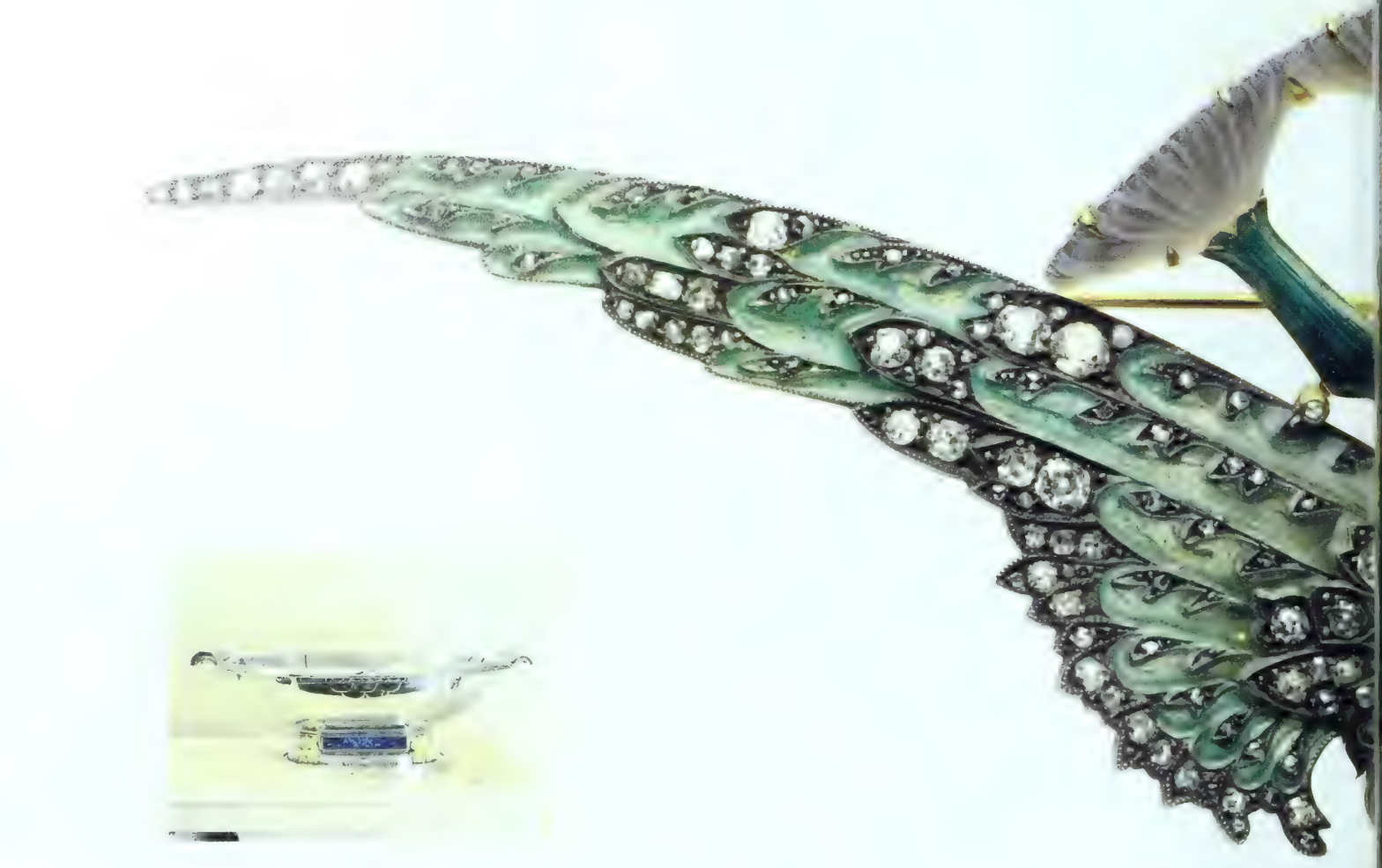
Incongruity and unexpected connections enliven the living room. *Above:* A lifelike 1979 sculpture of a woman by John Deandrea sits next to a 1966 wall piece by Lee Bontecou above the mantel. In right corner, lacquer screen, lamp, and daybed by Eileen Gray. *Opposite:* Above an André Groult Art Deco sideboard and Tiffany Cobweb lamp, circa 1906, Roy Lichtenstein's *Three Pyramids,* 1968.

One strange upshot of the current art boom in America is that it takes much less than it once did to be considered a serious collector. Every major community in this country now has at least one of those axiomatic assemblages that always seem to include a Louis and a Noland, a Giacometti and a Nevelson—and for the younger and more "adventurous," a Schnabel, a Salle, and a Basquiat. Those copycat collectors assiduously forget their past misadventures, rarely take gambles on the future, and lose any hope of individuality in the overwhelming desire to follow the latest New York line on who's in and who's out. Having a strategy has become more admired than having an eye.

Sydney and Frances Lewis are in another league. Heretofore their most visible contribution to the cultural landscape of America had been the series of highly unusual roadside showrooms they commissioned in the seventies from SITE, the New York–based architectural firm, for the Best Products Company, the discount department-store chain the Lewises founded in Richmond, Virginia, in 1951. With their variously crumbling, peeling, or tilting façades, those widely published structures have brought the shock of the new to suburban settings otherwise far removed from experiments in aesthetic confrontation.

Now the public can enjoy more extensive evidence of the audacious patronage of Sydney and Frances Lewis in the new West Wing of the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts in Richmond, which opened last December. In a gesture of exceptional (but for them characteristic) largess, the Lewises veritably emptied their home of some 1,800 pieces of painting, sculpture, furniture, decorative objects, silver, and jewelry, in one fell swoop making the museum one of the foremost repositories of twentieth-century art in the United States. As well as one of the most

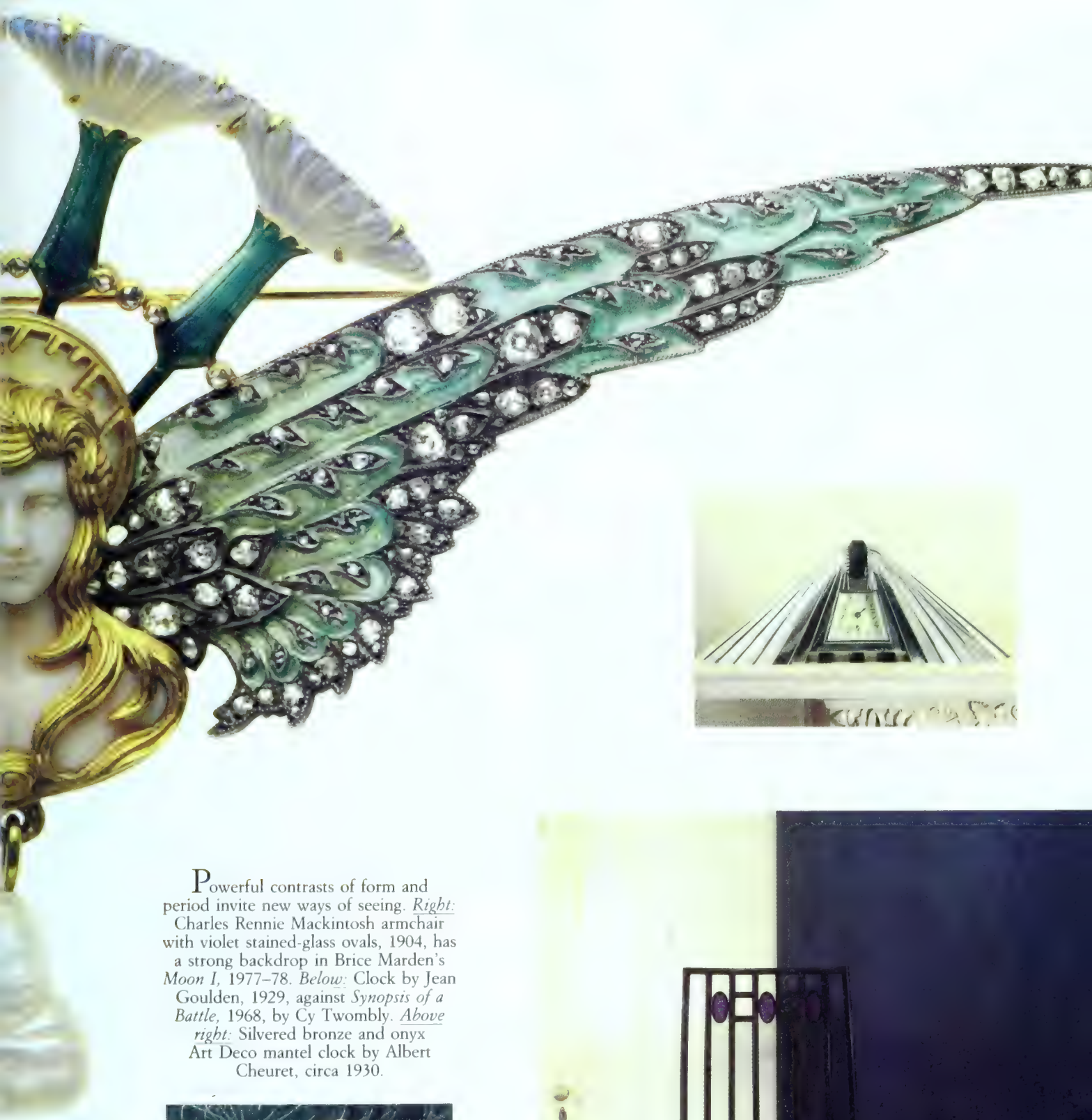




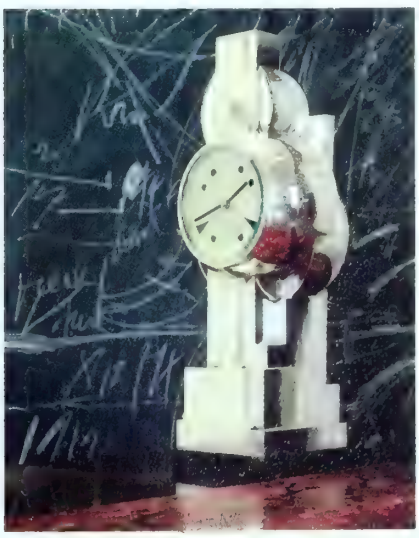


The 7¾-inch wingspread of a brooch by Georges Fouquet, 1904, *above,* shelters a sampling of the Lewis treasures. *Below:* Fabergé silver tureen inlaid with semiprecious stones, circa 1900. *Left:* In the dining room, Willem de Kooning's *Lisbeth's Painting,* 1958, Majorelle chairs, Robert Goodnough's *Pterodactyl,* 1968. *Above left:* Silver, lapis, and ivory bowl by Boin-Taburet, 1925.





Powerful contrasts of form and period invite new ways of seeing. *Right:* Charles Rennie Mackintosh armchair with violet stained-glass ovals, 1904, has a strong backdrop in Brice Marden's *Moon I,* 1977–78. *Below:* Clock by Jean Goulden, 1929, against *Synopsis of a Battle,* 1968, by Cy Twombly. *Above right:* Silvered bronze and onyx Art Deco mantel clock by Albert Cheuret, circa 1930.









For all its exuberant eclecticism, the collection enjoys an essential unity of confident line and impressive scale. *Above:* In the library, a rosewood, ivory, and leather sofa by Marcel Coard, before 1929, and Jasper Johns's *Between the Clock and the Bed,* 1983. *Opposite:* Frank Stella's *Sinjerli Variation III,* 1968, a dazzling foil for Ruhlmann desk and chair and Puiforcat silver-and-marble box, circa 1925.

unusual: the Lewis Collection is neither comprehensive nor calculated (though it does have depths in certain areas—such as Tiffany glass and the work of Roy Lichtenstein—that would make even the most methodical curator envious).

It is representative only of its formulators' passionate enthusiasms, which give it a unifying point of view and even a recognizable, though hardly uniform, look. And its happy embrace of a number of once-unfashionable tastes (especially its strength in the realist painting of the past thirty years) might well make the Lewis donation even more significant in the future.

Briefly put, the Lewises have gravitated toward the spirited, the exuberant, and the imposing in magnitude, line, and material. Although they have a fine, brooding Brice Marden, an equally sober Mark Rothko, a minimalist Agnes Martin, and a dark-stained prototype of Gerrit Rietveld's famous Red/Blue chair, none of them is truly representative of the Lewises' outlook. Think instead of the uninhibited forms and sumptuous substances of Art Nouveau, the commanding scale and luxurious finishes of Art Deco, and the vivid colors and jocular gambits of Pop Art; mix them in your mind's eye so that elements of each of those periods echo qualities in the others, and you've got a reasonably good impression of what the Lewis Collection is all about.

Sydney and Frances Lewis started acquiring good things around 1960, as Best Products began to thrive, but really hit their stride later in that decade. It was a new age for American art as vanguard creators and collectors came together, and the Lewises lost no time in breaking as many rules as the artists they took an interest in. Frances had her multiple-image photo-booth portrait done by the astute Andy Warhol, who proposed one day that he would rather barter for goods from *(Text continued on page 243)*



The eye-filling riches of the Lewis collection are now housed in a new wing of Richmond's Virginia Museum of Fine Arts designed by Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer Associates. *Above:* In one painting gallery, from left, James Rosenquist's *Early in the Morning,* 1963; Claes Oldenburg's *Typewriter Eraser,* 1976; Allan D'Arcangelo's *Highway US 1, Panel 3,* 1963; Alex Katz's *Self-Portrait with Sunglasses,* 1969. *Right:* Gold, enamel, onyx, and jade pendant by Gérard Sandoz, 1928, 4½ inches long. *Opposite:* Lacquer and silver-leaf *bateau lit* designed by Eileen Gray for the Paris apartment of the couturiere Suzanne Talbot, circa 1919–20.









BRILLIANCE IN BELGRAVIA

John Stefanidis brings light and charm to a London flat

BY OLDA FITZGERALD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID MONTGOMERY

In the drawing room, *left,* Louis XV and Louis XVI English armchairs and an English marquetry table, circa 1770, stand amid softly colored modern seating designed by John Stefanidis. Lighted vitrines display owner's collection of Chinese porcelain, between silk curtains of peach lined with yellow. *Above:* An Utrillo painting hangs over a pair of T'ang horses and two famille verte plates.



Stefanidis's elaborate gilt mirror, *right,* dominates one wall of the drawing room; adjacent tables are of inlaid mahogany, crackle-glaze lacquer, sycamore with brass. *Above:* A Chippendale mirror hangs above an English marquetry commode. Flower arrangements throughout the house are by Pulbrook & Gould.

The apartment is encircled in a white balustraded balcony punctuated, to give perspective, by clipped bay trees in green Versailles tubs. On these perch sooty blackbirds with orange beaks who gaze curiously down at the busy life of Belgravia passing by beneath the drooping plane trees in the square below. Nearly all the windows of the apartment face north and yet John Stefanidis has designed rooms that give the impression of being constantly flooded with sunlight; yet another demonstration of his understanding and grasp of the subtle use of lighting.

"The whole flat was gutted; gutted literally to nothing. The only thing we kept was the proportion of the drawing room, but it was a mess," he continues with feeling. Stefanidis's client had been recently widowed and was moving from a much larger apartment bringing with her her collection of paintings, furniture, and porcelain around which he based the design of the rooms. It is an ideally comfortable and compact apartment for one person, with the enfilade of rooms leading into one another making it convenient to entertain in, as it were. He kept his client's feelings and thoughts in the front of his mind throughout all the work. "One of the things that I dislike most about houses converted into flats is the cold unfriendly feeling that you get when you arrive at your floor, so that in this case, I have enclosed the lobby in the flat, and after taking the public lift you end up in your own front hall with its own character. You are not at all aware of the ugly staircase." The hall is softly marble-





In the foyer, *right,* floor tiles and pilasters progress toward the drawing room in a play of real and faux marble, cleverly hiding doors to other rooms in the paneling; mirrored strip over cornice adds height and light. *Above:* Dining-room walls are stenciled in a Japanese kimono pattern.

ized in paler and darker shades of pink on a green background which echoes the very thin (because of the weight) diamonds of marble which form the floor. The hall, once "like a dark shoe box," is now a glowing anteroom of chaste Post-Modernist pilasters beneath lights reflected in mirror-glass leading through to the drawing room beyond. Two speckled marble urns stand on the marbleized built-in hall table which cleverly hides the radiators. "The colors here are inspired by *marmorino,* the colored marble paste slapped on the walls of Venetian palaces," he explains.

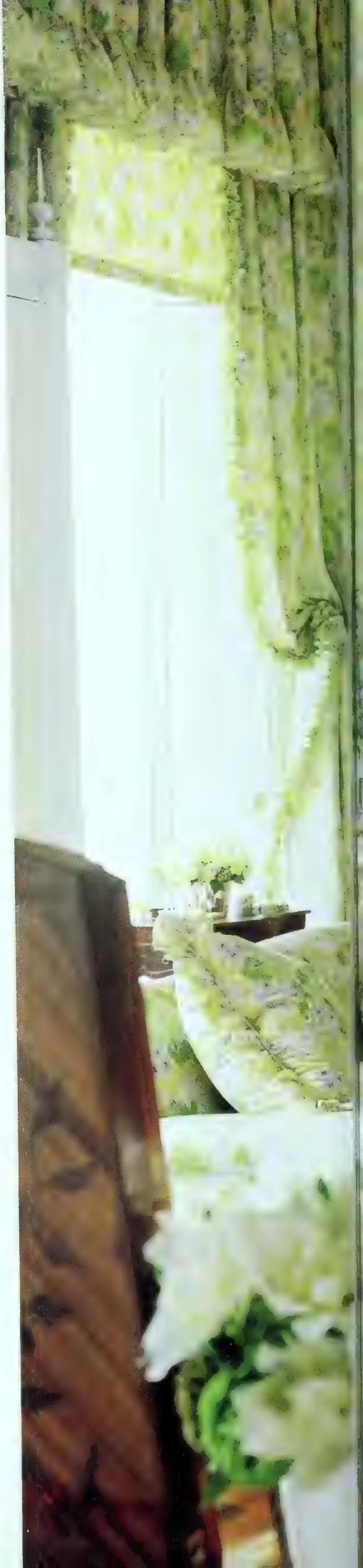
Walking into the drawing room one is at once aware of the very effective understatement of the plain-colored, light, yet substantial materials he used. It is a cool pale sunshiny room with apricot-colored silk curtains loosely lined in an unsewn-together fluid layer of billowing yellow silk. The frilly pelmets are attached to the curtains themselves with the admirable intention of not obscuring the light, giving however a slightly milkmaidish (mutton-dressed-as-lamb) effect. The vitrines between the windows are filled with porcelain and not only hide the vast central-heating outlets but, being softly lit from within, give the impression of a sunny day outside. Because of the north-facing windows it was essential to gather and reflect back as much light into the room as possible, and glass-paneled doors hide storage space opposite the frivolous jubilance of the gilded baroque Edwardian-style mirror specially designed by Stefanidis to fill the wall between the paintings by *(Text continued on page 260)*



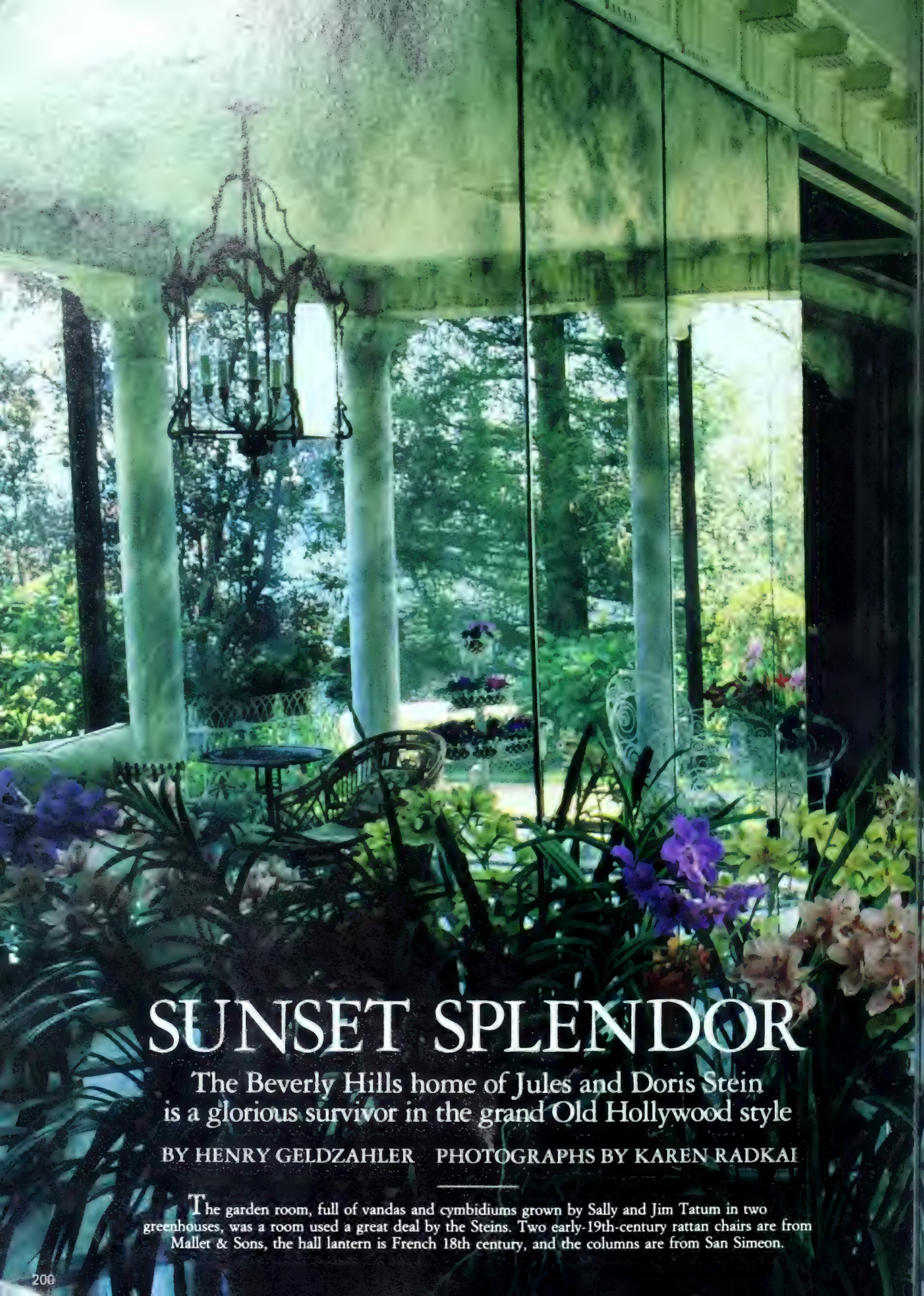


Pelargonium chintz from John Stefanidis covers walls, furniture, and curtains in the master bedroom. *Right:* Carved marble mantel holds a set of Chinese vases under a Teddy Millington-Drake watercolor of a Greek interior; rug is white goatskin. *Above:* Dressing table and stool are Louis XVI; bed and cupboards by Stefanidis. *Below:* Painted Louis XVI chaise longue is topped by lacy pillows.









SUNSET SPLENDOR

The Beverly Hills home of Jules and Doris Stein is a glorious survivor in the grand Old Hollywood style

BY HENRY GELDZAHLER PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN RADKAI

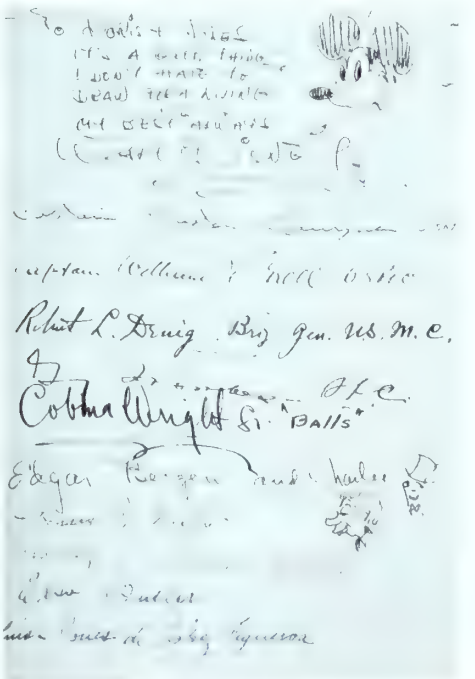
The garden room, full of vandas and cymbidiums grown by Sally and Jim Tatum in two greenhouses, was a room used a great deal by the Steins. Two early-19th-century rattan chairs are from Mallet & Sons, the hall lantern is French 18th century, and the columns are from San Simeon.







View, *opposite,* from the entrance hall into the living room, with two chairs and settee from the Walter P. Chrysler collection. One of a pair of Chippendale mirrors from San Simeon hangs on a back wall and the monumental fireplace is flanked by Augustus John's paintings. The sweeping and streamlined façade of Misty Mountain, the Spanish-style aerie designed by Wallace Neff, *above. Below:* A page from the famous guest books.



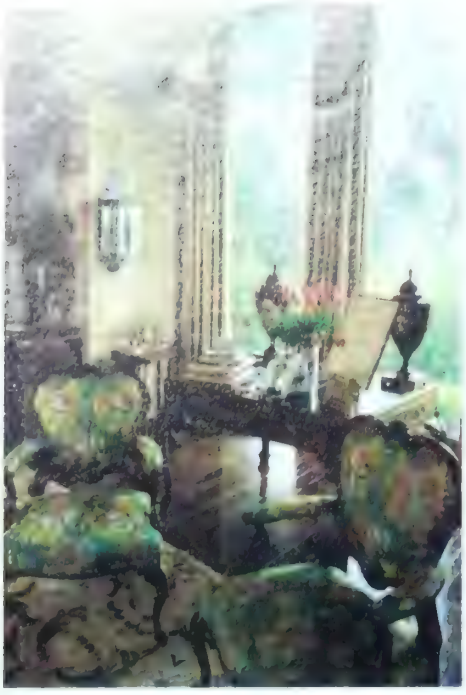
"At midwinter in the survivors' big houses off Benedict Canyon the fireplaces blaze all day with scrub oak and eucalyptus, the French windows are opened wide to the subtropical sun, the rooms filled with white phalaenopsis and cymbidium orchids and needlepoint rugs and the requisite scent of Rigaud candles."

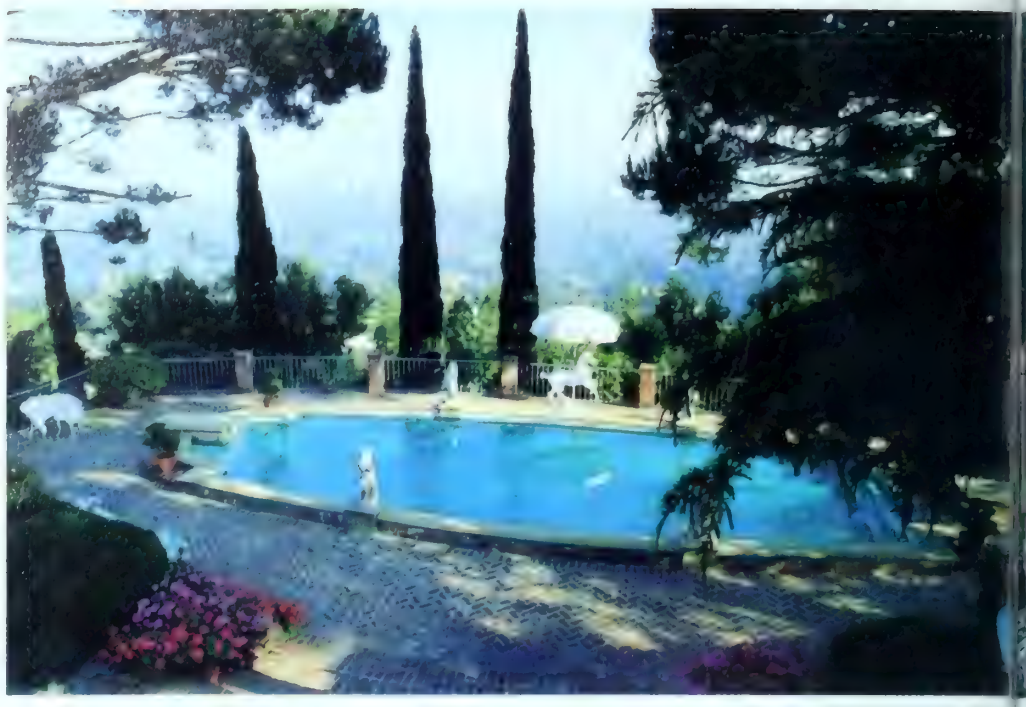
—from *The White Album,* Joan Didion

To reach Misty Mountain you must proceed up a hill so steep and precarious it feels as much like the Grande Corniche as Beverly Hills. The side of the hill drops away sharply for full views of the city at every turn. Perched on top, not far from Pickfair, is the house in question. The high blue iron gates are closed just the way they were when the owners were alive, and you must still buzz and speak into a little box on the left to gain entry. A long driveway dotted with cypresses winds up to the courtyard with the wishing well in front of the imposing ivy-covered Spanish-style house that belonged to one of Hollywoods's most famous and powerful couples, Jules and Doris Stein.

Jules Stein began life in 1896 as the son of a storekeeper in South Bend, Indiana. At eighteen he graduated from The University of Chicago, which he had attended tuition-free because he played violin and saxophone in the school band. He once said, "I was never a good musician. I was a good commercial musician."

In the blinding flurry of activity over the next decade Stein managed to attend medical school, qualify as an ophthalmologist, undertake further graduate studies in Vienna, publish a ground-breaking paper on telescopic





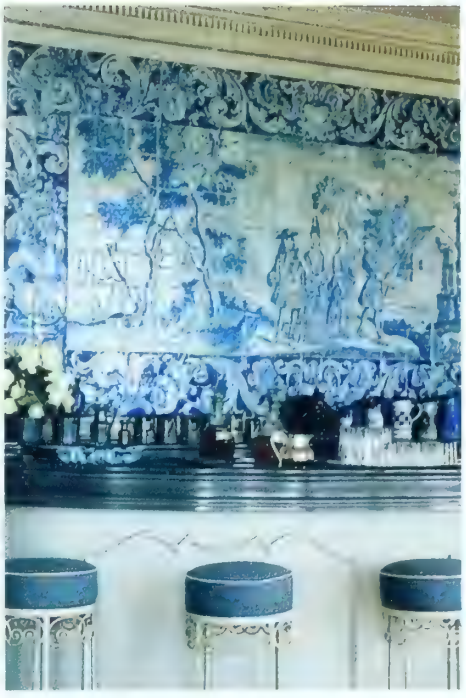
A bay window, *above left,* in a corner of the living room. Two mahogany chairs with George I legs and floral brocade upholstery are in front of an early George I walnut library table on which two knife boxes in the form of mahogany and satinwood urns keep company with a Mary Cassatt drawing and a Japanese porcelain pillow. *Above right:* The new cantilevered pool with a parasol horse. On a clear day you can see the Pacific and Santa Catalina Island. *Below:* A corner of the library with sporting paintings and the delft collected by Doris Stein in a George III corner cabinet.



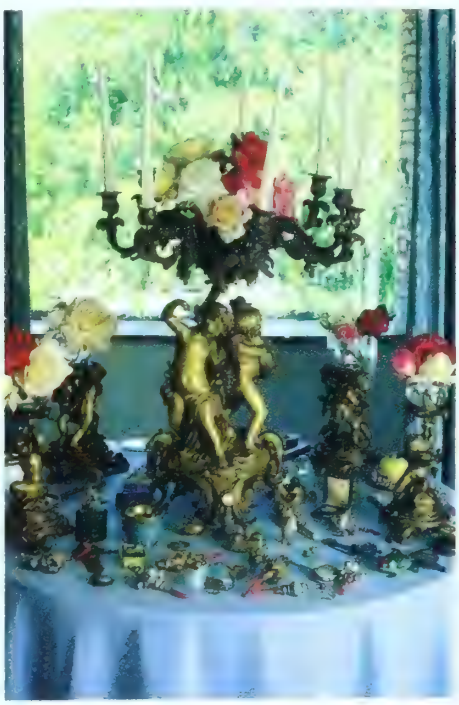
spectacles, and while working as a doctor, book bands at the same time on the famous "hush phone" he kept in the examining room. In 1924, he founded The Music Corporation of America. It was Stein who invented the one-night stand and in 1928 he signed Guy Lombardo. From booking bands, MCA went on, in the late thirties, to become a talent agency handling Bette Davis, Paulette Goddard, Fred Astaire, and Greta Garbo, among others, and by the mid-forties had almost one third of all the stars in Hollywood, including an upcoming actor called Ronald Reagan. Later, MCA went into television; they produced *Wagon Train, Ozzie and Harriet, Alfred Hitchcock Presents,* and *Columbo.* In 1959 they had acquired Universal Pictures and by 1962 MCA had become so powerful, the government stepped in and the company was forced to divest itself of its talent agency, the largest in Hollywood. Lew Wasserman, chairman of the board of MCA Inc., feels Stein was a remarkable businessman and very unusual to work for. Wasserman started out at MCA in 1936 as the national director of advertising. Then in 1946, Wasserman reports, "Stein said, 'You run it,' and made me chief executive officer and from that day until the day he died, he never asked me what I did or why I did it."

Jules Stein, whose fortune was rooted in the very heart of show business, formed, by the end of his life, one of the world's finest collections of eighteenth-century English furniture. By 1928 he had married Doris Jones, and in the mid-thirties moved from Chicago to Los Angeles. In 1940 they bought Misty Mountain, a house designed by California architect Wallace Neff, perched high on a hill





The English mahogany dining table, circa 1810, *above left,* is set with Baccarat glass and an English silver soup tureen as centerpiece with four matching sauce tureens, all designed by Paul Storr, 1800. The George III sideboard with some of the Stein collection of silver is against a 19th-century French wallpaper panel. The pavilion room, *above right,* was used both as a bar before parties and as a soda fountain for the children. An 18th-century Dutch plaque is behind the French pewter bar. *Below:* A table in the master bedroom holds antique silver and coral baby rattles, whistles, and teething rings.



overlooking Los Angeles. Neff was a popular architect in the late twenties and thirties and had designed Spanish, English, or French provincial style houses—always with his distinctive roofs and chimneys—for a select group that included Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton, Darryl Zanuck, King Vidor, Groucho and Harpo Marx, Joan Bennett, Shirley Burden, and Mary Pickford, among others.

Stein's nose for a deal is obvious in the way he bought his house. In an interview he gave several years after his retirement as MCA's chairman of the board in 1973, he was asked if he always drove a hard bargain. He replied, "That's an important part of the game, and often the most fun. Our house was built on eight acres in 1928 by Fred Niblo, a movie director, for $285,000. In 1940, when houses weren't popular in the hills, Niblo had to sell it and he asked $60,000 for it. I offered $50,000 but he turned me down and traded the house for a piece of business property. The new owner didn't want the house and offered it to me for $45,000. I bought it, eight acres and all, for $35,000." Jean, the Steins' elder daughter, recalls going to the house right after her parents had bought it: "My first vision was of a coat of mail looming in the dark hall—it looked like something that might have been in Fred Niblo's *Ben Hur*—he made the silent version. I remember being quite terrified." But the house would not be dark for long.

At Misty Mountain, an air of stilled perfection emanates from every picture and every room. The Steins' house and its contents represent order, stately perfection, and even more *(Text continued on page 249)*



In the library a very large George III ladder and an unusual pole that turns into a ladder lean against the bleached-oak paneling. Directly to the right of the rare Queen Anne walnut desk is a George I walnut armchair. Beyond, a pair of George III Chippendale armchairs face one another. On the right, a walnut George II chair with Queen Anne legs is next to a George III side table.







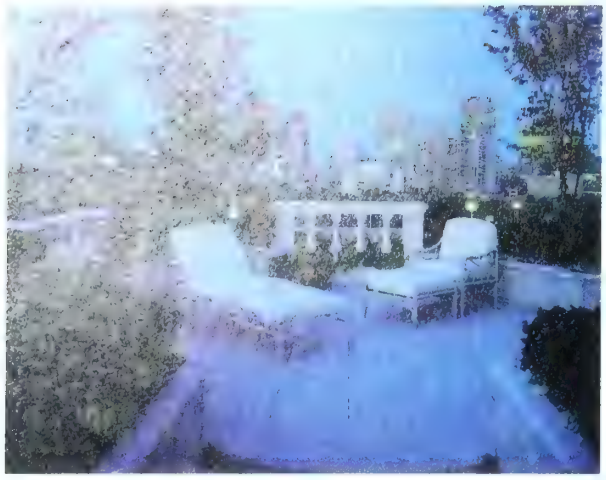
FROM THE TOP

William Hodgins decorates a Boston penthouse to embrace the city's old and new skyline

BY DIANE WELEBIT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICK HALES

Outside and inside are given equal play in the penthouse. In the living room Hodgins combined 18th-century French chairs with Karl Springer table and a sofa of his own design (Baron Upholstery). Beyond: sculpture by Boston artist John Holowchuck and Boston's upward-reaching skyline.





Boston "glitter" is seen from the white stone terrace *above*, a reposeful view of the Charles from a corner of the living room, *left*. The owner wanted to match the feeling of each of the views with the sculptures in the foreground—this one by Richard Erdman. Corner sofa by Hodgins. On the Lucite Springer table are Chinese lacquer boxes, chosen from among the "innumerable" small objects the residents recall Hodgins bringing to the apartment to be tried out on different tables and surfaces.



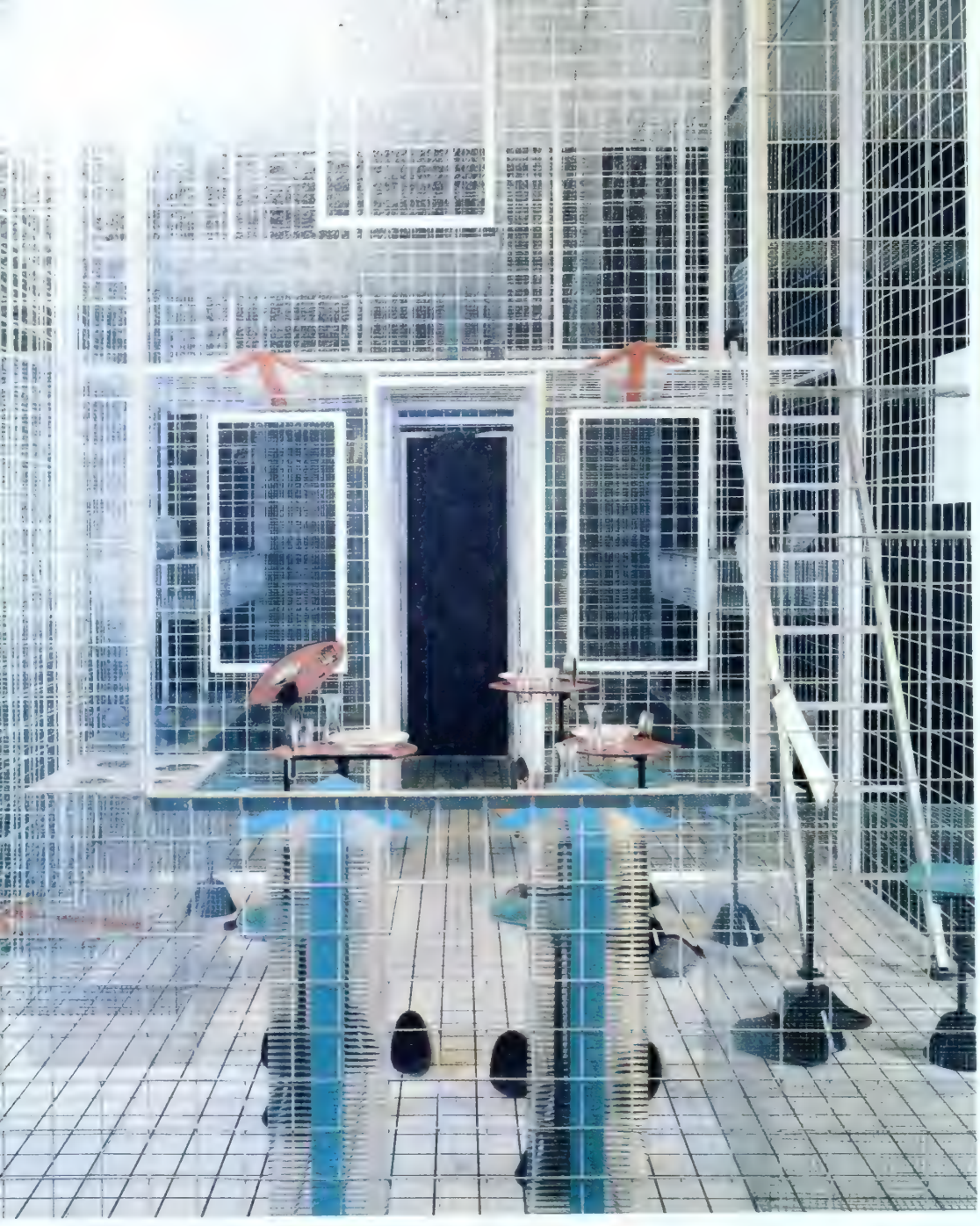


Hodgins likes painted furniture and fabrics. *Left:* Painted pillows by Robert Warshaw. *Above:* An English chair, a linen press painted by York Kennedy. *Below:* Jay Friedlin's faux-marbre finish for a table; Louis XV-style chair, Clarence House fabric. Doors painted by Robert Jackson.

In the way that Woody Allen embodies affection for Manhattan in his films, designer Bill Hodgins has captured enthusiasm for the city of Boston in a penthouse apartment. The residents are born-and-raised Bostonians—he's a real-estate developer who asserts that the city has experienced a "remarkable resurgence, a huge blossoming, in the past ten years." His penthouse, he adds, "has the best view in Boston," and he may be right: the generous windows (across which curtains are never drawn) look out onto traditional Boston features such as the Charles River and the Public Garden and embrace a view of the newly germinated skyscrapers of the city's financial district. Hodgins, a Canadian who for the past eighteen years has made Boston the base for his successful designing career, says the apartment has "a feeling about being on top of the world in Boston—and liking it. It's the opposite of what's perceived as Boston dowdiness: it's a glittering, pleasureful city apartment."

The couple had been among Hodgins's first clients when he arrived in the city in 1968 (prior to that, he had trained and worked *(Text continued on page 241)*







MUSEUM FUR KUNST UND GEWERBE HAMBURG



COURTESY KARTELL

REVOLUTIONS IN LIVING

A provocative look at interiors in the modern age makes the 1986 Milan Triennale the liveliest design exhibition in years

BY MARTIN FILLER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI



This year's Milan Triennale—the seventeenth installment of what has become since 1923 the world's most eagerly awaited, seriously considered, and consistently influential design exhibition—is nothing short of a triumph, not least because it restores the event to the peak level it sustained during its golden age after World War II and from which it had lately begun to slip. Entitled "The Domestic Project—The House of Man: Archetypes and Prototypes," the 1986 Triennale was actually two shows interwoven into a coherent whole. A historical section, curated by the French architectural academic Georges Teyssot, and a series of 26 new projects commissioned from an international roster of avant-garde designers, under the direction of the Italian architect Mario Bellini (who also devised the installation), reinforced one another to striking effect.

The Triennale traced some of the major themes and metamorphoses of man's habitations in the West from the dawn of the modern age (here gauged at the eighteenth century) to the present day, but it was not an orthodox survey. Rather, it offered an intriguing series of close-ups illuminating domestic pursuits we rarely analyze for the clues they can provide in interpreting larger issues. Cooking, eating, bathing, cleaning, child rearing, entertaining, and decorating were all examined as a means of comprehending the social shifts that produced the very different ways we have made our homes over the past three hundred years.

The Triennale (held since 1933 in Milan's Palazzo dell'Arte, the Mussolini Moderne exposition hall by Giovanni Muzio, which became the show's permanent home after its first decade of biennial

The unprecedented recasting of the domestic scene over the past century inspired startling contrasts at the 1986 Triennale. *Opposite, bottom:* A computerized, life-size robot maid, "Ines, the Home Terminal," designed by Denis Santachiara, was the uncontested star of the show. Her red lips, projected on her video-screen face, dispensed saucy gossip. *Opposite, left:* Achille Castiglioni's full-scale, cage-like model of an 1889 scheme for housing six people in only 72 square meters. *Opposite, above:* A German advertisement for the Prometheus Electric Kitchen, early 20th century. *Above:* The cocoonlike upholstered splendor of the high bourgeoisie: *A Parisian Interior,* painted by Mihály Munkácsy in 1877.

RUSSIAN STATE MUSEUM, LEN

Memory and desire shape our interiors as much as our inner lives



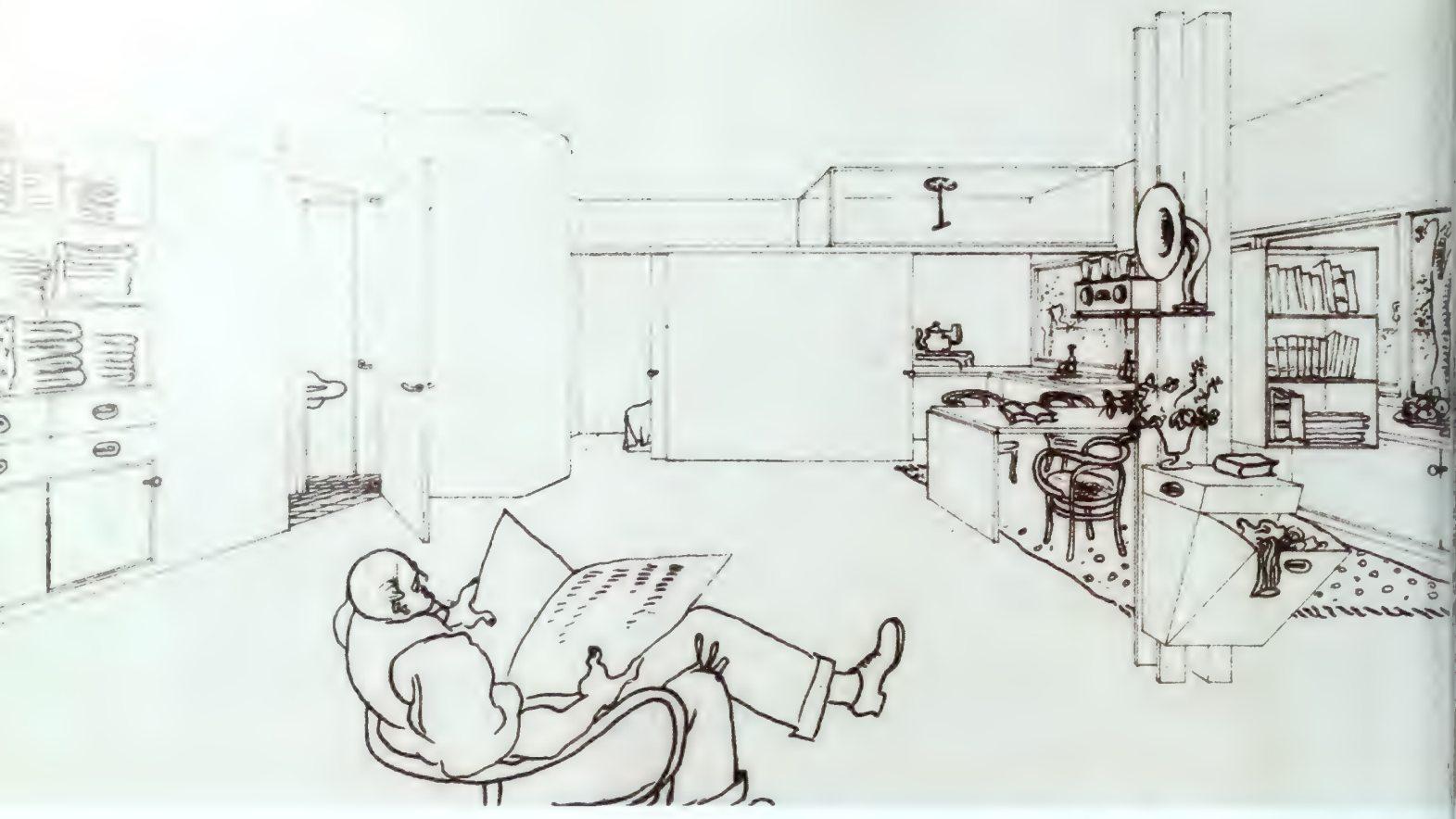
Alexei Voloskov's *At the Tea Table,* 1851, *above,* meticulously records the same cultivated Russian milieu as Ivan Turgenev's *A Month in the Country. Left:* The German architects Andreas Brandt, Jadegar Asisi, and Rudolph Böttcher designed for the Triennale this homage to the nobly proportioned Berlin apartments of the 19th century. *Opposite above:* "Beyond the Bedroom," a video environment by Memphis founder Ettore Sottsass. *Opposite below:* Massimo Scolari's "reconstruction" of Noah's Ark, the archetypal collector's cabinet, in which the architect displayed his own mythological drawings.

appearances in Monza) enjoys a special position in the world of design. Less commercial than Milan's annual Salone del Mobile (the fall "collections" of Italy's estimable furniture industry) and less scholarly than a museum show, it has engaged the minds of numerous nonprofessionals in addition to the architects, artists, designers, and students who form its primary audience.

The Italian public's receptiveness to good modern design can be attributed in large part to the positive climate fostered by the Triennale, especially the six editions from 1947 to 1964, the years that witnessed Italy's rise to primacy in the creation of innovative furnishings. It is furthermore significant that this acceptance of the new has occurred in a country steeped in the classical art tradition. But rather than narcissistically dwelling on its glorious patrimony, the Italian design community has felt the imperative to create a vital contemporary expression, and the Milan exhibitions reflecting that attitude remain benchmarks for the rest of the world. With such a long and proud aesthetic heritage, the Italians know full well the importance of consigning history to its proper place in our lives: it should be a guide to, rather than a substitute for, our own experience.

That was emphatically reconfirmed in this year's Triennale, on







STOCKHOLMS STADSMUSEUM, STOCKHOLM

Homes, real and symbolic, yesterday and today. *Near left: Apartment of a Teacher in Stockholm,* 1842, by Johan Gustaf Köhler. *Above:* Le Corbusier's drawing for his 1929 Maison Loucheur workers' housing project. *Bottom left: The Shower Stall,* 1968, part of George Segal's Triennale installation. *Opposite:* Aldo Rossi's *Domestic Theater,* at the Milan show, a four-story-high fantasy of an apartment house with interiors exposed to view.



view for ten weeks from the middle of January until the end of March. (Far too brief a term: it is a pity it was not kept up through the summer for foreign students and vacation travelers.) The increasing impact of history on furnishings has been one of the most notable developments in design during this decade; the fact that the 1986 Triennale acknowledged it so fully, in contrast to its customary progressive outlook, was sufficient in itself to attract attention. But it was by no means a capitulation to the past or a currently fashionable point of view. Rather, the show's dual frame of reference—archetypes as well as prototypes—insured that both would be seen as part of a continuum, not as the rejection of a difficult present in favor of a nostalgic yesteryear.

Seven major topics made up the historical section: "Ceremony and Etiquette," "The Intimate and the Private," "The Window on the Garden," "The Domestic Revolution," "Health and Hygiene," "Bohemia and Primitivism," and "Domesticity in Motion." Each was elucidated by a wealth of artworks and archival material from museums and libraries *(Text continued on page 234)*

Revealing who and what we think we are,
our homes are mirrors of the psyche and the stages
on which we act out our daily dramas



FONDATION LE CORBUSIER PARIS



THE TREASURES OF THE PALACIO DE ORIENTE

For Spain's modern monarchy, Madrid's royal palace again serves as the ceremonial heart of the nation

BY VICENTE LLEÓ CAÑAL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD BRYANT

Statues of the four kings and queens most responsible for building the palace have recently been restored to the attic story of the neoclassical limestone-and-granite façade, *above*. *Opposite:* The Throne Room's magnificent frescoed ceiling, 1764, is by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo; stuccowork by Robert Michel. Four massive bronze lions, from a group of twelve sculpted in 1651 by Matteo Bonicelli, guard the dais. The Louis XV–style thrones, replicas of one used by King Charles III, were commissioned by King Juan Carlos and Queen Sofia to celebrate their 1975 coronation. Twelve 18th-century mirrors are evenly placed on Neapolitan red velvet walls.







Their Majesties King Juan Carlos I and Queen Sofia of Spain, *above,* photographed by Dudley Reed in their home, La Zarzuela. *Opposite:* The Throne Room. Beyond door, a French 19th-century circular Aubusson sofa supports a bronze centerpiece by Thomire. Bronze statue of Bacchus as a young man is a 1650 replica of a Roman one bought in Italy by Diego Velázquez for Philip V. *Overleaf left:* The private Queen Maria Cristina Room. Italian inlaid ivory marquetry table, 1867 ebony-and-inlaid-bronze copy of a Boulle bureau by the French *ébénistes* Ferdinois and Deniere, 17th-century-tapestry, 18th-century French marble clock representing a craggy mountain. *Overleaf right:* Decorations in the Porcelain Room were commissioned by Charles III and made by the Buen Retiro Porcelain factory.

On Christmas Eve, 1734, a raging fire destroyed the old royal residence of Madrid, the Alcázar (from the Arabic *al-quasr,* meaning castle). The persistence of the old name instead of the more modern *palacio* was fitting because, though added to and embellished by successive rulers—starting in the early sixteenth century with Enrique III Trastamara—the massive walls and towers betrayed its military nature. Indeed it was the fortress erected there originally by the Emir of Cordoba, about 875, that gave rise to the city of Madrid.

Throughout the centuries the Alcázar had grown to house a dazzling collection of works of art, many sadly lost in the 1734 fire, but more important, it had also become a symbol of the Spanish Monarchy. Neither the nearby Buen Retiro Palace, built by Philip IV, nor even the Escorial of Philip II could challenge its peculiar status. There, on a spur of rock over the Manzanares River, and with the background of Guadarrama Mountains so often painted by Velázquez was "The calcareous and white bone that keeps the marrow of Spain," as historian Fernando Goitia Chueca puts it.

However, at the beginning of the eighteenth century Spain had changed dynasties and there was a new, French, reigning family: the Bourbons. Philip V, grandson of Louis XIV and first Bourbon King of Spain had grown amidst the splendors of Versailles and it was only natural that he felt uncomfortable in the gloomy luxury of the Alcázar. As a matter of fact, almost immediately after his accession to the throne, he had built a magnificent country palace, La Granja (Segovia), in the fashion of Versailles. Thus, when the Alcázar burned to the ground in 1734 the decision was taken to build an entirely new and superb palace. The project was ordered from the Italian Juvarra, one of the more prestigious architects of the time. His design, though inspired in Versailles, would have literally dwarfed it. Four immense courts, flanked









In the King's private study, *opposite,* Empire desk and chair from the royal workshops. On the desk, inkstand bearing the royal crest, a bronze bust of Queen Victoria Eugenia, the King's grandmother. *Above:* The treaty marking Spain's 1985 entry into the European Economic Community was signed on the inlaid marble top of the table designed by Napoleon's architect, Charles Percier, in the Hall of Columns. Marble busts of Julius Caesar and Augustus.

by low wings and blocks, symmetrically ordered, were to rise on a new site known as the "Altos de San Bernardino." It was a palatine city, complete with ministries, state offices, a cathedral, that Juvarra had planned, rather than a simple royal residence. But the architect died a year after his arrival in Madrid and by that time the king had changed his mind anyway. He decreed that the new palace should be built on the site of the old Alcázar. There seems to be a peculiar quality in Spain that "Hispanicizes" anything foreign, a certain Spanishness that grows upon monarchs and artists alike. The Flemish Emperor Charles V or the Greek Domenicos Theotocopoulos "El Greco" are but two examples. The French Philip V proved no exception. His decision to build over the ruins of the Alcázar, a cramped and awkward space, with the sides descending steeply to the river Manzanares was meant to reinforce the symbolic link with the seat of the old Hapsburg dynasty. Thus, a new project was ordered from Juvarra's favorite disciple, also Italian, Giovan Battista Sacchetti. Although smaller than the original plan, Sacchetti's palace turned out to be almost as expensive, particularly since the nature of the site required vast foundations to support the new structure.

The first stone of the *Palacio Real Nuevo* was solemnly laid the sixth of April, 1738. An inscription was buried which summed up the long history of the palace; in it Philip V vowed to rebuild it *aeternitati.* Thus, the Bourbon King affirmed the continuity of the Spanish Monarchy over the centuries, even over dynastic changes. In the same fashion, Sacchetti's palace, for all its "International-Baroque" language reveals its ties with the timeless tradition of Spanish *alcázares*: the square plan and central courtyard, the corner blocks that recall the towers of old, and indeed were so called, *(Text continued on page 228)*



The exquisite Salon Gasparini, *above,* named for Matteo Gasparini who designed every featherlike detail—marble floor, stuccowork, hangings, furniture, mirrors, all made in royal factories. On the mantelpiece, an 18th-century musical rococo clock, one of the Palace's 610. In each corner, a 19th-century French bronze candelabrum on a marble pedestal represents a major continent and hides a music box. *Opposite:* A rare glimpse of the banquet table set for a state dinner with 19th-century French silver centerpieces and candelabra. Once a suite of rooms, the Banquet Hall has ceilings by Anton Raphael Mengs (foreground), Antonio Velazquez, and Francisco Bayeu.



The Ralph Lauren Home Collection is available at:

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BELK'S, CHARLOTTE
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BURDINES, MIAMI
COLBERTS, AMARILLO
DAYTON/HUDSON, MINNEAPOLIS
DILLARD'S; LITTLE ROCK, DALLAS, ST. LOUIS, SAN ANTONIO, PHOENIX
E. GOTTSCHALK & CO., FRESNO
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FREDERICK & NELSON, SEATTLE
FROST BROS., SAN ANTONIO
GIMBELS, MILWAUKEE
GOLDWATER'S, SCOTTSDALE
HIGBEE'S, CLEVELAND
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JOSEPH HORNE, PITTSBURGH
L.S. AYRES, INDIANAPOLIS
LIBERTY HOUSE, HONOLULU
MACY'S; ATLANTA, NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO
MARSHALL FIELD'S, CHICAGO
NEIMAN MARCUS, DALLAS
NORDSTROMS, SEATTLE
PARTNERS, LTD., LAFAYETTE
POLO/RALPH LAUREN; ASPEN, AUSTIN, COSTA MESA, DALLAS, DENVER, HOUSTON, NEW YORK, PALM BEACH, PALM DESERT, SAN ANTONIO, TULSA, VAIL, WINTER PARK
POPE'S, BOSSIER CITY
RICH'S; ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM
THALHIMERS, RICHMOND
THE HUB, VICKSBURG
WEINSTOCK'S, SALT LAKE CITY
WOODWARD & LOTHROP, WASHINGTON, D.C.

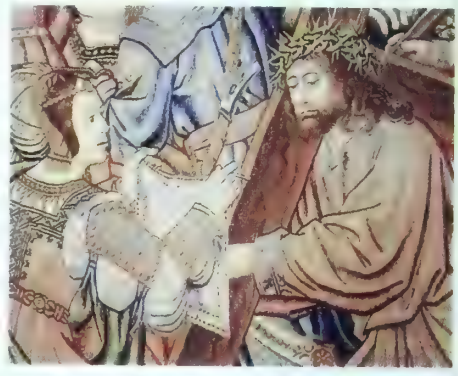
(Continued from page 225) the prominent position of the Chapel, in axis with the main entrance. Work proceeded at a rapid pace and eventually the first of December, 1764, a new king, Charles III, could take up residence. Until the death of his brother Ferdinand VI without heir, Charles III had been King of Naples, and surely nostalgic for his grandiose palace of Caserta, he entrusted his architect Sabatini to carry out new additions which would have doubled the original plan, but only a fraction were built: the southeast wing which unfortunately breaks the purity of the primitive cube.

But if his architectural projects came to nought, Charles III was more successful with the decoration of the Palace which he undertook enthusiastically. Three aspects merit consideration in this regard: the external, sculptural decoration, the series of painted ceilings in the State Rooms, finally, their actual furnishing.

An obscure Benedictine monk from Galicia, Father Sarmiento, had conceived the external decoration of the Palace: the apotheosis of the Spanish Monarchy expressed through a series of statues of Spanish rulers from the oldest times, as well as through allegorical reliefs. These sculptural pieces should have been distributed over the façades and balustrades, but though they were installed, they were soon removed, either, as tradition says, because the Queen dreamed that their weight would ruin the building or, more probably, on the advice of the chastely neoclassical painter Mengs, counsellor to Charles III on artistic matters. Recently the statues have been partly replaced on the façades.

Three painters were entrusted with the task of decorating in frescoes the ceilings of the enormous rooms (that of the Throne Room alone measures fully 11 by 26 meters): Corrado Giaquinto, Giovanni Battista Tiepolo and Anton Raphael Mengs. Their works, especially those by Tiepolo—the series of ceilings in the Guard Room, Antechamber to the Throne Room, and the Throne Room itself—remain glories of the Palace. Characteristically the impatient Charles III ordered the scaffolds in the Gasparini Antechamber to remain standing when Mengs left in 1769 for a short stay in Rome.

Charles III brought the same zeal to the actual furnishing of the Palace. As King of Naples he had already shown interest in the decorative arts, founding the Capodimonte porcelain factory. When in 1758 he left for Spain he literally took the factory, workers included, with him setting it up in the Buen Retiro Gardens and putting them to work on the Porcelain Room of the Palace, one of the most delightful examples of chinoiserie in Europe.



One of fifteen hundred tapestries in the palace: *Christ's Passion* by Pieter van Aalst, circa 1520.

In the same vein, the King either founded or reorganized a series of Royal Works: glass was manufactured at La Granja, tapestries and rugs woven at the Santa Barbara factory, and a group of royal *ebanistas* made furniture after the designs of the royal architects (first Sabatini, then the brilliant Spaniard Juan de Villanueva).

A charming painting by Luis Paret, *Charles III at the Dinner Table* in the Prado reveals the mixture of pomp and bourgeois comfort so characteristic of this Monarch. His own tastes were closer to those of a country squire—he kept his hounds at the table—than most contemporary crowned heads.

Stylistically, Charles III furniture recalls the Louis XV, although less ponderous, the rococo profusion mitigated by Classicism, something hardly surprising since Pompeii was discovered when he was still King of Naples. The trend toward Classicism grew stronger with his heir and namesake. This kindly and unhappy king, Charles IV, had actually shown since his youth a keen interest in furniture, to the point of joining frequently his carpenters at the Royal Works. The decoration of the Palace, thus, proceeded at good pace, and some of the most beautiful rooms bear still the mark of his style, the Hall of Mirrors and the pri-

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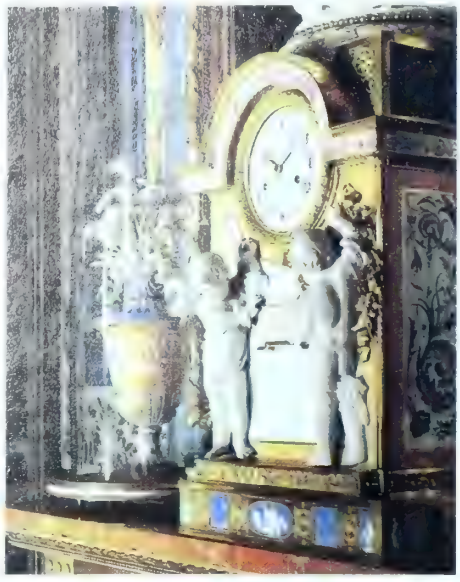
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THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHIN(

vate dining room among others. Charles IV was also a great admirer of Goya and it was thanks to his patronage that the Palace boasts superb portraits by the artist, although many others, together with countless other works of art have passed to the Prado Museum.

We have mentioned Charles IV as an unhappy man. Indeed in the last years of his life he suffered, like so many other European rulers, the humiliation of being dethroned by Napoleon, who chose his own brother Joseph Bonaparte, as new ruler of Spain. The ensuing War of Independence (1808–14) was one of the bitterest conflicts the country ever lived, fought on every side with appalling ferocity. Joseph Bonaparte's stay at the Royal Palace was, thus, anything but easy, although he was quite overwhelmed by its magnificence (Napoleon is said to have remarked to his brother upon ascending the staircase, *"Vous serez mieux logé que moi"*). Nevertheless the much-maligned Joseph



In the Mirror Room: Buen Retiro white biscuit clock, two meters high.

(he was one of the few decent men in the ignoble entourage of the Emperor) had time to make plans for his new palace. These were concerned particularly with the surroundings which hardly befitted the dignity of the building. An ambitious project was devised by the Spanish architect Silvestre Pérez to link the palace with the Church of San Francisco through a series of magnificent plazas and colonnades on a truly Roman scale. Not much came of it, however; only a few demolitions, which many years later would become the actual Plaza de Oriente, in front of the Palace.

The latter history of the Palacio Real did not see great changes in the building, just a succession of abortive attempts at the design of the gardens, which were only recently finished. But the interiors underwent many modifications; rooms were redecorated in the fashions of the day, in styles whose names echo those of the reigning monarchs: *fernandino* (Ferdinand VII), *isabelino* (Elizabeth II), *alfonsino* (Alphonse XII)... Other rooms changed function: the Hall of Columns, for instance, was normally used as gala dining room, but after the death of Queen Maria de las Mercedes, whose body lay there in state, King Alphonse XII refused to use it again for festive occasions. Thus a new dining room had to be created, which was done by knocking together three adjoining rooms. The surprising result is that now exist three different painted vaults in the same room: the *Aurora* by Mengs, *Columbus with the Catholic Kings* by González Velazquez, and the *Surrender of Granada* by Bayeu. A puzzle for future iconologists, no doubt. In fact, the above is but an example of the many elusive factors that, as time goes by, shape and modify buildings. The way a palace is lived in, the court etiquette, the personal tastes of each sovereign, even normal historical evolution are, in fact, so many invisible architects. Regrettably we are less informed on those "inside" details than on the outright constructive history of the palace. However, a few considerations are necessary if we are to understand some of the peculiarities of this fine building.

It must be borne in mind that the Palacio Real was, in its day, the center of a constellation of *Sitios Reales* or Royal Seats. The Spanish Court never entirely lost the itinerant character of medieval times. Year after year, with clockwork precision, the Royal Family and all the ministers of state moved from one residence to another: Aran-



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The way a palace is lived in, the court etiquette, the personal tastes of each sovereign are so many invisible architects

juez, El Escorial, La Granja, El Pardo... In this slow progress, the Palacio Real de Madrid always remained the hub, the ceremonial center. Here etiquette was, if anything more strict than in any other palace. Here, also, lived an extensive household of palace servants and dignitaries, making do as best they could in the labyrinthine attics and mezzanines. Thus, in many ways, the Palacio was anything but a home: every minute of the day, every movement, even, was strictly regulated and privacy was, of course, nonexistent. On special occasions the public was actually admitted, for instance in the *Capillas Públicas*, when the entire Court marched in procession to the Chapel for services, or on Easter Thursday, when the King, in evocation of Jesus Christ, would wash the feet of 25 beggars.

A delightful insight into palace life is afforded by the "Memoirs" of the Infanta Eulalia, sister of Alphonse XII and a precocious "rebel" princess. She vividly recalls the unspeakable boredom of it, especially during the regency of Queen Cristina, a lady compared with whom even Queen Victoria seems positively frivolous. Lights were invariably out by 10:30 and when Infanta Eulalia was caught sneaking a puff at a cigarette the scandal was simply enormous. Conversation even in the relative privacy of the dining room had to be kept at the most trivial level. Hardly surprising she found the atmosphere suffocating.

The romantic and ephemeral Queen Maria de las Mercedes (she died of consumption at eighteen, only five months after her wedding to Alphonse XII) had been a breath of fresh air. In the touching letters she wrote to her father, the Duke of Montpensier, she tells him of her efforts to enliven the gloomy salons with masses of flowers brought from the Casa de Campo gardens. Other times she sounds delightfully schoolgirlish as when she tells of her uncontrollable giggling upon listening to the singsong accents of an Annamese embassy. The great revolution in palace life, however, came in 1906 with the wedding of King Alphonse XIII and Queen Victoria Eugenia, grandparents of His Majesty the present King Juan Carlos I. He was a man of infinite charm, with that peculiar Bourbon knack of communicating with aristocrat and peasant alike. She, a Battenberg (the family later changed the name to Mountbatten), a granddaughter of Queen Victoria (and baptized after her) was one of the great beauties of her time. Queen Victoria Eugenia (Ena, she was called in the family) had been brought up in the tradition of cozy comfort we instinctively associate with the word *Victorian*. One can easily imagine her dismay at the succession of magnificent but cold and formal rooms of her new residence.

All that would change soon. Queen Victoria Eugenia brought a new style to Spanish life; she enjoyed sports and outdoor life and, to the astonishment of the old courtiers, would go swimming in the beach at San Sebastian in a suit which showed a fraction of leg. She also used, discreetly, makeup and would occasionally smoke a cigarette. She was, in short, a liberating influence whose example would soon be followed by thousands of young Spanish girls. The Royal Palace also felt the same airs of renovation.

Not much could be done with the State Rooms, but she tried to make a home in the private apartments. Her and King Alphonse's rooms, open today to the public, make a pleasant contrast after the stately halls. The King's rooms show a mixture of military austerity, particularly the bedroom with its simple brass bed, and the unpretentious comfort of a country gentleman, as in his private office, full of souvenirs of his beloved horses (he was a fine polo player). Queen Victoria Eugenia's suite is an epitome of Edwardian taste. Her studio, with mahogany bookcases full of the English novels she enjoyed, framed family photographs, and masses of flowers, is, really, a bit of England in the middle of Spain. She tried to make palace life


Woodson

more bearable; the etiquette was somewhat relaxed and she had a cinema installed near the dining room for intimate viewing. The new court dress she inspired was simpler and far more becoming than the older models. She also tried to attract artists and intellectuals into court circles, so that *soirées* became more animated.

But the storm was gathering that would result first in the proclamation of a Republic and then in the three terrible years of Civil War (1936–39). The last night Queen Victoria Eugenia spent in the Palace must have been a harrowing experience. King Alphonse had been forced to leave for Cartagena, where he would board a boat into exile. The Queen and the Infantes were to follow the next day by train to Paris. It was the fourteenth of April, 1931, and a hostile crowd had been gathering all day outside the gates of the Palace; their threatening shouts could be heard inside. It must have been difficult for the Queen not to think of her Russian cousins, massacred a few years before. The Palace in Madrid had also had its share of dramatic moments; in October 1841 a mob broke into it to abduct the infant Queen and could only be repelled by the loyal halberdiers at the foot of the stairs. Would history repeat itself?

Almost by miracle and accompanied only by a handful of faithful friends Queen Victoria and the Infantes reached the French border safely. Behind remained what had been her home for 25 years.

Never again was the Palacio to be lived in. After the Civil War General Franco chose as residence the *Sitio Real* of El Pardo, near Madrid. Was it for security reasons or out of respect for a tradition? But the palace of the Bourbons was still used for ceremonial occasions and it was slowly restored to its former splendor. In 1950 it was opened to the public which thronged to see its treasures.

After their wedding in 1962 the, then, Prince Juan Carlos and Princess Sofia of Greece, settled in what had been his residence of two years before, a small red brick villa known as La Zarzuela. Originally a hunting lodge of Philip IV, it was practically destroyed during the Civil War of 1936 and had to be almost entirely rebuilt. Although smaller than the houses of many well-to-do citizens, La Zarzuela is indeed a home and Their Majesties King Juan Carlos I and Queen Sofia have chosen to remain there, even after the coronation in 1975. The old Palacio Real does not remain useless. Not only is it normally open to the public, but its great halls come alive for the grand occasions: state dinners, receptions of ambassadors. Last year, 1985, the Hall of Columns was witness to the signature of the treaty whereby Spain joined the European Common Market. It was certainly a fitting stage. In the same way that His Majesty King Juan Carlos has steered the country into a new phase of its long history, a Constitutional Monarchy, fully integrated into Europe, the Palacio Real, the Moorish fortress, Hapsburg Castle, Bourbon palace—welcomed the delegations of all the European nations, now partners of Spain. A new page, in the centenary history of the Palace, a history of change and permanence, turbulent at times, but always faithful to its fundamental destiny, to keep within its bone-white walls "the marrow of Spain." □

Editor: Gaetana Enders

REVOLUTIONS IN LIVING

(Continued from page 216) around the world. The show was ordered so that the objects told the story, and so revealing were the examples chosen, so pointed the juxtapositions, so imaginative the mounting, that the organizers' ideas could be conveyed without resorting to the extensive wall labels that have become a deadly component of "high concept" exhibitions. (For those who wish to read more—in Italian only, alas—there is a handsomely produced, two-volume catalogue published by Electa. The texts are rather less on the mark than the show itself. Of the 25 essays by yet another band of international invitees, several are prime examples of the maddening Italian way with art history: grandiloquent but vague, ambitious in intent but only



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lightly tethered to facts. At the very least, though, the superb illustrations make it a worthwhile reference.)

The historical section of the XVII Triennale combined the sociological insight of Siegfried Giedion's 1948 masterpiece *Mechanization Takes Command*—one of the cornerstone studies of modern interior design—with the documentary interest and pictorial charm of Mario Praz's *The Illustrated History of Interior Decoration* and Sir Peter Thornton's *Authentic Decor*. It was no coincidence: the exhibition contained much material from the Giedion Archive in Zürich, as well as many delightful renderings familiar to the fans of Praz and Thornton.

There was an enormous amount of lesser-known artwork, too. In addition to the famous erotic boudoir scenes of François Boucher and Jean-Honoré Fragonard was one by their even more excitable contemporary, Pierre-Antoine Baudoin. Several wonderful watercolors of interiors by Karl Friedrich Schinkel, rarely seen nineteenth-century domestic tableaux from Russia, a startlingly modern-looking Biedermeier bedroom view on loan from the obscure Glauco Lombardi Museum in Parma, and fifteen top Le Corbusier drawings all invited and rewarded careful scrutiny.

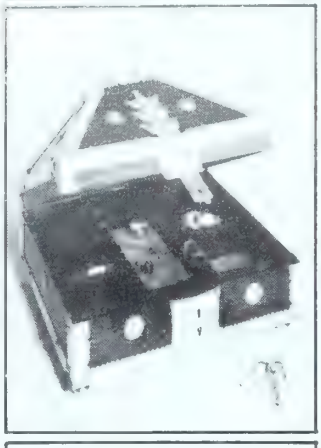
But not all attention was focused on the life-styles of the rich and famous. The show recalled how the unprecedented prosperity of the industrial revolution pressured the growing, convention-bound middle classes to become consumers of goods on a scale that forced many into genteel desperation. A French folding print of the 1840s showed a fashionably dressed young couple stepping out for a promenade; when opened, the door behind them disclosed the interior of their disheveled hovel. The precipitous rise of the *nouveaux riches* also put the suffering of the poor and dispossessed in a more dramatic light, and a number of disturbing depictions of the *clochards* and squatters of nineteenth-century Paris and London were vivid reminders of the plight of the homeless in our cities today.

The panoptic array of objects in the Triennale ranged from the captivating to the quirky. There were a Biedermeier spinet in the shape of a huge lyre and a Victorian folding bed disguised as a spinet; a roomful of American patent models for bizarre contraption furniture; a small town's worth of dollhouses; bathtubs and toilets and telephones from the days when they were novelties; and such subversive modern icons as Man Ray's nail-stud-



The home as shrine of domestic virtue: Friedrich Wilhelm Doppelmayr's 1831 watercolor of a *bürgerlich* German family in their Biedermeier living room.









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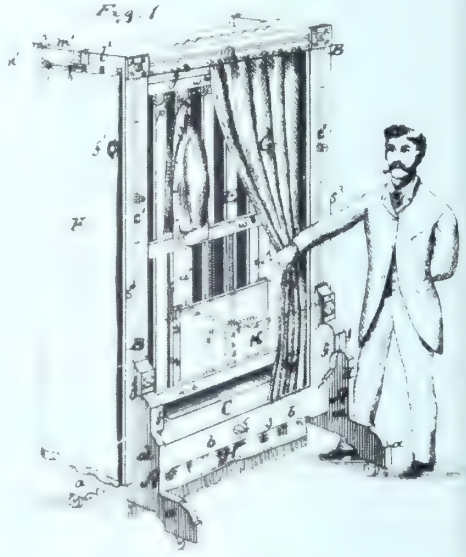
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ded flatiron and Christo's proposal for a wrapped easy chair.

Dispersed throughout the historical galleries were the 26 contemporary constructions, ranging in size from several inches (Peter Eisenman's disappointing wood and plexiglass model for "The House That Grows") to several dozen feet (Aldo Rossi's unforgettable "Domestic Theater," a four-story-high multimedia sculpture commanding the grand staircase of the exhibition hall like a full-scale apartment building with one wall shorn off to reveal the individual units within). As always happens with such invitational assemblies, there was the usual spread of hits, draws, and misses. Among the best schemes were Massimo Scolari's haunting "reconstruction" of Noah's Ark, the archetypal collector's cabinet. The German architects Andreas Brandt, Jadegar Asisi, and Rudolph Böttcher erected a two-story walk-in structure that contrasted the cramped dimensions of a modern Berlin apartment on the first floor with the capacious proportions of a nineteenth-century Berlin apartment on the second, the windows of each looking out onto illusionistic vistas that summoned up the urban character of their respective architectural epochs.

Achille Castiglioni's schematic realization of the Englishman D.G. Hoey's 1889 plan for a working-class apartment—meant to accommodate six persons within an area of only 72 square meters—was at once a funny and frightening display of how misguided even the most well-intentioned reformers can be in their attempts to rethink the basic requirements of human dwelling space. John Hejduk contributed what was easily the best of the seven American entries, "The Mobile Home and the Nomadic Condition." It consisted of a sleek 1937 Citroën Traction Avant towing a mind-boggling trailer: a two-story-high gray clapboard tower cart combining the overpowering scale of an Indian festival juggernaut with the timeless gravity of Hejduk's architecture. It imparted a paradoxical permanence to the most transient of the dwellings devised in our century.

Many works variously confronted the presence of new technology in the home. Denis Santachiara invented "Ines, the Home Terminal." A six-foot-tall computerized robot maid made by Kartell, Ines spoke sassily through big red lips projected onto her video-screen face, dispensing indiscreet gossip about her absent employers. Ettore Sottsass designed "Beyond the Bed" (a Memphistic bedroom for the video age), Clino Trini Castelli "The Neat Room" (a "breathing," dust-repelling space with pleated, moving walls like the bellows on an old



A.W. Lozier's U.S. Patent Office diagram for his folding bed cum closet, 1882.

view camera), and Andrea Branzi "The Telecommanded House" (an electronic environment in which everything, including a pulsating video monitor in each corner, could be supervised by remote control from a central armchair).

But for sheer flight of fancy, none could top "The Body-Building Home" by the Office for Metropolitan Architecture, the Rotterdam- and London-based group headed by the Dutch architect Rem Koolhaas. Assigned an area in a curving gallery of the Palazzo dell'Arte, OMA took as a departure point the Barcelona Pavilion of Mies van der Rohe and "bent" it—both in form and function. Made of marble- and onyx-patterned Formica (a sly lampoon of the splendiferous materials Mies loved), the life-size, arc-shaped structure by these young iconoclasts had exercise equipment inserted into the interstices of the open plan; in place of the figural sculpture by Georg Kolbe in the original was a blowup of a Schwarzeneggeresque muscleman. This playful yet didactic remodeling was accompanied by the show's most

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[illegible] of the pavilion after its closing in 1929. As an imaginary extension of the life of a lost twentieth-century landmark, OMA's Body-Building Home was a thoughtful commentary on the distortion of modernism since the apogee represented by the Barcelona Pavilion, and it added a piquant footnote to the Mies centennial year.

Bringing the visitor finally back down to earth, literally and figuratively, were two installations of radically different natures on the ground floor. Denis Santachiara's café was a wildly popular attraction. Operated by Wendy's, the American fast-food chain, it served the firm's preparations on automatic conveyor belts; both the comestibles and the method of presenting them fascinated the residents of the country that features *risotto con porcini* and waiters who can peel an orange in one strip with one hand.

Far more somber was the four-room house by the American sculptor George Segal. Each space was occupied by one of his familiar, life-size white-plaster figures involved in a domestic activity. But the ruinlike texture of the tile-block walls and the ghostly pallor of the inhabitants imbued this eerie ensemble with the apocalyptic horror of a postnuclear nightmare. For all the creature comforts this exhibition gathered together and celebrated, one was left at last with the chilling reminder that mankind is threatened with the ultimate eviction.

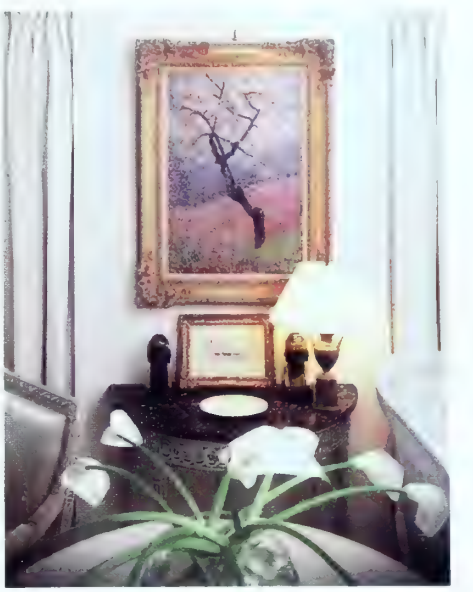
That was the end of the Triennale, but in the most important sense it was only the beginning. For what makes the Triennale not so much a show as an event in the broadest definition is the way in which it becomes the focus of intelligent discourse among those who have seen it. It is not just visited but evaluated, admired, reviled, written about, rebutted, argued over, and only then consigned to its place in the continuing history of modern design. This is not another easily consumable culture happening but an invitation to more probing inquiry, an authentic spiritual descendant of the great expositions of the nineteenth century that were a key means of gathering and dispersing information and ideas about the designed environment before electronic communications put an end to their usefulness.

Today we are bombarded with more words and images in a week than our preindustrial ancestors were exposed to in a lifetime. But as our sophistication has grown, our ability to see has diminished. The 1986 Triennale was such a remarkable experience because one was able, through the extraordinary perceptions of those who executed its most engaging passages, to better appreciate the commonplace aspects of our daily lives. The Italians have always regarded fine design as an integral part of civilized life, with no explanation or rationalization required. The unselfconsciousness of that premise, nurtured by such valuable educational institutions as the Milan Triennale, does much to explain why Italy has continued to produce so many beautiful objects, constantly enriching the development of our visual sense. □



(Continued from page 211) for other design firms in New York). In the intervening years, he has designed apartments and houses for them in various locations (Maine, Palm Beach, Cape Cod, Back Bay) but never a place quite as compact as this pied-à-terre. Not accepting size as a limitation, Hodgins made the space—a bare shell in a new building—into a pure "distillation" of all the things the couple love. As with all his clients, Hodgins zeroed in on their likes and dislikes by presenting a large number of choices (of fabrics, small objects, chairs) and getting both husband and wife involved in the process of arriving at a small, workable selection. This particular wife, with the help of the designer, has reaffirmed over the years that she likes white best, and particularly fabrics with white-on-white patterns or only the most delicate or spare floral patterns. The couple, in turn, learned to trust and like Hodgins's own preferences—he characteristically combines furniture of different periods, particularly his extraordinary antique-chair finds, in the same room. "He's mixed chairs for us before," remarks the woman about the convergence of different chairs around the dining table in her penthouse, "it doesn't seem strange to us."

In this apartment, the couple finally achieved the degree of whiteness they've always wanted ("some things have to wait until the kids move out"). Except for a minor blast of blue ("our second favorite color") in the bedroom, the apartment is almost unremittingly white—even a small pillow



In living room, a painting by Henri Martin hangs above a Signac drawing.

covered in a pale pink Brunschwig satin is apt to call attention to itself. The scheme was extended out onto the terrace (landscaped by Morgan Wheelock), where the original brickwork was replaced by dove-gray cast limestone by Minsterstone of England and used here for the floor, walls, and balustrades. Even the plants—the ones that proved able to survive in the winds at this seventeen-story height (roses "didn't work")—are white or almost white: marguerites, white geraniums, lily of the valley, sweet alyssum. The result, combining the inside and outside of the small penthouse, is anything but boxed in: it's all "lightness, airiness, cityness," as Hodgins puts it. Here, the bravura of the skyline out the window sets the buoyant mood: everything is possible, even in Boston. □

Editor: Kaaren Parker Gray

Some food for thought.

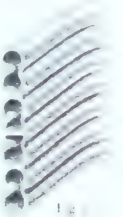
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(Continued from page 189) Best Products than be paid in cash. Thus was born the method by which the Lewises began to markedly increase their accumulation of art; works by emerging artists were bought by the Best corporate collection (which remains a separate entity in the headquarters building outside Richmond) and others for the Lewises' house, a twenties neo-Georgian mansion by William Bottomley with fine classical detailing, which made an unexpectedly sympathetic matrix for their broad spectrum of objects (and the complete opposite of the featureless white interiors that became the cliché mode for displaying modern art). In due course the Internal Revenue Service put the brakes on Best's freewheeling corporate procurement policy by imposing a per-piece price ceiling, but the Lewises were hooked.

Most important collectors have staked out early claims in the areas that form the backbone of their holdings, and Sydney and Frances Lewis are no exception. Not only did they begin to buy Art Deco furniture in advance of its surge of popularity during the early seventies, but they took a special interest in the rare and almost forgotten work of Eileen Gray, well before her pivotal Museum of Modern Art retrospective in 1980 left many others bewildered as to how this obviously major designer could have been overlooked for so long. Likewise with Louis Comfort Tiffany (they put together an overwhelming group of 59 of his refulgent glass-shaded lamps before prices went sky-high), Charles Rennie Mackintosh (and his wife Margaret Macdonald), and a number of other early modern craftsmen less famous but clearly worthy of being remembered.



The limestone cladding of the new West Wing of the Virginia Museum is worked in a rich variety of contrasting textures.

On the other hand, they have stayed loyal to artists whose critical fortunes have waned. What other collections today still accord pride of place to Allan D'Arcangelo, Lee Bontecou, Robert Goodnough, and Nicholas Krushenick, especially if they've also got prime examples of Jasper Johns, Frank Stella, Cy Twombly, and the early Willem de Kooning? No one could ever accuse



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A VERY GENEROUS VISION

the Lewises of following the pack, and the only other large American modern art collection comparable to theirs in idiosyncratic independence is that of the J. Patrick Lannan Museum in Lake Worth, Florida.

For years the Lewises adhered to strict budgetary guidelines that kept them from buying some works that, like most other collectors, they have come to sorely regret the lack of. But by the late seventies they started to bend the rules in cases where a major piece was deemed necessary to fill a gap. With their increasing determination to eventually give their art to a museum, they came to view their holdings with more detachment than they had while deep in the excitement of putting it all together. Thus came Jasper Johns's majestic 1983 encaustic from his *Between the Clock and the Bed* series, anchor of their recent American paintings and symbol of their deep commitment to seeking out the very best.

And now that they've stripped their rooms to bestow their private treasures on the Virginia Museum, the Lewises have found it necessary to inaugurate yet another new phase in their acquisitive history. To take the place of the furniture given away, they have been busily amassing choice works by such architects, craftsmen, and designers as Wendell Castle, Michael Graves, Dakota Jackson, John Makepeace, Judy Kensley McKie, Forest Myers, Ettore Sottsass, and Robert Venturi. Though the cast of characters has changed, the motivating spirit—discriminating, spontaneous, and accessible—has not.

Their instinct for follow-through (no small part of Sydney Lewis's acumen as a business executive) is evident in the way the Lewises have provided for their works to enter the public domain. Long active in support of a number of museums (which of course courted them avidly), they at last decided that they wanted their collection to remain in Richmond, which is still very much their home despite a way of life that since the sixties has involved an enormous amount of travel, most often to the center of the art market, New York.

Their reasons for choosing Richmond were several. Of greatest importance to the Lewises was keeping their collection intact, for although many in-



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The Charter Collection
BY CAROLINA MIRROR



[illegible] national presence could promise to display both their paintings and their decorative art objects in the depth the collectors wished. (As it is, the Virginia Museum will be able to show only about one tenth of the Lewis donations at any one time, though that percentage is considerably higher than the display-to-storage ratios of most metropolitan museums.)

Given the extravagant scale of many of the Lewises' prize possessions—their massive, eight-piece Art Nouveau bedroom suite by Louis Majorelle, the monumental Sun Bed of 1930 by Emile-Jacques Ruhlmann, and a swooping, eight-foot-long Art Deco sofa by Marcel Coard—large expanses of floor area were required. The Lewises realized that to have it their way, they'd also have to provide funds for construction, and that could be done much more economically in Richmond than in larger cities elsewhere. And there was a final clincher: if they gave their treasures to their local museum, they could continue to enjoy them whenever they wanted to hop in the car and drive over for a visit.

The Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, founded in 1936 as the first state-funded arts institution in the United States, had a respectable collection of historical works, but it couldn't be called competitive in any single area by any stretch of the imagination. Now it certainly can. If Virginia is lucky to have the Lewises as citizens, then what of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mellon of Upperville (ninety miles north of Richmond)? Their names are already writ large in the annals of American collecting, not just for their own philanthropies but as part of the greatest family history of arts patronage our country has ever produced. Together, the Lewises and Mellons gave $9 million toward the new West Wing (plus another $3 million for endowment), which in addition to the Lewis Collection houses over a thousand works of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English, French, and American art donated by the Mellons. Each collection now occupies one side of a $22-million building designed by Malcolm Holzman of the New York–based Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer Associates, the firm that completed the Best headquarters building in 1979.

This staggering twin windfall on the eve of its fiftieth anniversary moves the Virginia Museum very close to the head of the class and is the most impressive implementation to date of the share-the-wealth, grass-roots philosophy that is often expounded but rarely acted upon in the art world. As collectors desiring a niche in history stand in line to offer gifts to big-city museums already glutted with far too many objects ever to be put on view, other, smaller institutions around the country go begging for works not even half as good as those of the Lewises and Mellons. The combined generosity of those two quite different couples might never be duplicated; taken separately, however, each provides a role model worthy of emulation in a world where the value of art is too often confused with its worth. The Mellons and the Lewises know the difference, and the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts can now tell you why. □ *Editor: Babs Simpson*



METICULOUS, MANNERED, MODERN



The entrance foyer, which leads up the steps and into the two-story space.

Continued from page 154) for being. Bob Bray says, "When you take a long ride in the elevator of a building in such a location you want to get to a window and look out as soon as you're in the door." Accordingly a path was paved from the foyer to the nearest lakeside window and it passes between two enormous columns that look evocatively like a ship's smokestacks. One column holds a weight-bearing pier, the other carries plumbing pipes. In the building's more conventional apartments these elements were concealed in walls; here the vertical intrusions became a pair of forms that act like portals and contribute to a feeling of *being someplace,* not a given in this kind of slick contemporary tower.

Bray and Schaible used a few materials in huge amounts to create the strength and beauty of the interiors. Pinkish granite, twenty-eight tons of it, covers floors, makes tables, stairs, counters, low space dividers, column footings. A truckload of glass block went into numerous walls that admit light and bring a clear rough-smooth look that is becoming as much admired today as it was in the thirties. Most of the soft furnishings are gunmetal gray; most of the wall paint is creamy white. All of the detailing is meticulous.

Alan Freeman, connoisseur of mechanical matters, continues to admire the fixtures and the hardware, the way walls and ceilings are engineered so they will not crack when the building sways, the way he is protected against building noises. Arllyn Freeman says, "We all feel like we are coming to a wonderful hotel for the weekend. In winter we may look down at chunks of ice in the lake and stay indoors together; in summer there might be crowds of people in bright bathing suits on the beach and we'll run down and join them." □ *Editor: Kaaren Parker Gray*

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START TRENDS,

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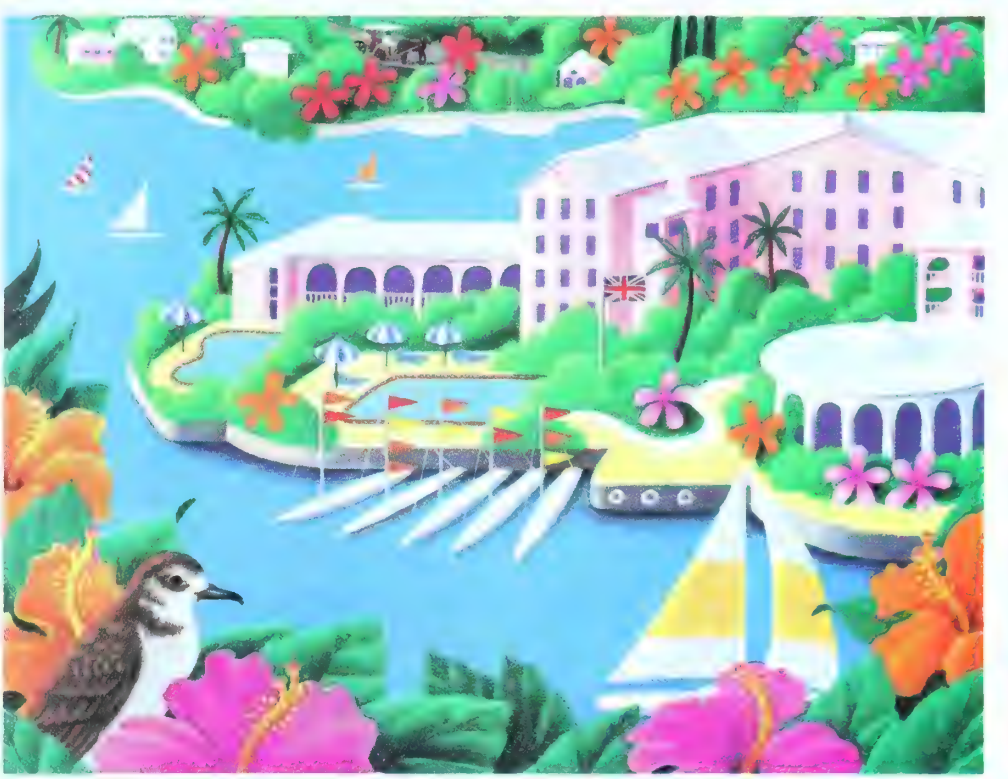
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(Continued from page 205) important, control. The eighteenth-century English furniture, silver, and hunting pictures are in perfect harmony and no single element makes a spectacle of itself by demanding undue attention; perhaps a subconscious need to expel from family home and family life any hint of the star system on which MCA is based. It's as if to say, we know about spotlights and greasepaint, but we'll have none of that here. As Jules Stein said in a 1975 interview, ". . . the most irresistible art to me is in the world of antiques. Doris began buying English furniture when we were married—first a desk, then a breakfront—I fell in love with antiques and they have become a big part of my life, an entirely separate career. I own fifty percent of Stair & Company in New York, which is one of the fine antique shops, and I own a place across the street from it called The Incurable Collector. It's helpful to be a dealer because it gives me a sense of what things are really worth." But how Stein first became interested in antiques might go even further back. He once told Gillian Walker, the daughter of the former director of The National Gallery, that his father used to make constructions out of pipes, a hobby his mother thought very vulgar. So when young Jules picked out for himself a kit for making an English antique desk she happily bought it. Once he had put it together, Mrs. Stein proudly placed it in the center of the living room as a statement to her husband.

In 1940, Jules Stein started a department of decorative arts at Wanamaker's on 8th Street and Broadway. In the early fifties, he opened The Incurable Collector on 57th Street with Alastair Stair in charge. He had met Stair in 1932 when he walked into his Bruton Street shop in London looking for furniture for his office. Over the years, Stair continued to advise him on everything from paintings to porcelain. As an antiques dealer Stein could buy collections and reserve the best pieces for himself.

Alastair Stair, when asked why the Steins collected the English antiques they did, replied, "He planned to buy late-eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century English furniture, but I convinced him it was a better investment to buy late-seventeenth- and early-eighteenth-century, and he listened to me. His offices were full of beautiful furniture. I remember especially the MCA office in New York: it had a wonderful pine-paneled room that had come from the Duke of Northumberland's country house. The Steins loved collecting, were very discriminating, and had great taste."

If we cast our minds back to the aspirations of Hollywood in the twenties and thirties, the pervasive model was clearly a romanticized notion of English country life, aristocratic and cool. The new American aristocracy of



A column from San Simeon rises from the center of the rose garden.

achievement had itself emigrated from Europe only a generation earlier and it sought to re-create the mythic cultivation and refinement of the "old world."

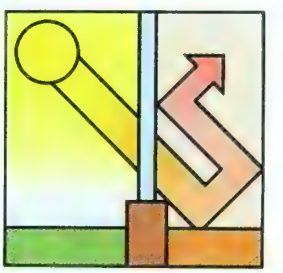
It was Doris Stein who did the decorating in this house, the New York apartment, the London mews house, and in the New York and California offices, which were also full of English antiques. Virginia Oppenheimer, Doris Stein's daughter-in-law, remembers that Mrs. Belzer, who was the dean of interior decoration in Los Angeles, and one of whose daughters is Loretta Young, used to give Doris tips. "She'd say she had just seen some amazing hardware here, or a rug there, and perhaps she should go have a look." Her color was a Wedgwood blue—referred to as "Doris Blue" by the family—and it was not only in the house but on the front gates as well. She formed a major collection of delft—delft slippers are in the corner cabinets in the library and delft plates are in the pavilion room. Even the barbecue by the pool, where Jules liked to cook his famous chicken-on-a-spit (which he used to shoot full of butter with a hypodermic needle),

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At the parties, one was in the company of recognizable achievers and odd and irrelevant juxtapositions gave the soirées a Surrealistic quality

was covered in delft tiles.

Doris Stein also had a late passion for orchids, and it was Dr. George Kennedy, a well-known orchidologist and a professor of geology at UCLA who first got her interested in them. The orchids are still being grown by Jim and Sally Tatum—who began tending the collection in 1979—in two greenhouses built into the side of the hill down some steps from the changing rooms for the pool. White, her favorite color in orchids, predominates in the collection of almost five hundred plants—mostly cattleya, phalaenopsis, vanda, and cymbidium. Tatum recalled that certain orchids were reserved for each room. White phalaenopsis—which she liked best—was always in the front hall; vanda and cymbidium in the garden room; a large white cattleya in the library; and in the living room, vandas were on either side of the fireplace in big green-and-white matching Chinese vases and a blue vanda in a blue Chinese vase was on the harpsichord. Neither cut flowers nor orchids were ever in evidence in the dining room.

It was never a matter of putting on the dog at the Steins'—the dog was permanently in residence. The house was run impeccably by Doris with a staff consisting of Dorothy Stevens, the secretary who once worked for Sonja Henie, Charles Harris, the butler, a cook, upstairs and downstairs maids, a gardener, and an orchid specialist. Joan Didion remembers, "I drove in from the beach to take Jean out to dinner and in the car I lost a button for my dress. When I got to the Stein house I asked Jean for a needle and thread—before I knew it I was being handed a bathrobe, my dress was whisked away, and returned intact in no time flat."

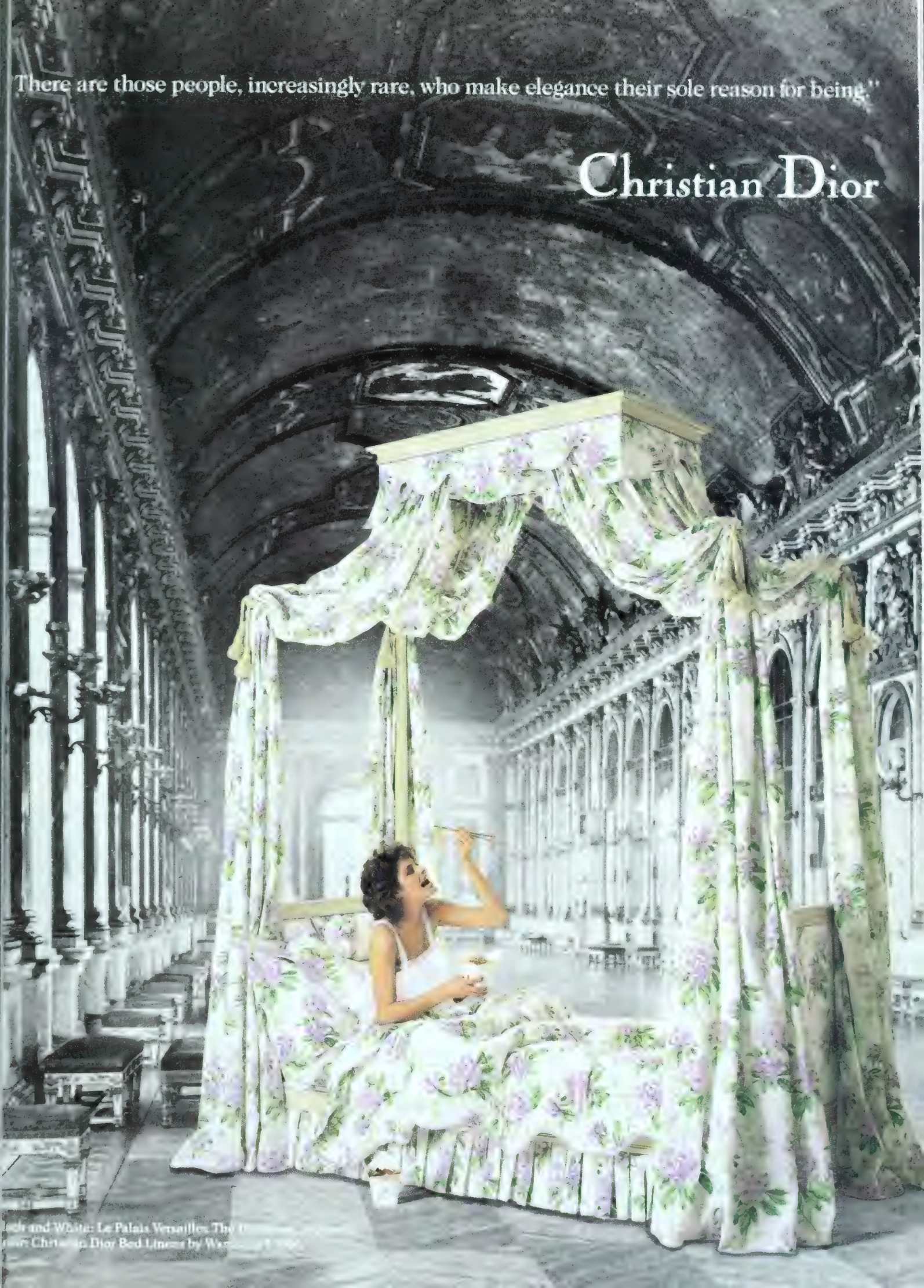
Another time, Joan Didion and her husband John Gregory Dunne, were admiring the camellias at the Stein house. "Oh," said Joan, "they're the most beautiful camellias I've ever seen."

"Oh no," said Charles, the imperturbable butler. "They were prettier at the Castle and there were more of them." (He had previously worked for William Randolph Hearst at San Simeon.)

The upstairs of the house was given over to the bedrooms: daughters Jean and Susan were in one wing and the master bedroom suite curved around on the other side. A small balcony on one end opened off Jules's study. But it was the old semicircular pavilion by the pool and the basement in the house that Jean remembers as being the most fun. The screening room in the basement was called "The Playroom" and decorated with seventeenth-century English oak furniture and so discreetly that even the projection holes in the wall were covered with English sporting prints. Next to that room was a little bar with an English pub look and a large red leather banquette, where sandwiches and coffee were served when parties went very late. And then there was the pool room, which was very much off limits to the children. If most dinners started with drinks in the pavilion room near the pool, they ended downstairs.

The ghost of William Randolph Hearst lurked at Misty Mountain in more than just the form of Charles Harris. Jean Stein remembers that her father often drove up to the warehouses at San Simeon to look at and




There are those people, increasingly rare, who make elegance their sole reason for being."
Christian Dior

their way into the Castle. The five warehouses—with piers so that goods could be unloaded directly from ships—were at the base of the hill on which the Castle sat and the eerie sound of the crashing waves could still be heard when you were inside the vast buildings among all the crated antiques from Europe. For Stein, the mystery and treasure-trove aspect of these goods must have been irresistible. It was from these warehouses that he acquired the two large Chippendale mirrors in the living room, the marble columns in the garden room, and the column and the stone lions in the rose garden.

Like San Simeon, Misty Mountain was also famous for its parties. Jean Howard, the wife of the late producer Charles Feldman, noted that, "Doris loved a house full of people."

And John Gregory Dunne remembers, "The unexpected was always provided by Doris, she was fun. She was the only person I ever met who said, 'pshaw.' " Invitations were prized to these events, which ranged from seated dinners of fifty up to two hundred. The dining-room table could seat 22 comfortably but for a large dinner four round tables of eight were set up in the dining room and the rest in the foyer. The food was laid out as a buffet on the dining-room table. In the summer, tables would be set up outside on the terrace with its spectacular views of the city. Château Lafite-Rothschild and Château Mouton-Rothschild 1945 from Stein's great wine cellar were often served, and a favorite dessert was crème brûlée. One was in the company of recognizable achievers—not just from the world of show business—and odd and irrelevant juxtapositions gave the soirées a Surrealist quality; the Reagans, Gore Vidal, Sam Goldwyn, Artur Rubinstein, Jack Benny, Howard Hughes, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Mae West, Mary Lasker, the Jimmy Stewarts, Diana Vreeland, Truman Capote, Sir War-



Coaching scenes by the English 19th-century artist Charles Cooper Henderson hang in the library.

UNTIL FERRARI BUIL



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wick and Lady Fairfax, the Hong Kong film tycoon Run Run Shaw, Maurice Chevalier, Armand Hammer, and Warren Beatty were some of the guests at typical evenings. Charles Harris, the butler, noted that over the years "It was amazing to see the same people at the Steins' as at the Castle."

A frequent visitor and great friend of the Steins, Ivan Moffat, said, "Doris had aspirations but no pretensions. You didn't go to the Steins' for career advancement."

And John Gregory Dunne remembered, "It was impossible to get through the front door without signing the guest book." It wasn't so much that physical force was used—it was simply a question of irrevocable rite. The guest book sat on a little marble table to the right in the front hall between two white cattleya orchids. These guest books tell a short history of Hollywood and the arts.

I visited Misty Mountain several times over a decade and the memories, distinct in flashes, have tended to merge rather than fade. I remember an evening presided over by Doris and Jules Stein and their daughter, Jean, whose guest I was. Jules Stein sat stiffly, remote, his lips a thin line, which made the transition all the more startling when later in the evening, he greeted Barbara Warner Howard with evident delight. He liked Barbara and was fond of Jack and Ann Warner, her parents. That evening we repaired downstairs to the screening room to see a film.

Another late afternoon at a cocktail party David Hockney and his mother, already close to eighty, with her friend Mrs. Rushworth, both on a visit from England, were asked by the butler, Charles Harris, tray in hand, what they would like to drink. "Oh," they said, "a cup of tea would be nice." It was on this trip that Mrs. Hockney asked Michael Caine what he did—"Why, I'm a movie star," he said.

It was Doris who liked to stay up late at these parties. Jules was almost always in bed by eleven. For many people this made him seem abrupt and enigmatic. And there are stories. There is the one about how Jules Stein was fond of suddenly asking the unsuspecting visitor who had just settled into a George III chair in the paneled library to guess how many of the tables and benches in the room turned into library ladders. The visitor, who Stein would fix with a stony stare, inevitably made the wrong guess short of the number seven. Or the time Stein was watching a football game in the garden room when a guest walked in and inquired who was winning. "What counts is who's losing," he barked. If Stein seemed remote unless the subject was business, it wasn't because he didn't like people. As Jean Howard put it, "He liked people but he wasn't much at chitchat."

She remembered one impromptu evening when he was obviously having a great time: "The tables had been

















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cleared away in the foyer and the band was getting ready to play. Someone asked Jules to play the violin and he got up and just started to play. Jack Warner went to the drums, Howard Ahmanson, the piano, and Zubin Mehta, the bass. Dr. Franklin Murphy, a former UCLA chancellor, did the soft shoe." According to Virginia Oppenheimer, it came to be referred to as "The Billionaires' Quartet."

Ever since his early years Stein had remained interested in eye medicine. But it was his wife who, in 1960, reinvolved him in the field and together over the next two decades they endowed and helped fund several institutions: Research to Prevent Blindness and the Jules Stein Eye Institute at UCLA. And they hoped to be remembered as patrons of eye research.

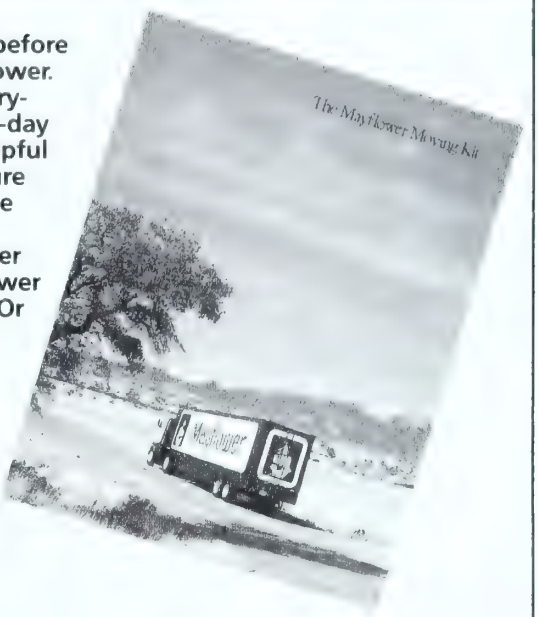
> It was never a matter of putting on the dog at the Steins' —the dog was permanently in residence

It was a different world at the top of the hill. The household, though now quiet without its owners, runs almost as if nothing much has happened. The secretary, Dorothy Stevens, answers the phone with, "The Stein residence," and the Tatums, who go over to the greenhouses to check on the orchids three times a week still put them in the house in their appointed places. George Abe, the Japanese gardener, who has been there over 35 years, tends the grounds and looks after the rose garden. And if you should ask any one of them, they speak of their former employers with pride, respect, and affection. As Charles Harris, though no longer there, puts it, "I could have stayed at the Castle. I was offered four jobs—one of them at the Steins'. I said, well, I'll just go up and have a look. I had an interview with the German governess and I stayed forty years." □

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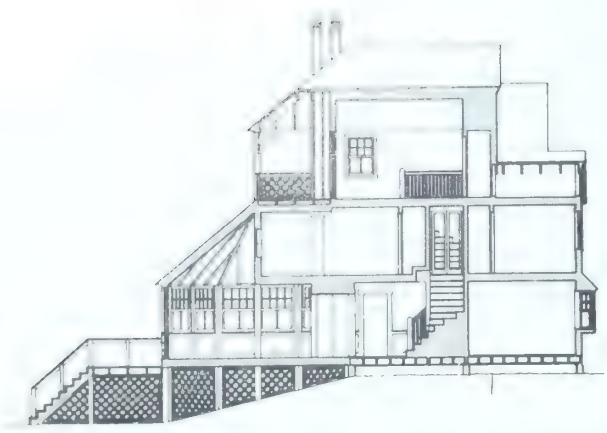
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Cross section of the house on Lake Michigan designed by Hammond, Beeby and Babka architects.

(Continued from page 180) eastern Adirondack camp to lend the house a degree of grandeur and tie it to the lakefront.

Approaching from the lake, you catch only a glimpse of a silvery structure through cedar trees that have been thinned enough to allow a view in both directions without sacrificing protection from the winds off the lake. From the dock, the stance of the house is fully exposed. Like a displaced sphinx, the singular symmetrical form of the eastern side faces you squarely and stakes its claim to the sun-filled clearing in the woods. Wide stairs extend out and down to the lake like paws; the "great room" spanning this side, with its dark band of windows and broad shingled roof, is the prone body; and the master bedroom porch shadowed by a small cap of a hip roof is its erect head.

If the eastern half of the house recalls the grand character of Adirondack camps with their porches commanding the lakes and their one-big-happy-room lodges, the western "back" side of the house harks back to the informal and picturesque farm buildings clustered in the fields you might have just driven through. The noble dimensions of one dominant room in the front where the family unites for meals, recreation, and entertainment are traded at the back for a cluster of smaller-scaled and busier structures (actually the bedrooms, bathrooms, closets, laundry, and mud room). It is as if the property's outbuildings, having detected an opportunity for a superior lookout atop the "great room," are all scrambling to get there. The front sounds a broad horizontal note, the back a vertical rhythm of natural board and red-stained batten, punctuated by Hansel and Gretel–sized windows and steep gables stepping skyward. Inside, the woodwork in the little rooms is primer simple; that in the big room is graphic, emboldened by bright apple-green paint.

Stabilizing this front and back seesaw is the master bedroom, the victor in the race to the top and perhaps the owners' favorite spot (ironically, they had specifically requested a ground-floor bedroom). A self-sufficient little cabin lifted out of the hubbub of family life and perched in the peace of the treetops, it provides, in a house that is often occupied by three children and a multitude of guests, a place where they can be alone. The beauty of this design lies not just in its simple and rich forms but in its being neither too big nor too small. In other words, to quote a young blonde of storybook fame, it is "just right." □

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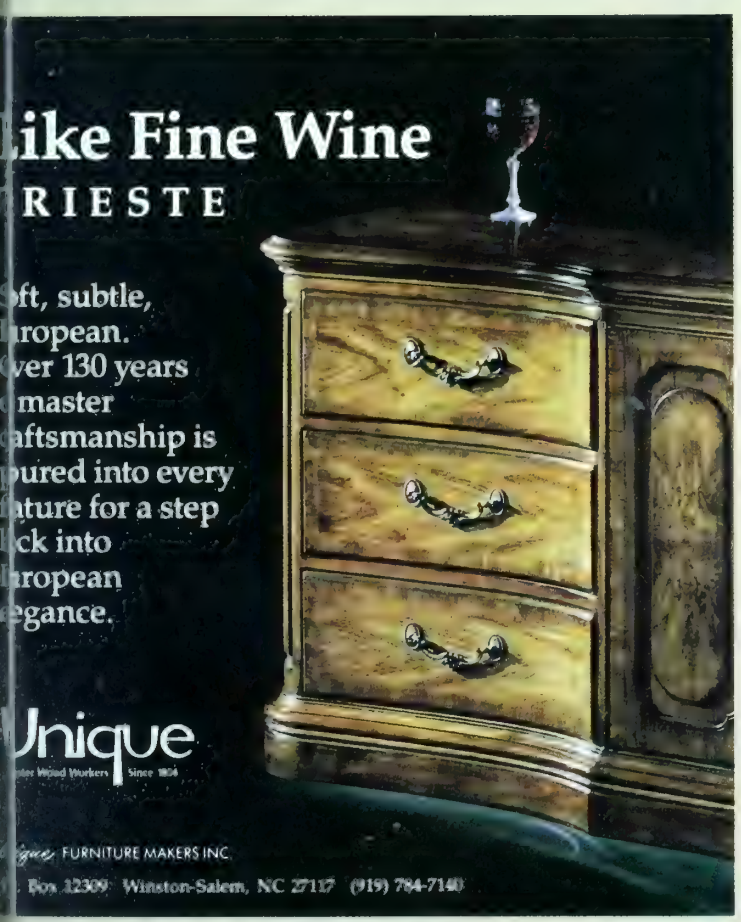
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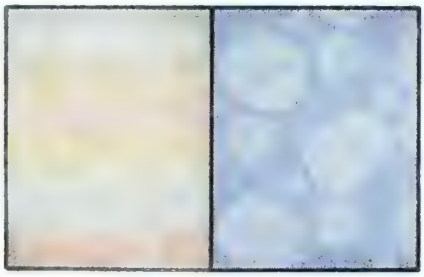
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(*Continued from page 161*) Duplantier.) Retired from political life, this Frenchman made Magnolia Mound a year-round plantation, rotating the indigo with cotton and sugar. A gentleman of his day, Duplantier pitched in to refine his residence, and he apparently was alone in the effort, for his letters to friends complain of Constance's indifference to household matters.

Duplantier's rooms are what you see today at Magnolia Mound. Across the rear of the original plan, he added a dining room, serviced by a kitchen out back. (For safety, such kitchens were almost always confined to their own buildings; this one has burned to the ground several times.) He then attached an L-shaped office to the dining room and transformed the foyer into a cove-ceilinged salon, combining in one room all that was fashionably Federal, from the carved moldings and mantels to the furnishings and fabrics. (The decorative details, little salutes to democratic ideals, were no doubt important to a lover of America such as Duplantier; it was said of Lafayette and his men that they were among the few Frenchmen who did not resent losing the vast territory in the Louisiana Purchase.)

Being on the River Road, Duplantier could choose from fine selections of French porcelain, silver from England, furniture from the East Coast and from Louisiana's own craftsmen. The local work is strapping but also shows delicate ancestral influences—a fat cypress armoire somehow stands on skinny cabriole legs, which are as strong as all other things French in this former king's colony. The Louisiana pieces suit the imports well, and Duplantier's house reflects the larger native mix of American, Caribbean, and European elements.

There being no set arrangements at the time, the simpler tables and chairs would go from room to room and out onto the galleries—always, the trick in Louisiana has been to live outside as much as the mosquitoes allow. That indoor-outdoor configuration would keep any house on the casual side, even one with a formal, Federalized salon. With Duplantier's changes, cottage is still the word for Magnolia Mound, a museum house on the National Register of Historic Places. That 1972 designation, the work of public and private preservation efforts, saved the structure from demolition and the remaining plantation acreage from development. The historical accuracy of the setting was as much a priority as that of the house. Baton Rouge landscape architects Emerson, Ribes & Associates restored the grounds and gardens, going by archaeological findings, plantation records, and period drawings.

Though scholarly work inside and out continues, Magnolia Mound today is of Duplantier's time. Arriving there, you have the impulse to take a seat on the gallery and put your feet up on the railing. With the highway too near, you wish that the Natchez to New Orleans traffic would again be the kind that quietly floats. □ *Editor: Babs Simpson*



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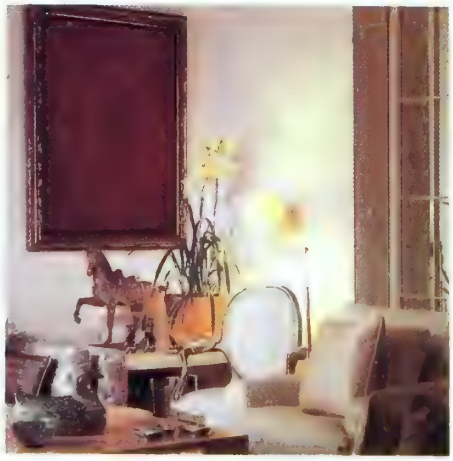
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This apartment is an amazingly exotic nugget to find in the neoclassical chilly wastes of Belgravia

(Continued from page 196) Utrillo and Poliakoff. He designed and had made all the modern furniture. An immensely long and comfortable sofa covered in a patterned glazed chintz called Ladakh is the focus of the convivial group of chairs in crisp white cotton drills surrounding the clotted cream–colored lacquer coffee table. A vase spills over with cut flowers onto a table covered in silk shantung, and silver mugs filled with roses crowd his low tables made of brass and sycamore.

Mirrored doors slide back to reveal the dining room with its walls of stenciled fans and falling chrysanthemums adapted by Stefanidis from a design for a Japanese kimono. The oval "sang de boeuf" dining-room table sits a lot of people and the marvelous thinly striped curtains are gathered at the sides while holland blinds pull down to keep out the southwesterly glare. Light glows warmly from his silk-shaded candlesticks, and a disguised jib door leads through to the kitchen.



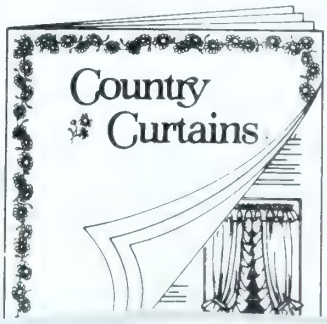
A Poliakoff painting and T'ang horse enrich a drawing-room corner.

The ravishing bedroom across the hall is covered in drifts of flowers and the walls, curtains, bed, sofas, and stool are all in a Millington-Drake design of tumbling pelargoniums and plumbago. A Greek interior by Teddy Millington-Drake hangs above the pretty peach-colored mantelpiece in delicate veined marble, and white Chinese pots form a *garniture de cheminée*. The stool has material tied in little knots instead of buttons—a Stefanidis trademark—and the skirted sofas and stool all stand on a goatskin rug against a background of the lightest fawn carpet. The lacy-pillowed bed and cupboards are all sponged in palest blue, and the cupboard doors are covered in tiny pleats of cream-colored silk. Blue and white and famille rose pots stand on the top of the cupboards and a Lutyens-inspired chinoiserie design hides the central heating beneath. I talk to Stefanidis about the bedroom, "you can say how pretty the pelmets are—pinked and doubled—Anne Marie [to his assistant], how would you describe this frill?" Anne Marie is lost for words and we all gaze in mute admiration at the beautiful frill. "Don't forget," she reminds me, changing the subject, "the bedspread is white piqué lined with the pelargoniums." There is a wonderful marble and platinum bathroom and a perfectly planned dressing room leading through to the study, guest room, and a couple more bathrooms. Huge pots of jasmine stand in the window scenting the air, and I ask whether the decoration on the bed has an Indian connection. "Not at all," replies Stefanidis testily, and when I laughingly insist, remarks, "Well, you've never been to India have you?"

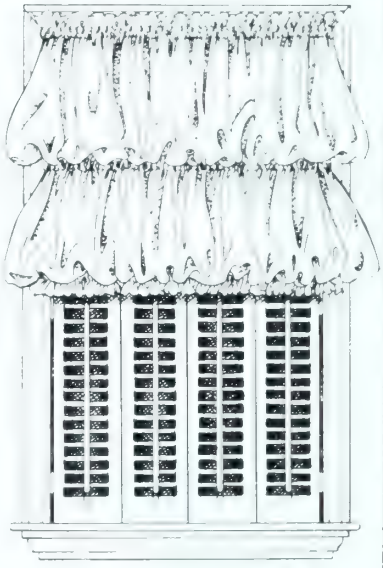
Nevertheless, this apartment is an amazingly exotic nugget to find in the middle of the neoclassical chilly wastes of Belgravia. Although the colorful stage set of the faux-marbre entrance hall provides a violent contrast to the monumentally classical manner of this London house, John Stefanidis's cool airily detached spatial approach to the other rooms harmonizes well with the original intentions of Thomas Cubitt, its great nineteenth-century builder. □

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IRINA'S GARDEN

The personal landscape of the Henry Moores in Hertfordshire

By Stephen Spender

I first met Henry Moore in 1933. He was 34, ten years my senior. I think that we were introduced by Herbert Read, whom I had met some months earlier, after the publication of my first volume of poems. Shortly after meeting Henry, I was asked by the editor of a literary periodical, the *London Mercury*, whether I would sit for an artist who was doing a series of portrait drawings of young writers for them. I said that I would only let the *London Mercury* publish a drawing of me if it was by Henry Moore. This was impertinent. When they approached Henry, though, he was amused and agreed. I sat several times for him. He had the idea of doing studies of my head, from different angles, on the basis of which he would make a cubistic drawing which combined all these. After one or two attempts he abandoned this idea and sent the *London Mercury* one of the studies, which they published.



Irina Moore planted a line of quickthorn hedge to the left of her husband's *Locking Piece,* 1963–64, and beyond that, an island of native trees.

We became friends. I went several times to see the Moores at their apartment at Parkhill Road, Hampstead. Sometimes when I was there, the Moores' neighbors Ben Nicholson and his then wife, Barbara Hepworth, after a day's work, would come to Henry's studio. They would show each other work in progress.

In 1940 a bomb shattered the Nicholson studio. The Moores left London and stayed with friends in Much Hadham in Hertfordshire. Soon after this, they bought Hoglands, then in a terrible state of disrepair, but which, with continuing additions and alterations through the years, was to remain their home right up to the present day. The house, and the acre of land, formed a nucleus, a cluster to which further units—consisting of rooms and furniture and art treasures and the garden and, beyond it, fields with Henry's sculpture in the landscape—have accrued across the years.

Irina extended the garden which she had been making ever since they first lived at Hoglands during the war, when she grew vegetables there. One is tempted, almost, to think of the growth of Irina's garden as her answer to the externalization and extension of Henry's life and art which his fame imposed on him. Going through the garden once in order to look at the sculpture, Henry remarked to us that for Irina her plants were as important as his sculpture was for him. But today Irina's garden occupies only a small vestibulelike entrance to the whole area of fields and a small, disklike hillock beyond, where sheep graze among Henry's sculpture. Reading her "Reminiscences," I am touched by her insistence on the casualness of her gardening—she plants what she likes . . . plants that seem easy to grow—and anyone who cares to might do the same. This gives me a curious feeling, similar to the feeling I get from her description of first meeting Henry when they were both at the Royal College of Art and her thinking on learning that he was a sculptor—well, that is something an art student might be.

It must be forty years since we first visited Henry and Irina at Hoglands. By the time we did so, which was after the war, the house (apart from the large sitting room—the New Room—which today they mostly live in) was complete, together with Henry's only studio, at the side of the house, which later came to be regarded as the small studio for maquettes. Besides these, there were *objets trouvés,* curiously shaped flints and other stones, bones, shards, etc., on shelves and in cupboards: things which sometimes suggested to Henry ideas and motifs and which, in one instance at least, became assimilated into a work of sculpture. For the seated figure of a warrior holding up a

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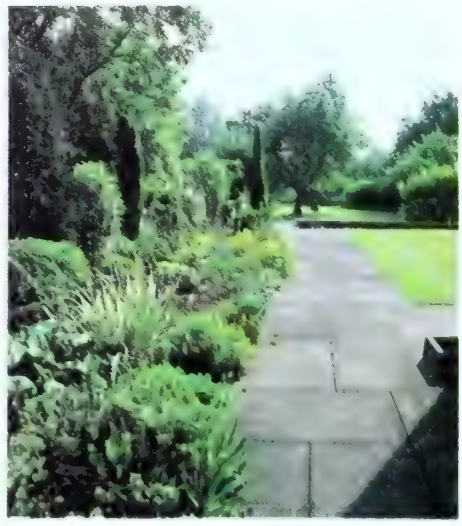
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mold began as a composite incorporating a flint shaped like a thigh bone, upon which Henry constructed in clay the rest of the figure.

My wife, Natasha, who shares with Irina a passion for gardens and gardening, tells me that she remembers seeing by the side of the studio "an extremely happy chaenomeles [Japanese quince] glowing red in bloom—and with new foliage tipped with the same color." The very first day we went there it occurred to her that the shrubs in front of the house looked particularly happy and well cared for. Afterward she said she realized at once that someone in the house must have a peculiarly warm relationship with plants. This was, of course, Irina.

In her "Reminiscences" Irina relates that about fifteen years after they had bought the house they added on to it what they called the New Room. Very soon this was to become, for visitors, the central feature of the house. Large, light, and airy, with walls that over the years became more and more covered with pictures, and tables more and more crowded with objects (all of which seemed of a kind one would like to take up in one's hands and touch)—the new room became Henry's and Irina's place for receiving guests. Here, after viewing the garden, touring the studios, and seeing works in progress, one could settle down with Henry and Irina and enjoy a cup of tea, or drinks—and talk about old times.

Of course the building of the New Room, which jutted out from the house at right angles, considerably modified the shape and area of Irina's garden. A path running from the old part of the house alongside it was paved. To the left of this path, as one leaves the house, Irina planted a flower border with, beyond it, a line of ancient-looking apple trees. Colors of the flowers in the border reflect in the long narrow windows of the New Room. Walking to the end of this path, away from the house, one sees straight ahead a line of espaliered apple trees with, shining beyond them, an expanse of green lawn where at intervals there are pieces of sculpture and the Moore sundial. Immediately beyond the espaliered apple there is an old plum tree laden with fruit, and to balance it in size and form



The herbaceous-bordered walk, which looks toward the Moore sundial.

Irina planted a tulip tree. To the right of the New Room is a walled border which at its peak in the month of June is composed almost entirely of pinks and blues—in late August the blue of echinops (globe thistle).

The flower bed along the paved path prepares one thematically for sculpture, in its contrasts of form and texture, as well as of color. Knife-edge foliage of iris and montbretia asserts itself against the rotundities of opulent tree-peonies. There are spotted pulmonaria next to needles of herbaceous polygonum and clouds of rue. A vertical juniper and a horizontal one, growing together, lead to the long path that crosses the lawn where the sculpture is displayed—a program which has changed for us across the years as some pieces have been taken away and replaced by others. But there stays in my mind, seen on our right, going down the path, a bone-colored dark-textured cast of the great *Interlocking Form* piece, a bronze cast of which stands on the Thames Embankment near the Tate Gallery. At one time the elongated *Knife-Edge Figure* also stood in the garden—its turning and twisting pose like a skeletal ghostly ballerina. Mention of this piece reminds me that some time after the war, builders working in the garden unearthed an immense quantity of bones, relics of an ancient slaughterhouse. These fascinated Henry, partly because they seemed to throw light on the strange name of the property they had bought—Hoglands.

One day, visiting the Moores, we walked from the house to a stretch of land they had recently acquired beyond the espaliered apple trees. At that time it was still a long, oblong, featureless field, with an awkward chunk cut out of it by a neighbor's somewhat neglected apple orchard. It was certainly difficult to imagine how such an unprepossessing space could ever be redeemed and brought within the unity of the whole garden. I remember Henry on that occasion telling us how, together, Irina and he had sited the trees, and his saying how excellent Irina had been at visualizing just how they would look when they were fully grown: as, indeed, now they were grown, we could see for ourselves. For they formed the most appropriate and fitting natural islands of foliage resting the eye as we walked from one sculpture to the next. There are no exotic species here. Native trees predominate—silver birches, poplars, and willows, with here and there an acacia.

More recently, we saw another example of Irina's gift for planting appropriate combinations of form and texture. A double line of quickthorn hedges leads the eye to the *Interlocking Form* sculpture. This provides a rare example of geometric curved line; elsewhere the lines are more fluid. On the whole, in Irina's garden one is conscious more of mass and texture than of line. A long, gently serpentine border of trees and shrubs to one's left as one walks down from the house past sculptures and toward studios, with, beyond them, more sculptures placed in fields, provides the kind of effect at which Irina excels. Nothing that is here obtrudes, yet, walking up to the border, one discovers many treasures.

The gentle variation of texture—sumacs, brooms, and purple prunus, with a splash of light foliage of variegated elaeagnus, or of the glossy evergreen mahonias and viburnums—forms a delicate tapestry which reminds one of Kyoto, in its power to soothe one into a contemplative mood. This effect is enhanced by the white poplars, their chalky leaves quietly agitated by the wind. It seems to sharpen one's perception of the sculptures—the stoniness of stone, the tension of bronze.



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In Irina's garden one is conscious more of mass and texture than of line

The Moore's last acquisition, in the mid-1970s, of the neighbor's unkempt apple orchard to the right of the long walk brought new vistas into the whole scheme. When the trunks of the eccentric old trees had been cleared and two large gaps made in the hedge, one could look through a dappled space of light and shade to the sheep grazing behind a low, open fence in the meadow beyond. Here Irina has taken up the horizontal theme of pastoral peace with plantings, to the side, of horizontal junipers, potentillas, and other low-growing shrubs. One looks toward this old apple orchard from the windows of the newly built Henry Moore Foundation. It is the background to the *Upright Motive* and to a *Reclining Figure* soon to be replaced by the *Seated Warrior*.

On one of our visits a single rogue sheep had jumped the low fence from the meadow and was grazing round the *Reclining Figure*. Irina's transitions between garden and meadow are so natural that he seemed entirely at home, no more than a mildly amusing accent in the garden scene. Occasionally Irina jokes about some formal idea for the garden she had entertained but discarded. For instance, there was the short-lived but unfulfilled enthusiasm for a maze, quite an Elizabethan theme, in tune with Widford and Much Hadham architecture. Yet always in her imagination the contrived gives way to the natural, and her love of plants is always for their character, never for their rarity or popularity. Between the house and the Foundation a large hornbeam tree, a particular favorite of Henry's, is surrounded by plantings of mock orange and native honeysuckle and in the whole new Foundation garden the only "novelty," ored nearby in Much Hadham, is a small clump of 'Red Ace' potentilla. One architectural feature, a large two-story-high window at the entrance, seems to demand a more conscious gesture, and Irina's choice of the feathered acacia 'Frisia' reflected in its panes is entirely appropriate. But nowhere else in the garden is one aware of any conscious effect.

If one visits old friends at their home once a year, say, over a great many years—as we have done with the Moores—the sense of a space filled with memories of them, and of us, on each such occasion, tends to obliterate time. One collapses together disparate impressions as though they had all happened within a few weeks, not years. "It all went by so quickly," is the signature tune of the old. Inevitably, I feel this way about the Moores; inevitably this feeling reflects back on us too.

Henry and Irina Moore and his sculpture and drawings, with the Moore Foundation today in Irina's garden, are, of course, a triumphant conclusion to a triumphal life. The awareness that comes through Irina's remarks is that what mattered all their lives was not the prizes and the honors—not even the results of the work, great though these were—but the working itself, the act of creating art which seems to have filled up every day of Henry's life. For Henry and Irina, existing together and his work have been a single, inseparable process. When the act of working is withdrawn, the achievement becomes a monument of which the artist himself is a spectator—spectator of his own past power to have done this. My conclusion brings me back to the way in which Irina ends her remarks—noting though, their underlying irony. Is Irony the name of a flower? If so, it grows, I am sure, scarcely noticed perhaps, in Irina's garden. For me the words with which she ends her remarks have ironic meanings not on the surface.

> Now we are getting a little richer. It hasn't been easy all the way—rich, poor, rich, poor, that's been my life. I know always that if you have money or success, it could be gone tomorrow, so it doesn't really matter.

It was the life of work and loving invention that mattered, whether in Henry's studios or Irina's garden. □

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House & Garden (ISSN 0018-6406) is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 9100 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills CA 90212. PRINCIPAL OFFICE: 350 Madison Avenue, New York NY 10017. Robert J. Lapham, President; Eric C. Anderson, Vice President–Treasurer; Pamela van Zandt, Vice President–Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Beverly Hills CA and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions, in U.S. and possessions, $24 for one year, $46 for two years; in Canada, $37 for one year, $72 for two years. Elsewhere, $40 for one year, payable in advance. Single copies: U.S. $4; Canada $4.50. For subscriptions, address changes, and adjustments, write to House & Garden, Box 5202, Boulder CO 80322. Eight weeks are required for change of address. Please give both new address and old as printed on last label. First copy of a new subscription will be mailed within eight weeks after receipt of order. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. For further information about anything appearing in this issue, please write to House & Garden Reader Information, Condé Nast Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York NY 10017. Manuscripts, drawings, and other material submitted must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. However, House & Garden cannot be responsible for unsolicited material. Copyright © 1986 by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A. **Postmaster: Send address changes to House & Garden, Box 5202, Boulder CO 80302.**
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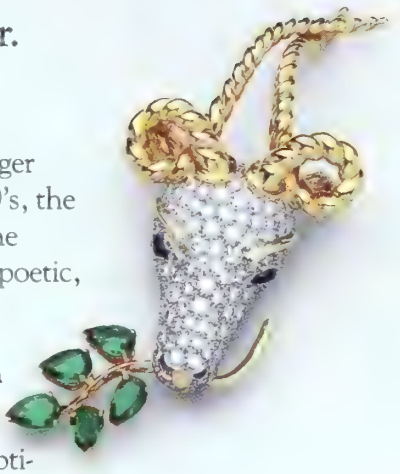
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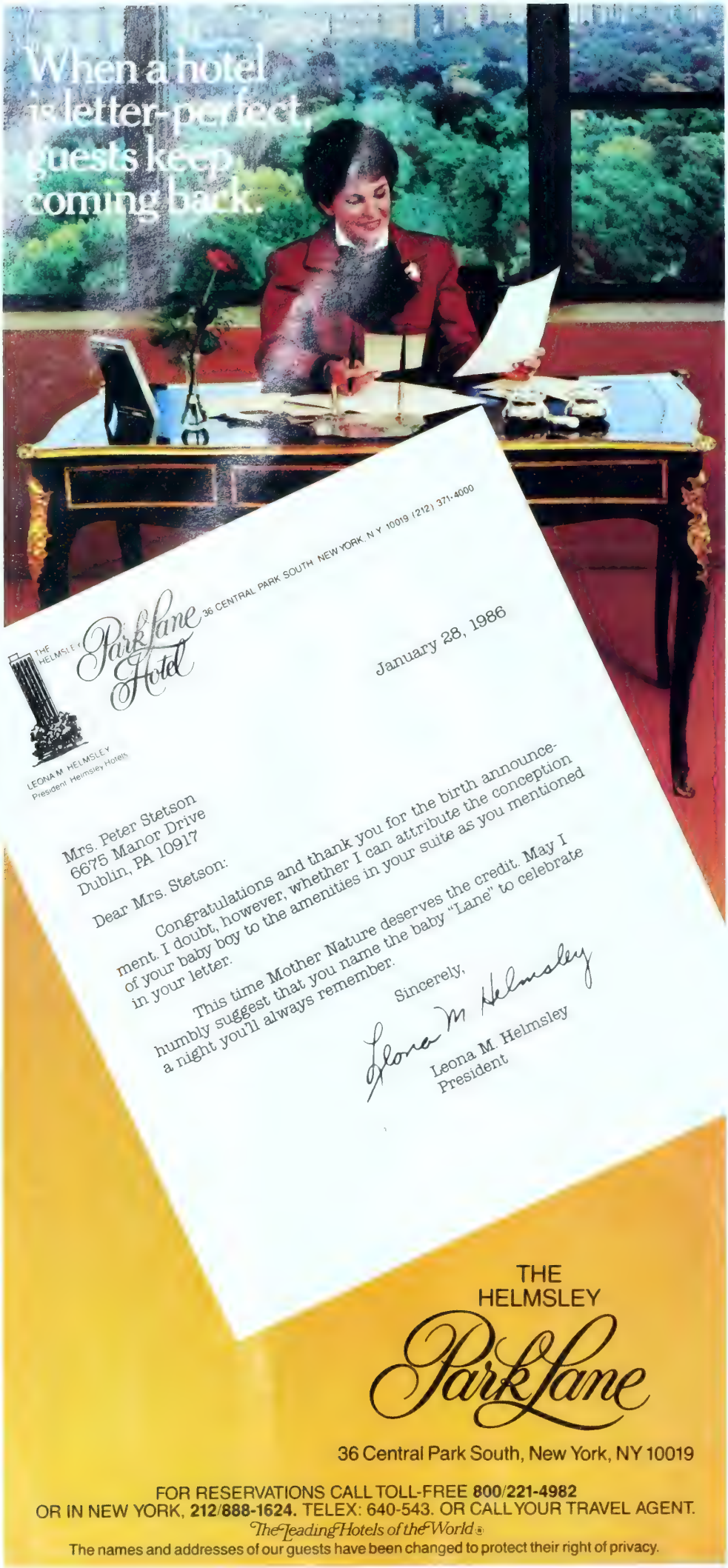
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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

It's the time of year when many of us are itching to get back into our gardens. Maybe that's why I'm still relishing all the flowers that filled our house recently when friends gathered to celebrate my wife Jane's birthday. One arrived with an armload of fifty tulips; others came with baskets full of plants, still others brought seeds and tubers promising new growth in the summer months.

As we approach another garden season, Nancy McCabe writes about the inspirations, the problems, and the rewards of a perfectionist trying to create a garden, page 150, while Rosemary Verey tells us how she was inspired by Villandry in the design of her English kitchen garden, page 58.

Philip Johnson takes another approach to gardening, planting sculptures and buildings on acres where others might put trees or a bed of flowers, and Rosamond Bernier encouraged the famous architect to talk about his Connecticut landscape in this issue.

Ten years ago, some of their conversations showed up in three half-hour television programs for CBS. Recently WNET and PBS commissioned Rosamond to do an hour-long program on the architect for its forthcoming *American Masters* series, to be aired the evening before Johnson's eightieth birthday, July 7.

Johnson's famous Glass House in New Canaan, photographed above, has a particularly fond place in Rosamond Bernier's life, for she was married to John Russell there in 1975, and the reception was in the garden you will see on page 118.

In the months ahead Senga Mortimer, a passionate gardener herself, will be adding to our garden pages as our new contributing editor for gardens. You may remember her garden, which was on the cover of House & Garden, July 1983.



Philip Johnson's famous Glass House in New Canaan, Connecticut.

We're equally pleased to announce that both Marella Agnelli, an international tastemaker and designer in her own right, and Gaetana Enders, who has already produced some wonderful stories for us (The Treasures of the Palacio de Oriente, last month), will be joining us as international contributing editors.

We also have a new consulting editor, Brooke Astor, who was House & Garden features editor some years ago. In her own words, she has agreed "to come back home." Her first contribution, an excerpt from her new book, will appear in our July issue.

I'm somewhat rare, or so I've been told, because I'm a man who likes to go shopping. But almost anyone would find shopping fun in the Newel Art Galleries in New York, where Stephen Drucker takes us on a tour of the five floors of rare antiques and curiosities, page 44; or in antiquarian Arthur Williams's East Hampton shop. His house on page 112 gives indication of this collector's eye.

Actually, there are many of us who like to shop. That's one reason for the camaraderie that tends to develop between client and decorator, as in Chessy Rayner's fourth collaboration with an exurban Philadelphia family, page 88; and Robert Hill's work with a couple in New England, page 164.

We've come to realize, however, that whether you're selecting a creation or producing one, you need more than a good eye. You need a bit of "heart" too. A good demonstration of what I mean can be found at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, page 20, where an unusual fusion of apprenticeships and community involvement is transforming the largest Gothic cathedral in the world. When Alexander Cockburn went up to report for us on what is happening there, he met Dean Morton, a cleric whose studies in architecture and theology, along with his involvement in urban training, uniquely prepared him for his work at what has come to be known in New York as the People's Cathedral.

The dialogue between art and life goes on.

Lou Gropp

Editor-in-Chief

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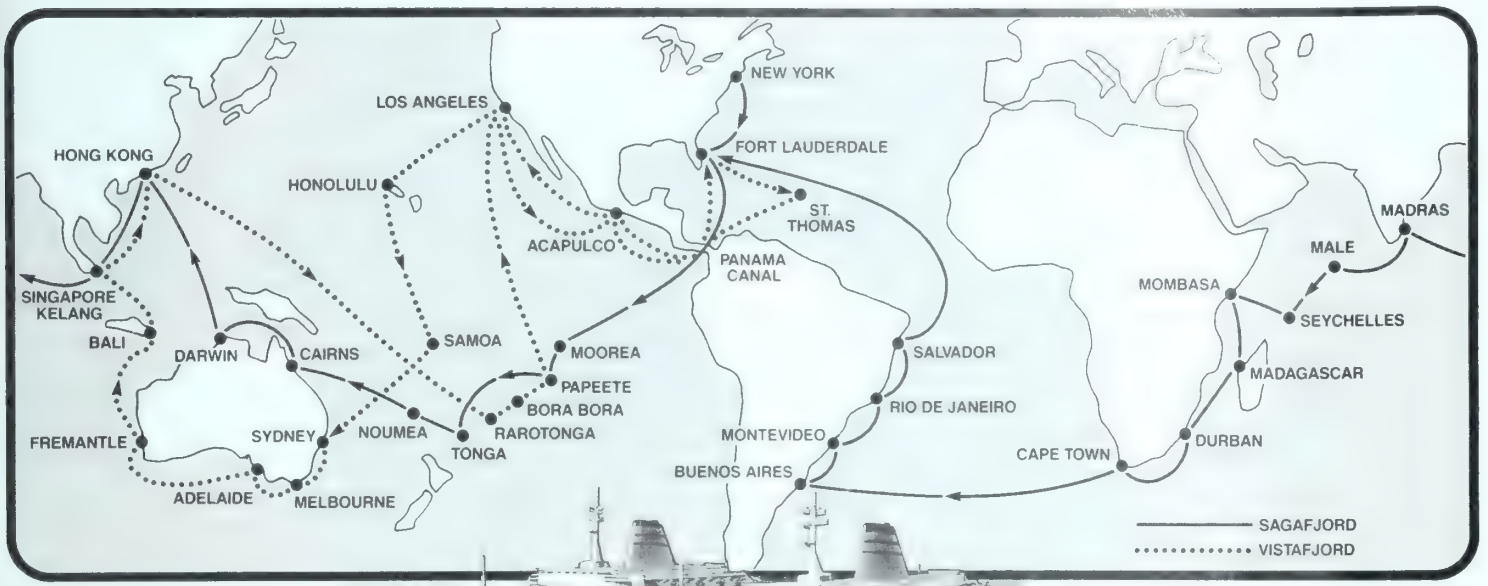
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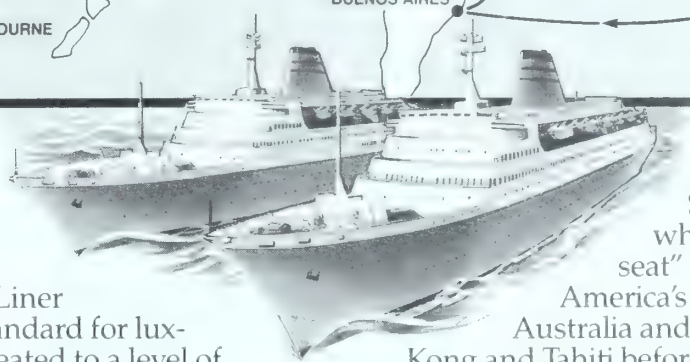
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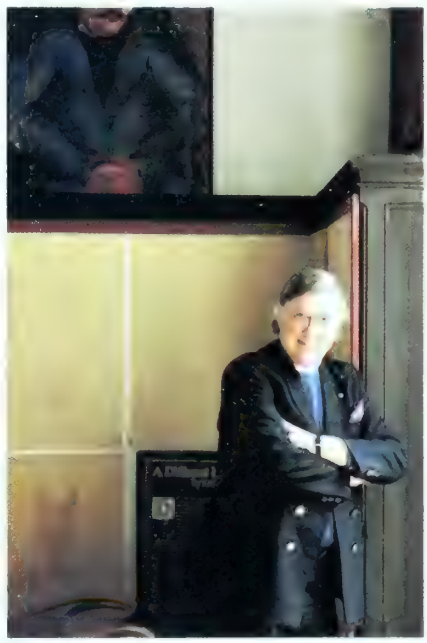
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THE PEOPLE'S CATHEDRAL

New York's St. John the Divine raises a joyful noise

By Alexander Cockburn







Twilight stole across Harlem to Morningside Heights and filtered into the cathedral close. It darkened the windows of the dean's magnificent office until, inside, the stones on his table began to lose their outlines and the blue and red tints of the high ceiling blurred into a shadowy monochrome. Dusk did not bother The Very Reverend James Parks Morton, Dean of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, nor did it impede his flow of words as he tried to explain to a visitor the great project on which he and The Most Reverend Paul Moore, Bishop of New York, were engaged. The visitor had already seen apprentices cutting and carving Indiana limestone in the cathedral workshops, ambled through the tapestry conservation studio and the cavernous textile printing hall in the basement, through the youth counseling rooms, the impending Greek theater, and much else besides. As the Dean's words rolled forth in a chamber by now entirely dark the visitor came to the same conclusion as many others before him. From the shabby streets and shrunken visions of this decade the Cathedral of St. John the Divine soars nobly, and if a twentieth-century Candide, forlorn at the moral grossness of his age, were to seek reassurance about the intrinsic largeness of the human spirit, he could scarcely do better than proceed up Amsterdam Avenue to the cathedral. Many visitors know of the rich music programs the Inter-Faith Services, the public readings and addresses by distinguished figures from around the world, and such *jeu d'esprit* as the famous blessing of the beasts when, on an October Sunday in 1985, an elephant, a camel, a llama, horses, donkeys, goats, a python, and dozens of dogs and cats received a benediction after enjoying a special Earth Mass imposed and performed by the Paul Winter Concert Jazz ensemble. The mass featured the sounds of whales and seals. But a visit of a few hours shows a far greater variety of activities and social good works going on in and around that enormous structure than is generally known.

In fact the very enormousness of the cathedral oppressed Paul Moore when he was first made bishop of the diocese in 1972. "I'd look out of the window in the morning when I was shaving at this big pile of rock and think, What can we do with it? There it was, absolutely dead in the water, eight million tons of granite. So the first quality of the new dean would have to be energy, more energy than anyone I knew. He had to know and love the city and he had to have more than a nodding acquaintance with the arts."

The bishop had good reason to believe that a dean of extraordinary qualities would be needed to animate the vast pile first planned in 1873, with the material sponsorship of prominent New Yorkers including J.P. Morgan. Building began in 1892, ceased in 1911


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and again in 1941. By the outbreak of the Second World War it had already changed in nature from the Byzantine Romanesque design of Heins and LaFarge to the Gothic vision of Ralph Adams Cram. But it was only two-thirds complete. The west façade lacked its twin towers. Missing too were the north and south transepts, the chapter house, the finishing of the clerestory and the great central tower rising above the dome. As the decades rolled by, the diocese feared that the vast and costly project of completing the cathedral could provoke censure amid the accelerating decline of the surrounding neighborhoods. Its enormous cellars filled with rubbish, the largest Gothic cathedral in the world understandably perplexed and dismayed Bishop Moore as he peered dourly at it from his bathroom window.

But he had the man in mind and the man met his hour. James Morton was the son of the head of the Iowa University theater department. Raised in a cultivated environment, he became entranced by the bold social visions of the Bauhaus movement. He went to Harvard to study under one of the great executives of the movement, Walter Gropius. Inspired too by the worker-priests in postwar France, he prepared for the Episcopal priesthood in Cambridge and returned to the underside of the American dream: the poverty and decay of the northern cities. He met Paul Moore in the latter's parish in Jersey City and later went on to head the Urban Training Center in Chicago, where the famous organizer Saul Alinsky was on the board, Andrew Young on the faculty, and where Jesse Jackson founded Operation PUSH.

With such a background Morton, backed by Moore, came to a momentous conclusion shortly after his appointment as dean in 1972. A program to complete the cathedral would not advertise a lack of concern for Harlem's dreadful situation. To the contrary: such a program, imbued with the spirit of the original builders of the greatest Gothic cathedrals, imbued too with the Bauhaus ethos, would act as inspiration to a city nearing its lowest ebb in the mid-1970s. As Morton has said, "The Gothic Cathedral and the Bauhaus had similar aims; they asked us to confront a civilization having new technological capabilities.



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They both said that the art, spirituality, and the philosophy of a civilization must integrate and reflect the forces that made it possible. Gropius saw the spirit of the Gothic cathedral as identical to the spirit he was working with. In a way he was saying that the whole earth must become the church. A revitalization and culling of all the elements of society was at the base of the Bauhaus. Interestingly, the first issue of the Bauhaus manifesto had on the cover a woodcut called *The Cathedral of Socialism*—it showed people, society, *Sozialismus,* various groups working together in one place and making beautiful things. The cathedral was the only image they could find that had this holistic notion of pulling everything together at one place into one form."

In this program of building, Morton thought, the cathedral on Amsterdam Avenue could become integral to life and to the community in which it stood.

His thought was sound. By the end of the 1970s the plans had been laid, dreams hammered toward that spirit of impulsive, unbureaucratic practicality that is the cathedral's trademark. From England came master builder James Bambridge to oversee construction. It was Bambridge who drew up the new plans and, along medieval lines, set up the only apprentice program for stonemasonry in the United States. The apprentices come from the neighborhood. I talked to them in the stonecutting shop. One of them, named Angel Escobar, began as a sweeper and is now an apprentice. A few yards away is the carving shop. The day I was there the shed rang with the thump and clatter of applewood mallets on chisel on limestone. Eight more apprentices were hard at work on floral designs, gargoyles, and the like under the leadership of Nicholas Fairplay, an English stone carver. Nicholas himself was just beginning four months' work on a nine-foot-high Elijah, destined for the west façade.

From the clamor of the cutting and carving studios we moved on to the calm of the textile conservation laboratory in the old orphanage, overseen by Bruce Hutchison, now catering to the Metropolitan Museum, The Pierpont Morgan Library, and other major American institutions. Down some steps into the basement, along a passage past the roaring furnaces, we went


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and entered the Cathedral Works where more apprentices, overseen by Cornelia Jeffers, turn out printed fabrics for an impressive list of decorators and designers. A few steps further on and we were in Manhattan Valley Outreach program's rooms, through which have already passed thousands of young people, counseled out of personal crises and family catastrophe, taught how to apply for jobs, guided toward self-esteem.

We walked past the Biblical garden, round the plots where vegetables for the cathedral's soup kitchen are grown. We skirted the four peacocks strutting through the shrubbery and hastened into the offices of Sister Joan Kirby, overseeing a major new project. Sister Kirby, a Catholic nun from the Religious Order of the Sacred Heart, calmly explained that by early summer she and her team would be able to open, in Queens, the first of a whole series of hotels for the homeless. The aim is to deliver the homeless from the living hells of the welfare hotels-for-profit—the infamous Carter and Martinique and Holland—by installing them in refurbished hotels, net or gross leased by the church. "We'll provide families with a more humane living space, with social services to support them. We want to take teenagers and larger families," Sister Joan remarked, adding that in the last few years, in New York, she'd seen misery on a level for which even many years' experience in the Third World had not prepared her. A million-dollar grant in start-up funds had been given by one donor. With the program—aimed at providing interim accommodation from somewhere between eight hundred to a thousand families put in motion by the grant, the federal government, along with New York State and City, would reimburse the cathedral for running costs. Eventually the families would be permanently housed under another pioneering scheme begun by Morton and his fellows: the urban rehabilitation program, whereby abandoned apartments are brought back and used to house at least a small percentage of the desperate.

We left Sister Kirby and continued our tour: the studios with stained-glass windows for artists deep under the eastern end of the cathedral, a brief chat with Bishop Moore, charging energetically through a day crowded with appointments. He'd just returned from Washington and from a demonstration against the Administration's policies on Central America. Moore has lost none of his radical cutting edge. "The churches, the Episcopal churches, feel very comfortable doing social service," he remarked. "They really feel good about having people sleep in the basement. But they use up all their energy doing that and not getting *furious* at the city, the mayor, the governor, for not providing housing. So all their energy goes into the symptoms and not the causes. We're still a long way from using what power we have in the church to shove the government around."

A few days later Dean Morton sat in his darkening office. The trustees' meeting had gone well, with a large majority favoring divestment of shares in South African businesses. He spoke of the great new funding drive beginning this summer. Then he began to speak passionately about his vision of the role of craft in the cathedral's life—the craft ethic of the Bauhaus, of William Morris, and of the Gothic workers of the Middle Ages. Beyond the stonecutters and carvers he foresaw an atelier for architects, for workers in iron and stained glass.

He went on to talk about some of his favorite thinkers, Dubos, Bateson, Lovecraft; the concept of wholeness, of communion, of community. "The Cathedral's a little universe and that's the image," Morton has said. "People say, 'Life is short, money's limited, and you have only so much energy. You've got to get your priorities straight: you can only do one thing.' And I say, 'No, we've got to do twenty-two things.' " Listening to Dean Morton I was reminded of that enduring legacy of the sixties, surviving at their best in this cathedral.

"Jim's and my concept of this place," Bishop Moore had said to me, "is that it really be a cathedral for the whole city; not only all the people but all the different aspects of life: the elderly, the unemployed, ballet, poetry. Insofar as it is possible to imitate a medieval cathedral in this very complicated place, I think we are nibbling around the edges of that."

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ALL ABOUT STYLE

By Nancy Richardson



All last winter we could see English treasures at the National Gallery in Washington and English treasure houses on the walls of the neighboring Octagon Museum of the A.I.A. The National Gallery exhibition closed last month but the drawings exhibition—*The Architect and the British Country House 1620–1920*—has recently moved to New York and the National Academy of Design where it will remain through June 29, when it moves to Atlanta and Houston. Taken together these exhibitions and their catalogues have offered the public an opportunity to learn more about the English country house and its contents in a day of walking around museum galleries and a couple of leisurely reads than most people could get in several summers of driving up and down the English countryside. The drawings exhibition lends substance to the view that the best of these houses qualify as marvels—phenomena of the aesthetic impact of say the Taj Mahal. Sometimes the houses themselves are greater works of art than anything found in them. But for an exhibition to give its visitors even a whiff of the emotional and visual roll to be had from virtually any country house as you come on it for the first time requires either a movie or some huge cast court of architectural models. Or perhaps the little stone pantheon from the garden at Stourhead would do as a symbol if it could be shipped stone by numbered stone—like the Temple of Dendur—to be reassembled in a large glass wing of some museum. Nor is there anything just down the street that will remind people of the English country house. Neither the art museums we enter nor the most imposing houses we own or visit in town or in the country owe much of anything to the English country house. As Americans we have traditionally pictured ourselves especially in the eighteenth century as copying or buying English furniture, porcelain, etc., and putting it in English-inspired houses. What we actually did, however, was to adopt the English tradition of a country house without appropriating the scale of the architecture along with it. In fact our country houses looked more like Irish houses than English ones. Any of Palladio's villas provided a suitably smaller prototype for an American house than the vast English power houses that little represented the idealistic sobriety of American habits at home. What *did* make sense to a number of late eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Americans, however, was the English gentlemen's habit of acting as his own architect. Take Jefferson

Often English country houses are themselves greater works of art than anything found inside

Above left: Part of the pleasure of British architectural drawings is that they also work as watercolors. Our design: Burlington and Flitcroft's drawing for Chiswick House superimposed on a table of pastel washes, part of a drawing by J.B. Papworth of Fonthill.

Below: Sir William Chambers's villa design for Llanaeron in pen and watercolor. *Bottom:* Edward Blore's watercolor perspective of Goodrich Court.





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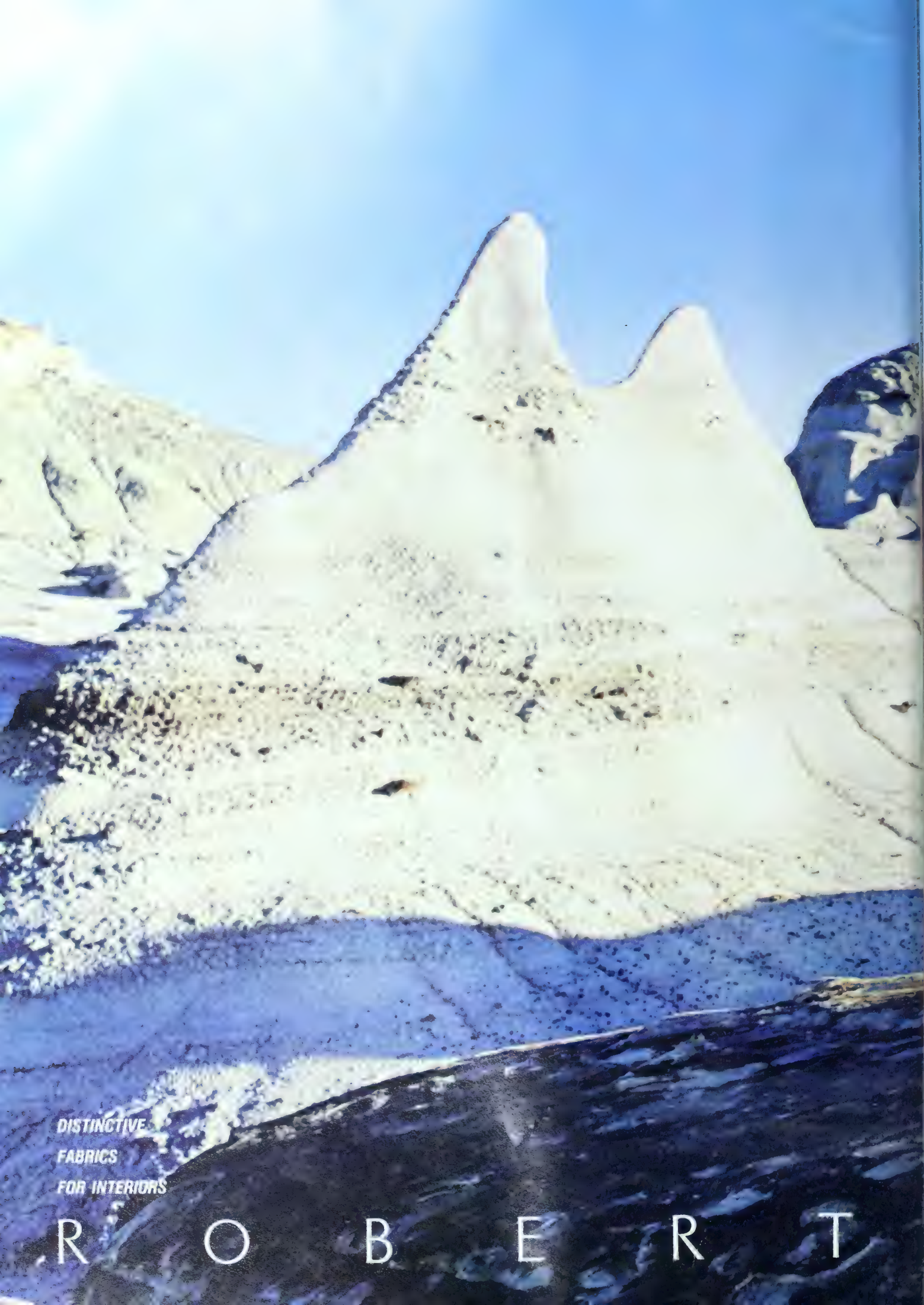
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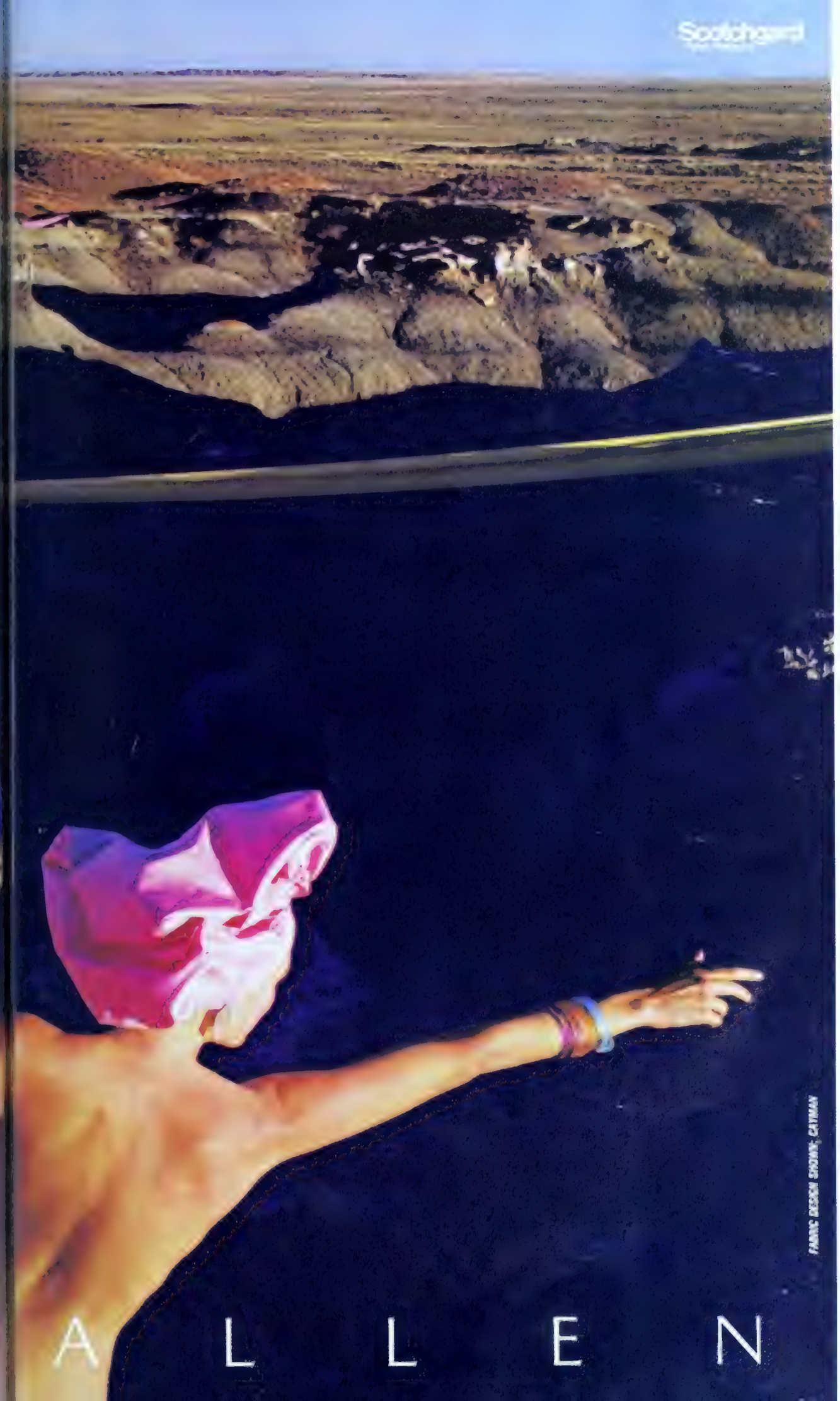
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Architectural drawings thirty feet long are manic . . . one-third the size is a decorator's dream

for instance. The design for Monticello took shape in his thinking under the influence of Palladio's architectural drawings, which had been published in English earlier in the century. True to the spirit of the amateur, Jefferson grafted onto his Palladianism certain elements that he admired in French houses and to that he added what is arguably an English Georgian layout. But you don't have to have pretensions as an amateur architect to enjoy the rich visual rehearsal of the history and development of the architecture of the English country house that John Harris, the curator of the Royal Institute of British Architects Drawings Collection, has organized for this exhibition. A mind and an eye like Harris's is the result of a national tradition that treats its architectural history with pride, seriousness, and professionalism. His texts, a huge, amply illustrated volume called *The Artist and the Country House* (Sotheby's), as well as the current exhibition catalogue, make Harris *the* man in England to lay out this topic for us to see. Which is to say that there are moments of breathtaking draftsmanship along with a survey of the development of country-house architecture that reveal no lackluster periods at all. And as Harris is handing out the history, he hands out two kinds: that of country-house architecture, and the evolution of English architectural drawing. The architectural history lesson is fascinating enough. Think that Jamestown was being settled sometime after the moment in English architecture when the castle was no longer a necessity as protection from neighbors of differing political or religious opinions. As a result a whole generation of Tudor and Elizabethan courtier houses had grown up across the countryside. They were designed to impress, receive, and entertain Queen Elizabeth, for example, as she made her way across England in a series of back-to-back house parties, months-long journeys known as progresses. These so-called prodigy houses with their towers and romantic rooflines that made them look more like a village than a single house were already out of fashion in 1600. By 1603 Inigo Jones and others had returned from Italy bringing back in their sketchbooks cultural road maps to the new Renaissance taste. Their ideas would take English architecture radically away from a local, albeit heroic, style. The exhibition continues with drawings of Restoration houses and then the huge Baroque palaces for which somebody had Versailles in mind (Castle Howard and Blenheim). Lord Burlington's and Henry Flitcroft's neo-Palladian vision at Chiswick House is a reminder that at the beginning of the eighteenth century the taste for a dour Baroque magnificence gives way to measured classical elegance. Colen Camp-





Left above: Samuel Sanders Teulon's watercolor perspective of Elvetham Hall. *Left below:* James Stuart's design for the decoration of a room at Wimbledon House in pen, pencil, and watercolor.

TOP: ELVETHAM HALL; BOTTOM: ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS DRAWINGS COLLECTION



CILLINANE

...amples, further document the second revival of Palladio's influence in England. James Stuart's design for the decoration and furnishing of a room at Wimbledon House as well as Robert Adam's work at Kedleston and elsewhere illustrated the neoclassical taste of the second half of the century, which stemmed from what Adam and others learned from the fourth volume of Palladio's drawings dealing with antique interiors. This particular English revival is the classical interpretation most influential today in terms of interior architecture and decoration.

Somewhere around the middle of the exhibition my mind began to shut out the content of the drawings and my eyes took over. First they registered the fashionable good looks of galleries full of architectueral drawings. Many of them seemed to relate to the tradition of the English watercolor and its implied love of landscape. Others worked on the eye with an insistent beauty equal to any old-master drawing. Suppose you were to judge architectural drawings as art? Which of these architects were the best artists? John Harris has some opinions: "Inigo Jones was the greatest architect draftsman in Europe in his day. In an architectural sense the drawings are on a par with Michelangelo, and certainly surpass Palladio's drawings though not his achievement as an architect. The design for a chimneypiece and door at Hampton Court by Christopher Wren and Grinling Gibbons, Sir James Thornhill's design for an unidentified staircase which has as much drama and finish as a Baroque painting, Kent, Chambers, and Adam drawings, the great nineteenth-century perspectives by Edward Blore—all reached a level of art which collectors have recognized in the last ten years. What distinguishes drawings of an English country house from, say, Continental architectural drawings is the way the English had of making a building look natural in a landscape." Usually, however, English and other architectural drawings are at a level of good watercolors, but their decorative appeal is much greater. They are more effective on a wall simply because they are larger. The use of a group of even unrelated architectural drawings as a set or a series all on one wall is in itself an architectural effect. They also appeal to collectors of watercolors and drawings because they are a combination of both media yet bolder in scale and don't get lost in rooms that want something strong. This particular exhibition adds to what we already know of English watercolors and landscapes, portraits, and bird's-eye views of estates and the show-off views known as open-air conversation pieces, which took in house, garden, wife, favorite hunter, favorite groom, finest hunting dog plus children. We know that English architectural drawings are part of the English pride of country life even when they fulfill a professional purpose. For the most part they are of a normal size. From a strictly decorative point of view an exclusively English collection would not include one or two huge drawings around which other small ones could be grouped. The huge drawings are usually done by the French. They are competition drawings for the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris. None of these designs were ever translated into a building or meant to be and many of them are as fanciful as set designs for opera or ballet. The ones that are thirty feet long John Harris describes as manic. Others that are a third the size or less are a decorator's dream. The exhibition is supported in part with a generous grant from the Stately Homes Group, a consortium of American companies—Baker Furniture, Fieldcrest, Karastan, Mottahedeh, Stroheim & Romann, and Tiffany—which have recently joined together to bring historically inspired English design to the American market. Some of their furniture, rugs, fabrics, porcelain, and silver are shown in the galleries along with the drawings to suggest the décor of the various periods. If you want to hear somebody light up the whole topic of British country-house architecture, come to hear John Harris and others speak at the National Academy of Design beginning May 13. □



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FIVE FLIGHTS OF FANCY

If you're looking for a Louis XV throne or a seat from the Paris Metro, New York's Newel Art Galleries is where it's at

By Stephen Drucker

Bruce Newman might be called the Cecil B. DeMille of antiques dealers. At Manhattan's Newel Art Galleries—where he is the proprietor of everything is decidedly larger than life.

Consider, for a start, the "shop" located at the foot of East 63rd Street, where Mr. Newman has five floors and a basement, each with three tiers of display. And still there is not enough space. "This is the only shop," he says, "where you'll ever see a $35,000 Majorelle desk standing on top of a $90,000 Rühlmann desk." In all, Mr. Newman estimates that he has 100,000 square feet of antiques and accessories, and it should be said that he's not one to exaggerate. He doesn't have to.

Bruce Newman likes to start his tour of Newel on the top floor. "We're in France," he announces as we step out of the elevator on five. A fair as the eye can see it is pure *Louis XV* salon furniture, gilt, tapestry, and all laid out as if they were a supermarket. Next we go to four. "This is England," he tells me, and he has enough mahogany to prove it. And so it goes as we move downstairs: Art Deco, Art Nouveau, Biedermeier, and Victoriana on three; the Renaissance and Middle Ages on two; accessories on one. "It just gets sillier and sillier as you move down," I am warned. Finally we come to the basement, which is packed with wicker, iron garden sets, country furniture, and, let's just say, everything else.

Above: Bruce Newman seated in an Italian polychromed wood love seat and surrounded by a wild assortment of other 19th-century figures and furniture, carved long from Fresia, a Biedermeier table and chair, American taxidermy chair, a carved walnut bear love seat from the Black Forest, and a Charles X bench.

Newel may not specialize in any particular period or style, but people in the trade say its owner has an eye for furniture that is the quintessence of its period. It has the most French French, the most English English, the most Deco Deco. If the gallery were to claim a specialty, it would be what Newman likes to call "quality camp." That is, things with "a sense of humor." These are the oddballs that most dealers buy one at a time, but that Newel has in spades. Among Newman's passions are nineteenth-century Black Forest bear furniture, blackamoors, Venetian grotto pieces, and horn furniture, including a set whose etched horns were originally bagged by Buffalo Bill. One can find no fewer than ten carrousel horses, five velocipedes, three benches from the Paris Métro and, alas, a single amusement-park rocket. Newman is distinctly proud of his tête-à-tête in the shape of peacocks, and positively lights

MARK ROBINSON

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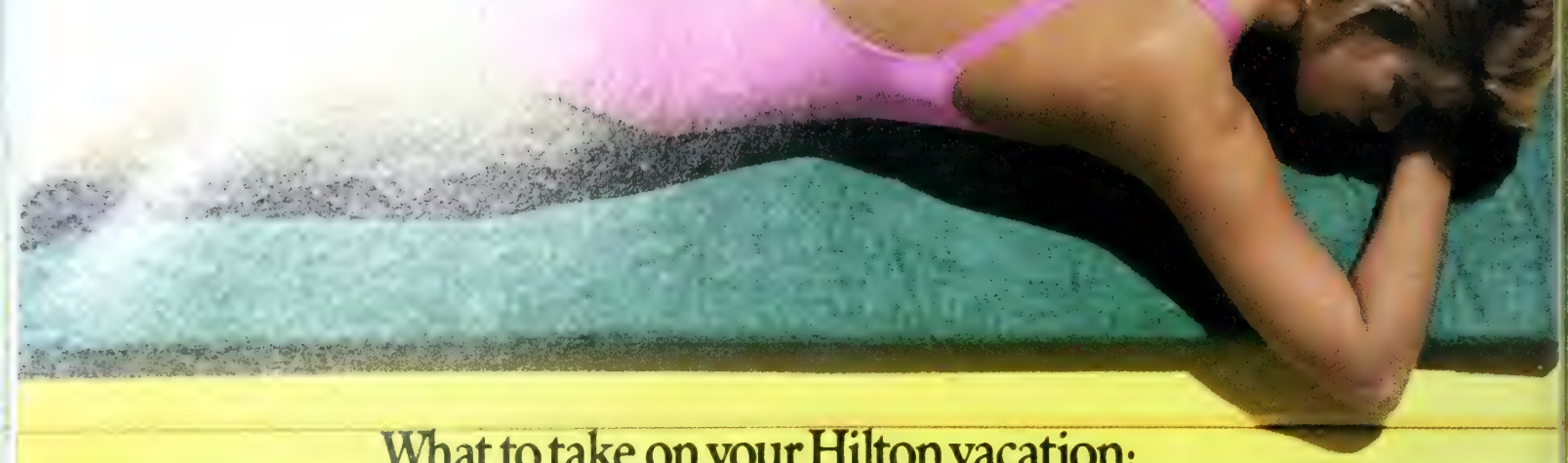
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up at the chance to show off his two-headed-eagle console from Austria—the kicker is that he has two of them.

This extraordinary collection has been in the making for close to fifty years; Newman is the second generation in the business. His father founded Newel Galleries in 1939, starting with a small store under the Second Avenue El and a Nash rumbleseater as a delivery truck. Now his nephew Lewis Baer is entering his second decade with the business.

In those days, Newel Galleries was largely a leasing business, with stock geared to the needs of advertising stylists, art directors, and movie-set decorators. "There was a time in the fifties when it seemed every fashion model was shot next to a column," Newman recalls. "We bought every column we could get our hands on—they came in and out of here that fast."

The stylists still come, of course. "I'm doing a palace," an old friend calls out to Newman from an eighteenth-century aisle, "for Warren Beatty and Dustin Hoffman. I need French." *The Cotton Club*'s Harlem as well as *Annie Hall*'s anxious world both came from Newel, as did *The Godfather*'s desk. "It was probably a Belter," Newman recalls. "And when they announced the sequel, I had to find that desk all over again."

Even Queen Elizabeth has had occasion to call on the services of Newel. A few years back, when she was scheduled to visit New York, the royal advance party dropped by to rent a throne. "It was for a dinner at the Waldorf," Newman remembers. "Her representative selected a gilded Louis XV throne chair. He measured it, and sat in it to be sure she'd be comfortable. The chair had to be reupholstered in blue silk for her—they made a little bolster so she would sit up straight."

Having on hand what a movie director or a toothpaste pitchman or a queen might need for a day—and at the same time selling to anybody who walks in off the street—really does take a five-story warehouse. And feeding this beast is not easy. Newman is perpetually awaiting the next container from Europe, the average larger than most of his colleagues' shops. To Newman, the hunt is everything. Consider that the average tourist thinks himself shrewd to get to the Paris flea market at eight A.M. Saturday, but that Newman is there at six A.M.—on Friday. Or that a typical day on a recent buying trip involved flying into London at eight A.M., then driving a 245-mile circuit through the Midlands to ten favorite sources. There were eight such days on that trip, and there are trips like it at least every other month.

One particular hunt stands out among the rest. For years Newman had pursued a European family he knew to have a keen eye. Finally the introduction came that was powerful enough to get him through their front door, but it was made clear that nothing was for sale. Newman, however, has his ways of breaking the ice. He pointed to a piece and defied the owner to name his price. Any crazy price—which he smoothly accepted. In fact Newman's eyes were already on something else. He had noticed two superb gold-lacquered Art Deco panels of a sunburst. The owner nonchalantly announced there were thirty more in crates; he'd bought them in 1962 at a salvage sale for the liner *Ile de France*. They were actually from the Grand Salon of the *Normandie*, were regarded as the masterpiece of the lacquerers Jean Dupas and Jean Dunand, and presumed lost for forty years. Newman wouldn't let go until those panels were his—at what seemed to be an outrageous price. But he reportedly quickly turned them around for over $2 million once home.

These days Newman is chasing Regency, Biedermeier, Art Deco, and Napoleon III with the rest of the pack, but has his eye on the Charles X period. It was a short period in France—roughly 1810–1815—akin to the Biedermeier style of Northern Europe. It uses mostly light woods such as maple and satinwood, sometimes in combination with marquetry, and can be highly sculptural or even modernistic. As is the Newman style, he reassures us, "I'm buying every piece I can."

Recently Newman was asked to sum up the Newel viewpoint in a table setting for Tiffany. It was surprisingly minimal, and perhaps told more than all five floors of the Newel warehouse. Newman gathered a set of gilded palms and Regency jardinieres. He hung a huge lacquered bird to hover over a glass of orange juice—to be sipped through a sterling silver straw. "Breakfast for the Birds," he called it. □



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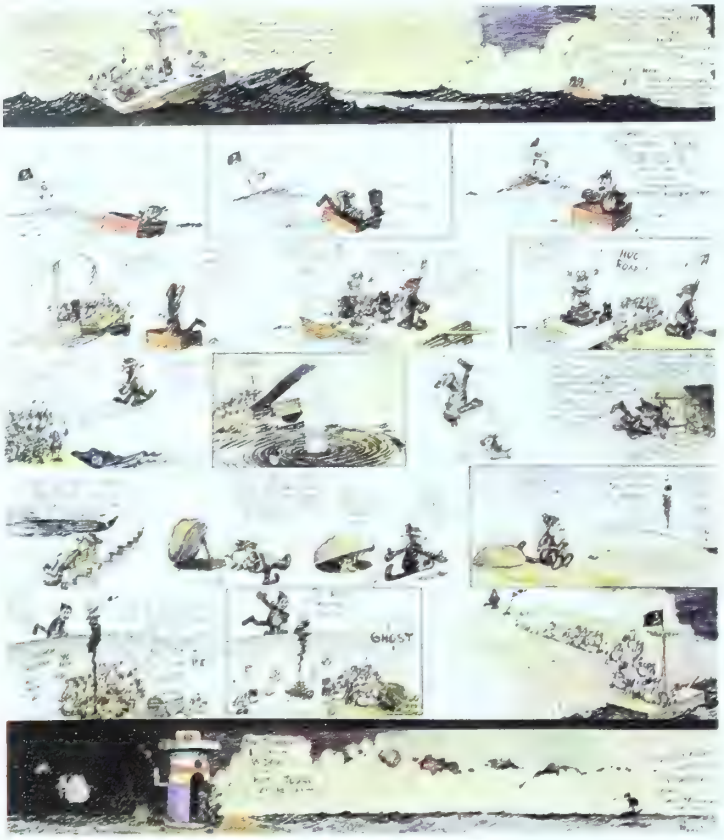
NEW WAVE FOUNTAIN

Artist Dan Friedman's first fountain represents his work in several ways: it is an assemblage of found objects (wicker-covered bottle, scrap of police barricade), new lumber, reminders of primitive cultures (raffia, beads), a bit of neoclassicism, exuberant colors of paint. His New York dealer, Holly Solomon, is enjoying the fountain in her Fifth Avenue office until it is sold. *Elaine Greene*

Fountain of Youth,
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PETER MAUSS/ESTO



PHILOSOPHICAL FELINE

Pet of intellectuals from Woodrow Wilson to Willem DeKooning, George Harriman's Krazy Kat (1911–1944) was a post-modern fable in a pre-modern world. Drawings can be seen at Graham Gallery, New York, through June 5 or in *Krazy Kat: The Comic Art of George Harriman* (Abrams, $27.50). *David Lisi*



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Most of these 40 works have never visited the U.S. before—among them Matisse's *Conversation,* 1909 (*left*), Cézanne's gracious *Woman in Blue,* and Picasso's Cubist visage of Vollard. This fall the Met in New York gets the show.
Margaret Morse

FLORIDA FOCUS

Miami Color: Photo Essays of Miami and Miami Beach
The Bass Museum of Art, Miami, through July 6.

Ten native and visiting photographers with a Miami voice capture the city's ins and outs. Mary Ellen Mark, Joel Meyerowitz, and others prove it isn't all coconuts. *D.L.*



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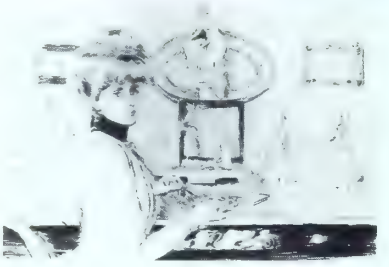
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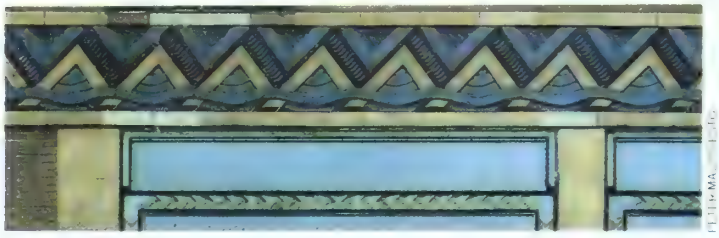
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Silver Treasure From Early Byzantium, *The Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore, through Aug. 17.*

This exhibit shows that much sacred silver of early Byzantium may well have come from a single site rather than four, as once thought. A seventh-century chalice, *right,* incense boxes, and even a contender for the Holy Grail appear. *M.M.*



FRIEZE FRAMES

Deco Details, *Broadway Windows, New York, through June 11.*

NYU's round-the-clock gallery for pedestrians—store windows on 10th Street—shows mixed-media work by painter-ceramicist Susan Tunick based on terra-cotta ornamentation of city buildings.



COURTESY MARIAN GOODMAN GALLERY, NEW YORK

VERMEER AND YET SO FAR

Richard Maury, *Wunderlich Gallery, New York, through May.*

In his first one-man show in the United States, long overdue according to his admirers, Richard Maury is showing some thirty canvases in front of which viewers will be murmuring about the likes of Van Eyck and Vermeer. These are acknowledged influences upon the contemporary realist painter who fled the Abstract Expressionism being taught in New York in his student days. He settled permanently in Florence in 1960 to marry, raise five children (*above,* in *Kuba Rug and Bill,* 1984, a son), and "work very hard as a starving artist." The adjective is now obsolete. *E. G.*

BARBIE GOES MILANO

Always in fashion, Barbie has embraced Memphis-chic in a recent issue of *Barbie Magazine.* Miniatures of original furniture by Ettore Sottsass, Flavio Albanese, Saporiti, and Felice Rossi, *below,* were fashioned in plastic by Suzanne Couture for a mere $1,500. But don't look for these accessories in stores. "It was a one-time thing," said art director Pegi Goodman. How fleeting are the life-styles of the rich and plastic. *D. L.*



PRECIOUS PLAYTHINGS

The focal point of every Winter Antiques Show in New York is a special non-selling exhibition. This year's was particularly delightful: a loan collection of 19th-century children's toys gathered by Sandra J. Brant, Associate Publisher of *The Magazine* ANTIQUES, and beautifully installed by Tiffany's display director Gene Moore, who has used such objects in the store's windows. *E.G.*



PETER MAGUIRE



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LOTTE MEMORIES

The Three-Penny Opera: Works by Arbat Blatas, *Museum of the City of New York, through Oct. 15.*

Brecht and Weill's brassy valentine to humanity inspires Blatas's paintings, drawings, bronzes. *M.M.*

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GEOMETRY FOR VEGETABLES

Rosemary Verey recounts how, inspired by Villandry, she designed her English kitchen garden

Sometimes it is difficult to recall exactly how and when an idea started in one's mind, and it is like this with our vegetable patch. In retrospect, I believe it was a visit to the garden of the château of Villandry on the Loire, combined with my enjoyment of patterns and hearty dislike of this unplanned part of the garden. It was only one step up from an allotment—no paths, no shape, no design, just rows of cabbages, carrots, and lettuces, with not a serious thought given to how many of them we would need to feed the family. There was nothing decorative about it, not even an artichoke, apple tree, or pretty Victorian bell glass. My own fault, you will think, but this was the gardener's territory and he had been here longer than I had, and anyway he allowed me a free hand in the flower garden.

Then the day came when I was in charge and I could do what I wanted, within reason of common sense and labor. This was eleven years ago. I had been poring over old books and my head was filled with ideas about sixteenth- and seventeenth-century knots and parterres; in those days vegetables as well as flowers were grown in narrow beds, so the gardener and the weeder women when working need not trample on the soil. It all seemed more logical and fun than the way we English grow our vegetables today.

In 1616 William Lawson wrote that a kitchen garden could have "comely borders" with herbs and "abundance of roses and lavender" which "yield much profit, and comfort to the senses." This, I decided, should be as true today as it was in Tudor and Stuart times, so I started daydreaming about how I could change the vegetable plot into an attractive place where we would enjoy working, be conscious of the scent of roses, brush through lavender bushes, and grow enough vegetables to supply our needs.



Ornamental cabbages and the standard rose, 'Little White Pet', in Rosemary Verey's garden at Barnsley House.

First to consider were the virtues of the ground. It has three-foot Cotswold stone walls on the south and west sides; a pity they were not higher, but it is lucky to have them at all. On the north boundary is an old cow shed with a beautiful stone-tiled roof, and on the east a stout post-and-rail fence with a view beyond over ridge and furrow grassland. Sometimes I wonder whether a high wall all round would give more protection from icy winter winds and from the hares and moles which find their way in from the fields, and my conclusion is that any extra benefit would not make up for the feeling that this plot belongs to the countryside, that I can see my daughter's ponies grazing and at milking time almost a hundred cows come trampling up the lane. The cows are not ours, and it is quite a nightmare that one day a gate will get left open, but the cowman is careful and our garden visitors seem to be amazed, sometimes frightened, at the sight of warm, black-and-white Friesian cows streaming past, their milkbags dramatically full.

I enjoy creating things slowly, especially when not convinced I am doing it right. I spent a long time just standing in the plot and deciding where the center point should be. This was quite difficult as there was no true center and none of the perimeter boundaries were quite parallel or at right angles. I was comforted by the knowledge that Beatrice Farrand advised that paths should be laid by eye rather than line, and unless a piece of ground has perfect symmetry Mrs. Farrand's maxim holds good. No doubt a plan on paper would have come up with much the same answer as my on-the-spot decisions, but I was much happier standing outside experimenting with the help of bamboos and string.

I fixed the center point and from here the four main paths would radiate out like a Saint George's cross. Then each quarter needed a pattern. At this moment I had to sit down with squared


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paper and ruler, make the design of the beds, determine how wide the paths should be, and calculate how many square feet of material this would require. My calculations gave me a bit of a shock for two reasons: first, how much ground would be absorbed into pathway, and next, what the cost would be if new material was used throughout. The main paths must be wide enough to take a wheelbarrow easily, in fact 27 inches. The subsidiary paths could be narrower. To buy all new materials would be more than my budget would stand, so we did it gradually, finding old bricks when buildings were pulled down. The local blacksmith's forge was closed and we were allowed the lovely black industrial bricks from that floor. Most buildings round us are built in stone, but eventually we found a red brick house being demolished and took as many of these as we could.

The daily routine of the garden had to go on at the same time as path making, so it all took a long while, several years in fact. It was simple, but time-consuming. We dug out five inches of soil for each path, then laid old polythene bags to prevent perennial weeds coming through, finally adding a two-inch layer of coarse sand to bed the brick and blocks. No mixture of cement was used—it would make the paths difficult to remove, and anyway I much preferred the unprofessional look.

The paths form the patterns of the four main sections, two of which are quite conventional, with four square beds, surrounded by L-shaped ones. The other two sections have diagonal paths and my four "goblet-shaped" apple trees as central features forming a circle. As you enter the garden the path has an edging of lavender and southernwood, leading to a small central square bed. This we keep stocked with lavender and different thymes, around a metal urn, and ornamental cabbages in summer.

A stroke of luck was finding the enchanting rose 'Little White Pet' grown as a standard to surround this bed. Sometimes one is inclined to overplant and I thought four roses would be enough, but I was wrong; the next autumn more were added and now eight of them make a long-lasting display. My only worry is that when the heads become too heavy with bloom the stems will collapse and break.

However many different textures and colors you use, a flat piece of ground is usually dull if it has no element of height. This was easy to achieve in summer with pea-sticks, bean poles, and temporary arches covered with sweet peas, but in winter we could only rely on the roses. Then one Sunday in January Peter Coats came out, camera in hand, and with a photographer's eye brought the point home to me most strongly.

There were two obvious ways of creating instant and permanent height, the essential third dimension: either by using trees or trelliswork. I decided on both. Still with Villandry in mind, I drew out a simple shape for two arbors, easy enough to be homemade. An arbor, or roosting place as it was called in the sixteenth century, needs a seat. We made one from a medieval illustration with the four sides built of bricks, infilled with soil, and planted on top with chamomile. This never became the success I had envisaged—people just never sat on it—so when my son Charles had white-painted seats to spare we borrowed them and they make splendid features in a mainly green garden.

I have longed for an apple tunnel since seeing the one at Tyninghame in Scotland. Highfield Nurseries in Gloucestershire asked me to contribute some planting plans for their fruit and herb garden at Chelsea Flower Show in 1984 and together we worked out a design incorporating an apple tunnel, the structure of which was to be made of metal covered with black plastic. Plastic may not sound as romantic as wood but quickly mellows and is certainly more easily assembled—time will tell how long it will last. You can have any number of arches you please, each two feet apart, and all the component parts slotting neatly and firmly together. Anyway, after Chelsea, I was given a seven-arch tunnel, and this now forms an important feature in the vegetable patch, leading on from the central path toward the old cow sheds. For two years now it has had climbing French beans and runner beans growing up it, looking decorative with their scarlet flowers and hanging pods.

I suppose one should not grow beans on the same ground each year, so I must try some new idea. Alternate arches could have ornamental vines, such as *Vitis vinifera* 'Brandt' and *V.v.* 'Purpurea', adding the odd climbing gourd to hang down. Another idea would be to use alternate pears, gourds, and vines, and even golden hops. Last autumn at Brooklyn Botanic Garden I saw *Actinidia chinensis*, the Chinese gooseberry, fruiting well, grown on a pergola. It would be interesting to try this, but I would not have much faith in the English sun to ripen the fruit every year.

These permanent features are now made, including a trelliswork fence down the west side and a division of six apple trees trained as espaliers with their branches grafted together. Now the enjoyment is deciding on the year's planting plan. The vegetables themselves form patterns just as well as the brick paths. Peas and beans are grown in the squares on tripods of bamboos and surrounded by lettuces, the onion beds are edged with chicory, feathery carrot leaves alternate with summer spinach, red cabbage is a fine contrast for curly kale. We keep a good supply of lettuces, 'Tom Thumb', 'Webb's Wonderful', as well as the red oak leaf and lettuce frisée, ready to prick out or sow as edging for the beds. Other edgings we use are alpine strawberries, parsley, chives, and of course plenty of box. Golden privet has grown into two-foot standard balls and pyramid box mark the corners of the beds. Textures, shapes, contrasting greens all help to create an area which has in its own way become as important and interesting as the flower garden—or so we think. There is never a dull moment from spring to autumn, for as soon as one crop is finished another is planted or sown. The rotation goes on, leaving enough time in winter to dig in plenty of manure: you cannot expect to take a good crop out of the ground without putting plenty of goodness back. Now it is wintertime—the ground is frozen hard and the frost is helping to break down the soil into a workable, friable tilth all ready for our spring planting. So the cycle continues. □



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REPASTS PAST

Delicious memories from antique cookbooks

By Patricia Storace



The resourceful prince in disguise in Hans Christian Andersen's tale, "The Swineherd," produces out of thin air a "lovely little pot with bells around it" for which most collectors of historic cookbooks would willingly match the ten kisses he asked in return from his princess. "If you held your finger in the steam from the pot, you could at once smell what was being cooked on every fire in town. . . There wasn't a kitchen in the town where they didn't know what was being cooked, whether it was the Mayor's or the shoemaker's."

That voyeuristic appeal is one of the immediate pleasures offered by old cookbooks; the recipes for an eighteenth-century orange fool, the *de rigueur* sorbets at a nineteenth-century ball supper, the cold potted pheasant served for Sunday supper in London in 1928 satisfy a part of our perpetual curiosity about other people's lives, as well as our own intricate appetites. In reading Mrs. Joseph Conrad's recipes for mushroom pudding and champagne sorbet, we are dining with the author of *Heart of Darkness*. Like novelists, we match character to taste and setting. A good cook knows instinctively that each dinner is a narrative. The food a woman seasons for a man she loves not only nourishes him, but describes and celebrates him.

The meat and wine set on a table undergo, too, a mysterious social transubstantiation, so that how guests are served, the entrée they dine on, is the host's opinion of them. We have only to look at a Victorian cook's hierarchy of September menus for confirmation. The "kitchen dinner for two servants" consists of slices from any cold joint fried with vegetables; "family dinner" is a more elaborate affair of "Mock-turtle soup, sweetbreads, cold mutton, mashed potatoes, salad and cheese ramequins." But members of the kitchen staff and family apparently do not constitute persons. A suggested dinner for "Six Persons" in September outlines the following array of dishes: clear mock turtle soup, perch stewed with wine, fired eels, vol-au-vent of oysters, hashed wild duck, saddle of mutton, partridges, Russian salad, cabinet pudding, marbled jelly, and ices.

Every cookbook, more or less consciously, is a work of social history. Few novels address so simply and directly the death of country-house life in England as this exchange between the cook and the daughter of the house in a novelized

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World War I cookbook by Phyllis Prue followed Mrs. Barber's eyes to the top shelves of the right hand dresser where row on row of castles and towers and stars and shapes of fantasy shone in polished copper.

"I needn't worry myself, nor Mary Pickford either, with keeping those moulds bright. Their day's over. . . and the Muspratts cured their own bacon—not to mention the ducks and chickens. We soon shan't have left so much as a cockerel to kill—with grain rationed like it is. I don't suppose," said Mrs. Barber, gloomily, "your mother will ever be asking me again to make brandy cherries or sloe gin. She'll—*be going to shops!*"

In his *The Tenth Muse,* first published in 1954, Sir Harry Luke of the British Colonial service, who was surely the Noel Coward of Cooks, is insouciant, worldly, opinionated, and gossipy; the recipes are mere sketches, details of execution being matters for one's clever cook to puzzle over while one lunches out. His dishes come from sources like Madame Constantine Bultzo of Zante, the Hindu cook Bala of Government House, Fiji, and Mr. and Mrs. R.T. Smallbones of the Island of Koludarz, Dalmatia; they are redolent of sophistication, luxury, self-conscious exoticism, and provocatively unhappy marriages. When Sir Harry writes of the monotonous diet of "the wretched Alakaluf. . . who has to subsist on raw sea-urchins and mussels, for which his women plunge naked into the icy water," or alludes to the correct manner of preparing water snakes for banquets in Fiji, or describes recipes he collected from "missionaries and nuns in tropical outposts," we remember the Coward who wrote his song, "Mad Dogs and Englishmen, while jungles and rivers and mountains and rice fields were unrolling by the window of the car," and sang the final version "on the verandah of a small jungle guest house" to an audience partly composed of gecko lizards and tree frogs. Sir Harry's recipes, like Coward's songs, evoke locales ranging from the Balkans to Zanzibar, and his reminiscences of dining with Devil-Worshippers in Kurdistan, or in elegant clubs in Buenos Aires, suggest the peripatetic social lives of Coward's protag-

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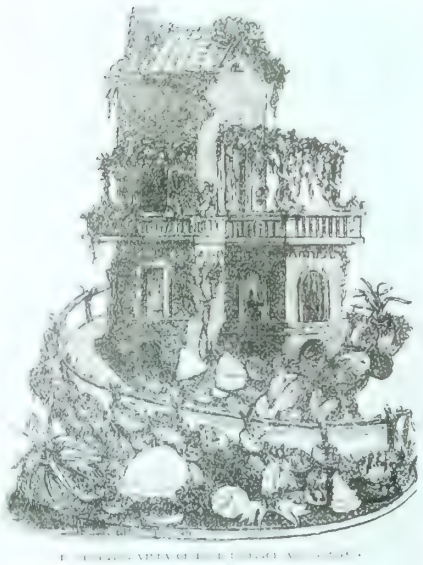
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onists, trysting and gossiping "in restaurants and dining-cars/In messes, clubs and hotel bars." And his instructions for succulent cold game pies and patés produce dishes suitable to this mood from "After the Ball," when after "some exhausting social day/We thankfully to bed retire And like Salome in a bygone day,/Enjoy a little something on a tray."

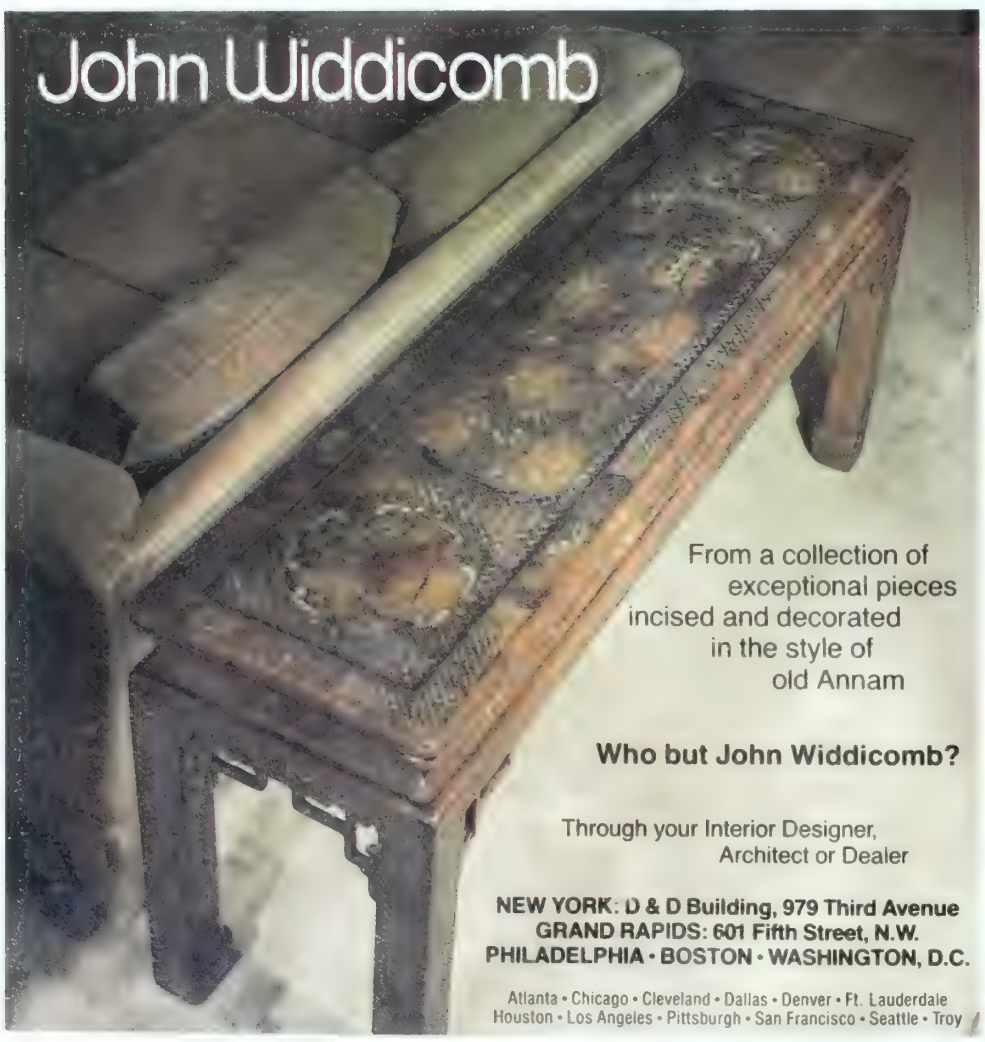
Sir Harry is not only a cook, but a host who can accompany us to dinners to which we weren't invited, like the 1920 banquet in Tiflis, in the Trans-Caucasian Republic of Georgia: "Fresh caviare straight from the Baku, bears' hams, smoked river-trout, salmon . . . found only in lovely Lake Gyockche on the borders of Georgia and Armenia."

Dr. Samuel Johnson once declared during dinner at a publisher's house, "I could write a better book of cookery than has ever yet been written: it should be a book upon philosophical principles."

The cookbook that provoked Dr. Johnson's bon mot was the work of Hannah Glasse, sister of Sir Lancelot Allgood, and sometime "habit maker" to the Princess of Wales. She published in 1747 the most popular English cookbook of the eighteenth century, which was reprinted in over twenty editions in a period of fifty years. It was still in use well into the nineteenth century, and is cited in an American cookbook of 1883 as an essential part of a domestic library. *The Art of Cookery Made Plain and Easy* (modestly subtitled "which far exceeds anything of the kind yet published") contains recipes for such forgotten dishes as tanseys, puptons, frayzes, and syringed fritters, in addition to material still part of the contemporary kitchen repertoire such as "portable soop" of bouillon cubes, and a series of excellent cheese recipes for Scotch, Welsh, and English rabbits. Mrs. Glasse's book was one of the first in English to attempt even the most haphazard kind of organization. She was clearly a forthright, temperamental woman, who flings down an indignant gauntlet to French cooks in her introduction: "I have heard of a cook that used six pounds of butter to fry twelve eggs; when every body knows (that understands cooking) that half a pound of butter is full enough, or more than need be used; but then it would not be French. So much is the blind folly of this age, that they would rather be imposed on by a French booby, than give encouragement to a good English cook!" She sustains her fiery attack on the French to the end of her folio, and is certainly one of the very few cooks in memory who prints French recipes in full only to undercut them, as in her sarcastically elaborate recipe, "The French way of dressing partridges," which concludes, "This dish I do not recommend; for I think it an odd jumble of trash." Her book dramatizes for us the extraordinary difficulties of maintaining a kitchen fire for what we might naïvely assume was a straightforward method of cooking, that of roasting meat; in her day, as the celebrated French gourmand, the Marquis de Cussy, once said, roasting was at once "nothing and the infinite." Her attention to preserved foods is a reminder, too, that even for eighteenth-century housekeepers of means, laying provisions by to survive cold winters without canned food or reliable storage was an awesome task. To read her recipe against the plague, which begins, "First take out of your room all silver and gold lace," is to be struck forcibly



A simple pastry from *Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management*, 1861.



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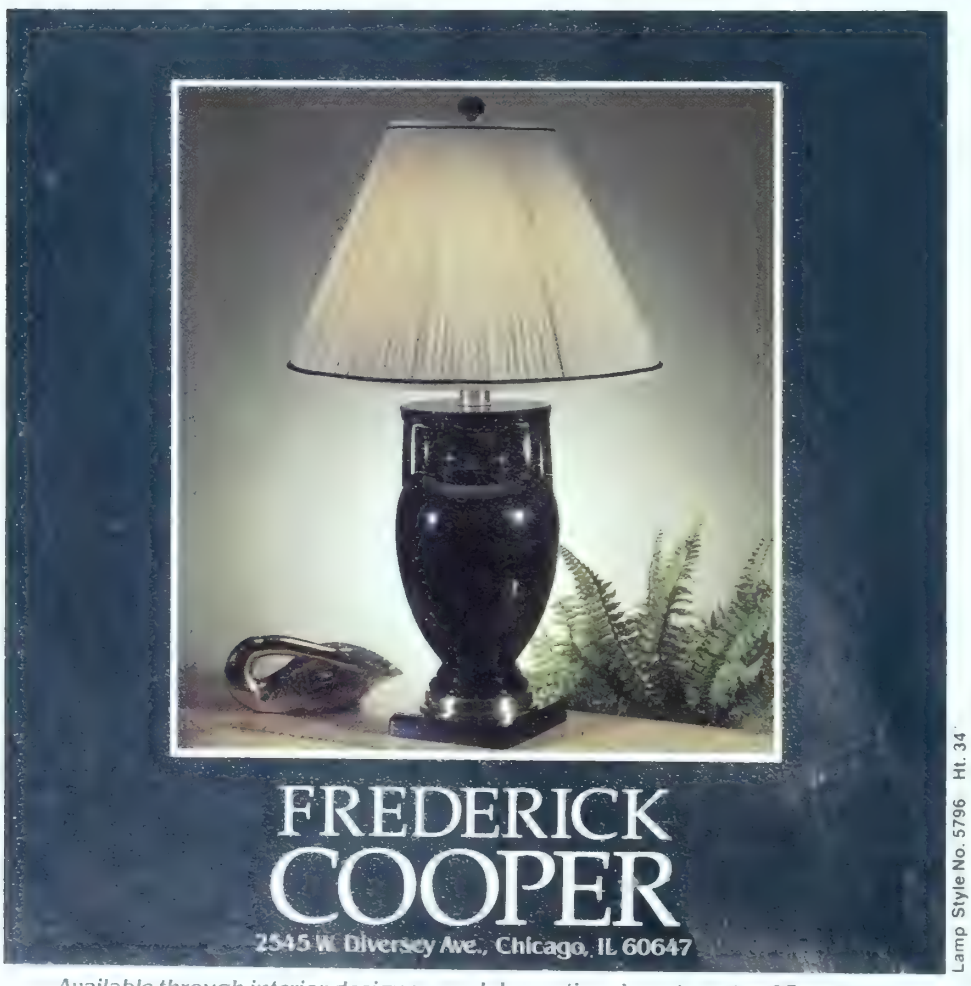
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lives of the people who lived in the century that established our government. Their food is as mysterious to us as their housekeeping; eighteenth-century food is less embellished than completely metamorphosed. It is candied, it is reshaped, it is disguised; there is a magical quality in the transformation of raw materials into what was considered an edible dish as in Mrs. Glasse's recipe for "Pigeons Transmogrified":

> Take your pigeons, season them with pepper and salt, take a large piece of butter, make a puff-paste, and roll each pigeon in a piece of paste; tie them in a cloth, so the paste do not break; boil them in a good deal of water. They will take an hour and a half boiling; untie them carefully that they do not break; lay them in the dish, and you may pour a little good gravy in the dish. They will eat exceeding good and nice, and will yield enough sauce of a very agreeable relish.

Hannah Glasse's famous successor, Eliza Acton, whose *Modern Cookery,* "dedicated to the young housekeepers of England," first appeared in 1845, was a frustrated poet. She conceived the project of writing a cookbook after she took her manuscript of poems to a London publisher, who responded, "It is no good bringing me poetry! Nobody wants poetry now. Go home and write me a cookery book, and we might come to terms." The poet's book, in comparison with its English ancestors, is a clean and compact miracle of organization. Each chapter opens with a section on the general principles to be applied in its particular branch of cookery, and the instructions in individual recipes are models of clarity. The 1864 edition provides an international range of recipes, even containing an admiring section on Jewish cookery. Eliza Acton's prose is precise and trustworthy; and she has an artist's sense that even a cooked dish has a particular character, and can express an idea. Her sly and delightful sense of humor sparkles most visibly in her chapters on puddings. Her recipe for "The Publisher's Pudding" opens with this emphatic direction: "This pudding can scarcely be made too rich"; while a few pages later we encounter "The Poor Author's Pudding," which, while surrounded by other sweets lavish with raisins, apples, and greengage plums, is noticeably, and ironically fruitless.

Eliza Acton's book acted as John the Baptist to work of the magisterial Isabella Beeton; other cookbooks may be handbooks of instruction, but Mrs. Beeton's positively converses with her readers. Isabella Beeton's epic *Book of Household Management,* first published in 1861 (now in facsimile from Chancellor Press), was intended to be the feminine counterpart of her husband's *Encyclopedia of Universal Knowledge.* It is not only a cookbook, but a book of etiquette, nutrition-medicine, family law, and natural history. An incomplete summary of the chapter on lamb, for instance, might mention its detailed accounts of the various breeds of lamb native to England and its colonies, a commentary on Christ's use of shepherd imagery in the Gospel of John, a geological description of the English Downs, where Southdown mutton is bred, a history of the Order of the Golden Fleece, and a section called "The Poets on Sheep," which quotes Burns, Shakespeare, Thomas, Dyer, and Gray. And from the clarion call of the opening sentence, "As with the commander of an army, or the leader of an enterprise, so it is with the mistress of a house," we know we are in the domain of an author for whom practical and moral life intersect, that we are not merely students of household management, but by its means, are in the process of "advancing to the perfection of our faculties." Even her recipes can read like moral precepts, as does number 388 in the original edition, entitled: "Useful Soup for Benevolent Purposes," which "was used in the winter of 1858 by the Editress . . . for distribution amongst about a dozen families of the village near which she lives." What astonishes about Mrs. Beeton is not just the depth of her research, or the encyclopedic compilation of recipes that resulted, but her indisputable sense of feminine power. Despite her occasional dry wit, and her disciplined, but sensuous plea-



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an implicit sense that ordinary household life governed by women is a matter of life and death, social, moral, and physical. Her book reads like the work of an ethical Lady Macbeth while her prose is so commanding that fine points of Victorian etiquette seem suddenly necessary and sensible.

With what relief one embraces this final settlement of a delicate issue of ball etiquette: "*In private parties,* a lady is not to refuse the invitation of a gentleman to dance, unless she be previously engaged. The hostess must be supposed to have asked to her house only those persons whom she knows to be perfectly respectable and of unblemished character, as well as pretty equal in position; and thus, to decline the offer of any gentleman present would be a tacit reflection on the master and mistress of the house. It may be mentioned here, more especially for the young who will read this book, that introductions at balls or evening parties do not necessarily involve a subsequent acquaintanceship, no introduction, at these times, giving a gentleman a right to address, afterwards, a lady. She is consequently, free next morning to pass her partner at a ball of the previous evening without the slightest recognition." And how reassured one is to find in a chapter on confectionary precise, numbered diagrams for constructing Venetian villas, Swiss chalets, and Chinese pagodas from nougat, pastry, and meringue.

Mrs. Beeton is the cook par excellence of the British Empire. It was Britain's colonial adventure that created the market for such a book; hers was the reference work that traveled with young officer's and diplomat's wives to Britain's colonies, re-creating in detail the atmosphere of Epsom and of London in Calcutta and in Auckland.

Isabella Beeton was perhaps, in the commonwealth of cookery, the culinary equivalent of her contemporary, Alfred Tennyson, as ample, diverse, and inclusive as her country's poet laureate. Her own elaborate preparations for a picnic agree sweetly with Tennyson's picnic in verse from the poem, "Audley Court":

There on a slope of orchard, Francis
laid a damask napkin wrought with
horse and hound
Brought out a dusky loaf that smelt of home
and, half-cut-down-, a pasty costly made
Where quail and pigeon, lark and leveret lay,
Like fossils of the rock, with golden yolks
embedded and injellied; last with these,
A flask of cider from his father's vats,
Prime which I knew; and so we sat and eat
and talk'd old matters over.

The Book of Household Management bred numerous offspring on the other side of the Atlantic. Troops of books of domestic advice with titles like *The Hearthstone, The Complete Home,* and *House and Home: A Complete Housewife's Guide* were published in the United States at the turn of the century.

Earlier influential American cookbooks, such as *The Virginia Housewife* of 1824 and *The Carolina Housewife* of 1847 (both reissued in facsimile by the University of South Carolina Press) confined themselves to the kitchen and its adjacent garden. While these books offer invaluable records of American taste and cooking techniques, and intriguing recipes such as the Carolina Housewife's "Soup with [so called] Green frogs," a fanciful title for stuffed spinach leaves in stock, they give us a somewhat foreshortened picture of a cook confronted with a stockpot, rather than a woman living in the world. The later American books embrace and vary the new style of cookery writing forged by Mrs. Beeton: anecdotal and companionable, they address their readers intimately, even impertinently. Chatty and democratic in tone, their wisdom is often tendered by a fictional "Aunt Polly" or "Aunt Sophronia," whose prejudices about food, decoration, and cleanliness depend largely on whether her address ends Richmond, Virginia, or Madison, Wisconsin. One of these remarkable productions written by a temperance advocate offers the following heartfelt, if tactless, advice: "Cousin Ann sat down by her maid and said, in true sympathy; 'Harriet, I am *very* sorry for you, and I will advise you as I would my daughter. Don't marry a man who drinks . . . avoid putting on your tables that which may be the ruin of your own households and a snare to





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the soul of your neighbor.' " This book, by Mrs. Julia McNair Wright, also suggests seasoning a turkey ragout with a "wineglass of strong lemonade."

Politics, the inseparable companion of American literature, is equally present in America's domestic guidebooks. Marion Harland, the doyenne of America's late-nineteenth-century cooks, and justly praised by M.F.K. Fisher, suggested in 1889 a plan whereby housewives would receive a portion of their husband's income as salary, writing, "Women ought not to object to being considered and treated as paupers. But they do!"

One American book that has slipped into inexplicable and unmerited oblivion is the 1902 *Pleasures of the Table,* by George H. Ellwanger, M.A. Ellwanger's idiosyncratic review of gastronomy is a handsome book, a deep flushed camellia color, with a golden boar's head surrounded by acanthuslike scrolls of golden steam imprinted on the cover. It is full of witty illustrations for the attentive as spices and herbs are full of subtle flavor for the curious; it would be easy, for instance, to overlook the tiny engraving of a carp holding an umbrella on the copyright page, but Ellwanger belongs to that mischievous breed of authors who leave their readers unchaperoned, both to perceive and to feel pleasure according to their capacities. Ellwanger is a master of the artful anecdote, and knows too, how to decant a phrase. He is as well read in the history of cooking and eating as Brillat-Savarin. His discourses on the relationship of the Catholic clergy to liqueurs, on the history of tavern signboards, on Greek gastronomy, are enlaced with tales of the great gourmands of the past, and occasional recipes. He has almost a lexicographer's gift for defining the exact character and pleasure a particular food offers, as in this anecdote of the author-cook Grimod de La Reynière: "It is related that on a certain occasion, when reminded by a lady that he was taking a large portion of macaroni after a plenteous repast, he observed: 'Madame, Macaroni is heavy, it is true, but it is like the Doge of Venice: when he arrives one must make room for him—everyone stands aside.' "

He is unpretentious and elegant whether writing of the effect of frying on manners, observing that "fine and delicate dinners may be found a panacea to lacerated affections," or recording the following recipe, to accompany a dessert wine: "On fresh bread cut in thin slices for its base, you will place a layer of the freshest butter, then a layer . . . of fresh cream cheese, and finally a gilding of maple syrup . . . it will succeed the ices with as buoyant a grace as the daffodil follows the snowdrop of spring." So it does.

There are hundreds of momentarily forgotten or temporarily undiscovered cookbooks, each of which offers a particular pleasure, re-creates a specific era or mood; one thinks of Mrs. C.F. Leyel's *Picnic for Motorists* and her books from the superb "Lure of Cookery" series published in the thirties; of the books of Marcel Boulestin, the friend of Colette, who was arguably the most imaginative exponent of French regional cookery yet published in English; of the prize, to my taste, of the *Larousse Gastronomique*, the 1938 edition, by Prosper Montagné. Its jade-green leather cover is pierced with the appetizing image of three chickens in full roast in a brick oven, and it contains a deliciously chauvinistic section on American food, which implies that the great contributions of American cuisine are cocktails, and to judge from the Jean Harlowesque creature devouring a rather virile-looking ear of corn, blondes.

Perhaps Joseph Conrad, whose wife's cooking, to judge from her books *Handbook of Cookery* and *Home Cookery,* kept him a well-fed novelist, best summarizes the pleasures of collecting cookbooks in his preface to hers:

"Of all the books produced since the remote ages by human talents and industry those only that treat of cooking are, from a moral point of view, above suspicion. The intention of every other piece of prose may be discussed and even mistrusted, but the purpose of a cookery book is one and unmistakable. Its object can conceivably be no other than to increase the happiness of mankind." □



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short time there. The present mansion (1893) is the estate's second house, the first having burned in 1891. The loss of a beloved home might have been cause enough for the symbolic mosaic phoenix over the fireplace in the Great Hall, but to the Trasks, the medieval bird represented recovery from greater losses.

They first came to Saratoga in 1881 mourning their son, Alan, bringing with them to the rented Childs mansion their daughter Christina, who named Yaddo, rhyming the nonsense word: "Yaddo *sounds* like shadow but it's not going to *be* shadow."

Spencer Trask, born in 1844, was a New York broker who backed Thomas Edison, became an original trustee of General Electric, supported railroads, and financed Adolph Ochs's reborn *New York Times*. He was also a philanthropist, founding a home for orphan girls, and anti-gambling. His fortunes rose and fell: suffering reverses in the Panic of 1893, Trask had to place the new mansion on the market within a few months, not taking it off until two years later.

His wife Kate, later Katrina, wrote popular plays and novels. She was religious and mystical. Her style may sound silly to modern ears, but she had undeniable vision. She believed that "beauty and possibility lie in our hands." Her nephew described her as a "peculiar blend of idealism, romanticism, and pretentiousness."

Once or twice I fell into conversation with a new housemaid who had lost her place in Newport when her employers lost their fortune. She had no esteem, none whatever, for the writers she saw at Yaddo. They were the sort of people, she said—after making a polite exception for me—who wouldn't be invited twice to a Newport cottage.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Spencer Trask had bought the Yaddo property against the advice of friends, who told him to buy a cottage on fashionable North Broadway. "It is much more clever and interesting," wrote Mrs. Trask, "to *make* a locality fashionable than it is to *take* a fashionable locality." Besides, "...people frighten the fairies." What she and Spencer came to call "Yaddo-life" was more than elaborate play on a country estate. They saw Yaddo as a source of spiritual and artistic inspiration.

From the beginning, Yaddo was a word-place: "We spoke of 'our farm' when it had about three chickens and four cabbage heads," Mrs. Trask wrote. Between Yaddo and the thoroughbred racetrack, the Trasks left the pine forest wild, cultivating around the enlarged house and to the east, building a working farm to the south, and creating "a stately approach" to the north. Spencer laid out the gardens—the rose garden, completed in 1899, is dedicated to Katrina—and engineered dams to control the streams and lakes. Kate set pure Yaddo ice in silver tankards to decorate her dinner table.

The Trasks established a tradition of hospitality, of holiday pageants and celebrations, special Yaddo toasts and poems, and family gatherings. On Halloween 1882, in a private ceremony written and enacted by her family, Kate Nichols Trask was crowned Katrina, Queen of Yaddo, and presented with crown, ring, sword, and ivory scepter; after her coronation she always called herself by her royal name.

The Trasks welcomed to Yaddo prominent politicians, artists, scientists, and church officials of the day. Mrs. Trask eschewed the "tittle-tattle of society" for more meaningful talk. Once, discussing Dante's vision of the Inferno, Katrina turned to a "stiff and formal woman" to say she found it odd that God permitted everlasting punishment. The woman outdid Katrina in earnestness, replying, "I never discuss *Hell* at the dinner-table."

The happiest period of Yaddo-life ended in April 1888, when, in their New York home, Christina, eleven, and Junius, four, died within three days of each other of diphtheria, probably contracted from contact with Katrina, who was recovering from the disease. In August 1889, Katrina's last





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child died twelve days after birth.

Three years later, Spencer, ill in New York with pneumonia, was told that Yaddo had burned to the ground. Phoenixlike, Trask was inspired rather than defeated; he had photographs taken of the foundations to plan for the new house. The cornerstone was laid three months after the fire.

The Trasks designed their new mansion themselves, mixing periods and styles, and architect William Halsey Wood "approved our plans and used his art to fulfill them," Katrina wrote. They filled their mansion with furniture of their own design as well as objects bought on European tours. The pine and the rose, emblems of Spencer and Katrina, are used throughout as decorative motifs. (A recent inventory of Yaddo property disclosed that the Trasks' furniture and art is for the most part of little value except as part of Yaddo. The few valuable pieces have been lent to regional museums.)

The Trasks' mansion may be criticized as an incongruous union of castle and cottage, but it is an adaptable and hospitable building that was transformed from a private home into a retreat for artists without drastic alteration. In the public rooms, many pieces of furniture are in the same place they've been since 1893, earning the mansion an air of stability. For all its jumbled qualities, the mansion and grounds achieve the effect the Trasks desired, so much so that one doesn't see Yaddo so much as feel it.

Polly told me this had been Katrina Trask's own room. . . Placed in the alcove made by the bay window was a desk, a chair, and a low table, just the right height for a typewriter, and as soon as I had brought up my things from the car and unpacked, I began to write because it would have seemed ungrateful not to, in such a room.

GAIL GODWIN

Without heirs, discouraged, the Trasks considered the future of their estate. Spencer was determined to "set it apart for some special purpose." Then came Katrina's vision of a Yaddo future of "men and women—creating, creating, creating!"

The Trasks formed the Corporation of Pine Garde with the help of Trask's business partner, George Foster Peabody, who had long been in love with Katrina. In 1909—his fortune not yet recovered from the Panic of 1907—Spencer was killed in a train crash, and Katrina, who had been nearly an invalid since 1901, went into retreat. In 1916, she closed the mansion and lived in the renovated caretaker's cottage in order to economize for Yaddo's future. A year before her death, in 1921, she married George Foster Peabody.

Mrs. Trask wouldn't allow the Yaddo project to begin during her lifetime. When pressed by Peabody to appoint a director, Mrs. Trask said mysteriously and accurately that "*she* will come when it's time for her to come." After Katrina's death, Mrs. Elizabeth Ames came to Yaddo to visit her sister, who was helping Peabody with a research project. She remained director and guiding spirit until 1970.

Elizabeth Ames, with both adventurousness and common sense, set the tone of Yaddo and its schedule, which has remained substantially the same. There is no visiting between studios before four P.M., and after that by invitation only. Visitors are not permitted at Yaddo before four or after eleven P.M. The rules chafe little and help one to say no to distraction from within and without. In the big summer season, Yaddo's fifty-five-room mansion and the outlying buildings and studios hold thirty-four guests, and in the little season, twelve, for stays from two weeks to two months.

Each generation of artists has reflected the outside world one escapes temporarily at Yaddo. In the thirties, guests fresh from Depression-worn cities were served breakfast in bed; some used their newfound leisure to design a socialized Yaddo, deciding which tasks ought to be assigned to which guests, to the alarm of the staff. In the late forties, Red-baiting rose its head, and in our own time the workshop art-

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ist has appeared, from a generation used to sharing work before it's hatched. Still, the purpose and atmosphere of Yaddo is strong enough to absorb the guests' quirks.

In pattern, the place comes to resemble an upside-down pyramid: at its broad top the combined effect of the environs, the staff efforts and the pattern of the day itself, all converging on that sharply engaged point—the artist. No wonder that, as work intensifies, an artist comes to believe in, and even confess to, the happy illusion that the place is being run solely for her or him. HORTENSE CALISHER

Often at Yaddo, I've felt an unusual pleasure in my work that has at least something to do with the presence of other artists. If someone is depressed or manic, drinks too much, insists on making puns at the dinner table or talking about Hell—it is all tolerated, so long as no one's work is disturbed. One of Yaddo's miracles is that so much good has happened there and so little negative of any importance.

A few summers ago I was having dinner at Yaddo, at the corner table by a glass cabinet, and we were discussing Yaddo's active fund-raising program. One writer said, "Well, if Yaddo needs money, why don't they sell that thing," and he pointed to the jeweled crown that is displayed in the cabinet in a blue velvet case. The remark was cranky but charming, because it betrayed an innocent belief in the Trasks.

The crown is worthless—glass stones and metal—and was used during the Trasks' costume pageants and plays. It was placed in the cabinet—on top of a blue velvet knife case—by Curtis Harnack, executive director since 1971. What is authentic at Yaddo—its crowning glory—is a generous and courageous vision that has been carried out with devotion, style, and intelligence, and has accomplished more than perhaps even the Trasks foresaw. □

The quotes displayed in this story are from Yaddo's sixtieth-anniversary publication, Six Decades at Yaddo.

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LAMPLIGHT

Though new forms are constantly being invented, old lamps never fade away

By Mark Hampton



Three table-lamp classics, from the left: an electrified antique gilt-bronze candlestick with a false candle; a Chinese vase mounted and wired; an 18th-century bouillotte in bronze with original tole shade.

MARK HAMPTON

It seems to me that the act of leaving a lamp lighted on the hall table for those who have not yet returned for the night is rather like the ancients leaving lamps on the altars of their favorite deities. It is a warm, loving gesture and a welcoming sight to the one who is returning. Somehow, leaving a recessed ceiling light on doesn't quite evoke the same cozy feeling. Yet when I first began working in the decorating world in the early sixties, an awful reaction against table lamps was going on and everyone of a certain forward-looking point of view was frantically trying to eliminate the beautiful, useful, and time-honored lamp. Well, those days are over, for a while at least, and as is the case with all lighting (it never ceases to surprise me), the recent lampless look still exists while lamps of every known sort also continue to exist. The world of lighting is constantly expanding but it never contracts. The possibilities simply increase.

It is almost impossible for us to imagine the world without electricity. Whenever there is a power failure and we find ourselves surrounded by lighted candles, I always marvel at the grip darkness has over us. One of the basic elements of ancient lamp design is portability. Every little oil lamp made two thousand years ago had a handle so you could move that light from one dark place to another. "Lighting the way" was critically important, and the design and manufacture of the artifacts that provided the light took on a good deal of importance, too. Ancient Etruscan lamps, for example, were beautifully made and were a great source of pride to their owners.

Candles were in fact known in ancient history, but they did not become common in domestic use until after the Middle Ages. Because of their costliness, they were confined for centuries to religious use. They were made of tallow or wax and in France there were two separate guilds for the two different sorts of candles. When candles finally hit the domestic scene, they provided an outlet for decorative design that is profoundly felt to this day. The historical range of candlesticks and candelabra is vast and completely wonderful as a source of inspiration for modernists and traditionalists alike. The materials used in candlestick making are tremendously varied—wood, brass, pewter, bronze, silver, porcelain—just to mention a few. There are not many useful, decorative articles that inspire such widespread creativity and variety, or that have traveled down through time with so much adaptability. The bouillotte lamp, for example, is a beautiful design usually consisting of three bronze candle branches and a painted tole shade. It was made to light a gaming table in the eighteenth century (the game was called bouillotte). It has, with the substitution of a couple of light bulbs, become an indispensable



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types of lamps (and, sadly, the present day, and I feel it would be fun if it will never be out of favor.

In 1784, a Swiss inventor named Argand came up with a new kind of oil lamp that did not have the problem of making a lot of greasy smoke. It marked the beginning of another era of lighting, which, coupled with all those candlesticks, still has a great effect on the design of what we call lamps. Many of the shapes that became familiar as oil lamps were easily adapted to electricity a century later.

Another aspect of lamp design that is interesting to me is the fact that lamps are a remarkably clear indicator of the fashion of the times. They are, in an odd way, a fashion accessory—in fact, lamps can be thought of as the jewelry of interior decoration: they can be quite precious; they can be retired and brought back at a later date; they can be remounted. Or they can be given a new type of lampshade, and *presto,* they fit right in again. The subject of lampshades alone provides us with an indicator of time that can be as accurate in establishing the date of a room as counting the rings on a tree stump is in dating the tree. How often an old photograph of a divine room is marred according to present-day standards of style (fickle and feeble though they may be) only by the funny, outmoded lampshades.

In the first 25 years or so of this century, rather elaborate (sometimes *very* elaborate) Chinese-style pagoda-shaped silk lampshades with frills and ruching and fringe were used on lamps made out of Chinese vases. Such vases, by the way, had been mounted as candelabra since the eighteenth century, so they were, by the time electricity came into domestic use, time-honored objects in the realm of lighting. These extreme Chinese lampshades eventually gave way to a more conservative shape, and for years, there was a commonly used lampshade with concave outlines that was a simplification of the overly designed pagoda shade. Later on in the forties and the fifties (oh, how I love to gripe about the fifties!) we saw the insistent and very ugly drum-shaped lampshades that still appear in motel rooms and other places of dubious decorative distinction. Then came the simple tapered shade whose shape can be more or less conventional. In the sixties, I remember loving the marvelously chic Paris apartment of Roger Vivier, and one of its outstanding features was the design of the lampshades, which were of an exaggerated coolie-hat shape, made of shiny opaque paper. They became an instant rage.

As we all know, lampshades can make or break a lamp. Just exactly what makes a good lampshade is, like taste itself, a difficult thing to define; however, there is always my favorite test, which is easy to apply: what has looked best for the longest period of time? Usually, if a design has consistently won out over the other entries in the race, then it is pretty good. And in lampshades, where proportions mean everything, unless your intention is to create an extreme shape like that of M. Vivier, the most appealing lampshade is one that tapers, but not too radically. Its vertical measurement should exceed the top diameter, but not by an enormous amount. Steeply tapered shades, which have a top diameter that is a great deal smaller than both the bottom diameter and the vertical dimension, are usually best when used on rather small, spindly lamps, which of course means that the shades themselves are small. The larger the shade gets, the more difficult it is to scale it. These same loose principles of proportion apply to hexagonal and octagonal shades as well.

The materials that can be used for shades are numerous. Paper shades can be clean and strict looking, especially when the paper is opaque—either shiny or dull. Translucent paper, on the other hand, has a soft glowing quality when the light is on that is less hard than the opaque. If you have a clever painter, you can also glaze translucent paper shades, which results in an aged look whether the light is off or on. Opaque paper shades can be tinted for that matter, but it doesn't affect the quality of the light. Linen, cotton, and silk, whether pleated, shirred, or stretched tight, are beautiful and rich. Color tonality is terribly important, since dead white can be so glaring. Soft pink linings are loved by many but the pink must be a very subtle shade. It is definitely true that the whole mystery of selecting a lampshade is largely solved if you are able to take the lamp with you to the place where the lampshades come from. Certainly the safest



approach is to opt for the simplest design made in the best possible way.

In spite of the tendency of lamps to be rather trendy accessories, it is still undeniable that a good number of lamp types have remarkable durability. They are real classics. Here is a brief list. 1. The okay-to-fine Chinese or Japanese vase mounted as a lamp. (Note: if it is a good vase and has never been mounted before, do *not* drill a hole in the bottom of it. That little hole will ruin the value of your antique. The cord will be just fine dangling out of the top of the mounting, and we all want to control our compulsive behavior, don't we?) 2. Gilt-bronze candlesticks mounted with a false candle and topped with a delicately scaled shade, which are lovely in pairs or singly. 3. Bouillotte lamps, already described. 4. Crystal columns with gilt-bronze capitals, usually the bases for oil lamps that have lost the reservoir part of the mechanism, which make very crisp and elegant lamps. 5. Different types of wooden candlesticks, Italian baroque as well as simple Georgian examples. 6. Battersea and other sorts of enamelware candlesticks. What's more, these various types of lamps all go together, which is part of the challenge. Bunches of new lamps fresh off the assembly line, on the other hand, do not look very rich, and if you do not want a rich effect in the first place, then make your lamps out of simple earthenware vases, or old hand-blown glass bottles and jars, or severe terra-cotta or plaster shapes. The Diego Giacometti plaster lamps are yet another example of the persistence of great design. They hold the same charm now that they did fifty years ago. Another huge category of lamp-base types is the broad range of Empire and Regency partly dark and partly gilded candelabra that can look very grand but that can also look very hotel-lobby if you're not careful. And finally, although I know I have only scratched the surface, there are all the urns of the world that have been converted into lamps. Wood, marble, porcelain, bronze, tole, and on and on. For those of us who adore neoclassicism, they are always welcome.

Twentieth-century design has added a number of well-known classics to the list of permanently available lamp types. The way a style can last is remarkable: the 1924 Rietveld table



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lamp is half a century older than the 1972 "Tizio" lamp by Richard Sapper, yet they could be used just a few feet away from each other or one could be used instead of the other. Their design inspiration is the general language of the industrial revolution, which has had such a profound impact on modernism. It is noteworthy that many of the starkly modern lamps of this genre create hot spots or pools of light rather than general, soft illumination, partly because they were intended to be used in spaces that had a lot of ceiling light. This quality of casting sharp pinpoints of light only increases the sculptural feeling of the lamps themselves.

As we all know, lampshades can make or break a lamp

Within the realm of modern lighting, one must also consider the vast area of Art Nouveau and Art Deco lamps. Without meaning to be unappreciative of those two periods, I do feel that both Art Nouveau and Art Deco were such radical developments and so highly ornamented and stylized that they do not permit a very eclectic use of their artifacts. For example, Tiffany and Gallé and all other art-glass lamps look out of place in most rooms. They are most commonly and most successfully used as collected objects, not as functional decoration.

When we are thinking about decoration, the fact remains that for many of us the most agreeable way to light a room is with table lamps. In addition to creating seductive pools of light of whatever intensity we desire, they provide us with a satisfying amount of decorating that is limitless in its variety. They can also be placed wherever we need them or want them. Rich and grand, arts-and-craftsy, redolent of some bygone era, or modern and strange—there are styles and designs that can fit in with any décor and that can suit any design sensibility. And the acquisition of a new lamp—unlike a track light—doesn't usually necessitate calling the electrician. □

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MAIN LINE FRENCH





In Mac II's fourth house for an exurban Philadelphia family, Chessy Rayner balances respect for tradition with a designer's feel for the height of current fashion

BY CHRISTOPHER HEMPHILL
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN RADKAI

Remember the house in *The Philadelphia Story*? The movie's director, George Cukor, once told how he had ordered intentionally dowdy sets for it to capture his perception of the Main Line. Densely wooded and laced with streams and trails—even now more accurately described as exurbia than suburbia—the area has long stood for the discreet, the understated, and the secure. Attractive attributes all—but when translated into interior decoration, Cukor's image of the Main Line prevails to this day.

You might be then surprised—having turned "right at the Merion Cricket Club," a local landmark—to come upon a house in Haverford that is the opposite of dowdy. Chessy Rayner, of the noted New York firm MAC II, has decorated it with respect for Main Line tradition, but she has also placed it at the height of current fashion. "Everyone associates us with elaborate New York apartments," Mrs. Rayner says. "We wanted to show we could also do something charming and simple and pretty with lots of chintz."

MAC II, perhaps best known for consistently clean and crisp adaptations of shifting modes, encountered similarly mercurial temperaments in the Thomas Flanagans, their clients in Haverford. After 38 years of married life, the Flanagans are living in their fourteenth house—and their fourth decorated by Mrs. Rayner. "For the last couple of moves," Janet Flanagan says, "we've been able to keep the same telephone number. When friends call, they say, 'Where are you living now?' "

Tom Flanagan works as a consultant in "systems development." In plain English, this means he advises businesses that are in trouble, particularly those in the computer field. The last few years have been good for him, which may have something to do with the latest move. His wife had had her eye on this imposing château-style house for years, and when it came on the market he indulged her. She, by her own admission, has "a problem. It's a compulsion with me—these houses. But *Chessy* doesn't think I'm crazy."





In the living room, *preceding pages*, the doors of a French country armoire have been left open to display antique prints and majolica. The rug is one of several newly acquired Bessarabians. *Above:* In another view of the living room, luxuriously deep club chairs and back-to-back sofas are covered in "lots of chintz" from Cowtan & Tout. *Right:* Brunschwig & Fils striped wallcoverings in the dining room make the ceiling seem higher.



New pilasters give architectural definition to the library. The George III barrel-back chair with its nicely worn leather, the Bessarabian rug, the old needlepoint pillows, and the tea table—rather than a coffee table—between the sofas, while all antique, are also very much of the moment. The 17th-century Continental painting over the fireplace comes from Florian Papp.





"They're perfect clients—dear and enthusiastic," Mrs. Rayner says. "And when people are enthusiastic, you turn yourself inside out for them."

With her commanding stature and her loping, purposeful stride, Mrs. Rayner stands in distinct physical contrast to her client; Mrs. Flanagan is very petite. Tom Flanagan calls them "Mutt and Jeff." "One particular time," he recalls, "I went shopping with them and Janet bought one of those very classic navy-blue coats. . . "

"A Chesterfield," his wife puts in.

"Well, in any case," he continues, "I always associate them with little girls. And I swear to you, from behind, you'd have thought they were mother and daughter." The relationship is not quite that, but Mrs. Flanagan concedes that her decorator has become something of a mentor.

Mrs. Rayner also brought to the project a tall person's sense of scale. As imposing as it looks from without, the house, built in the fifties, has—alas—only eight-foot ceilings within. Mrs. Rayner solved this prob-





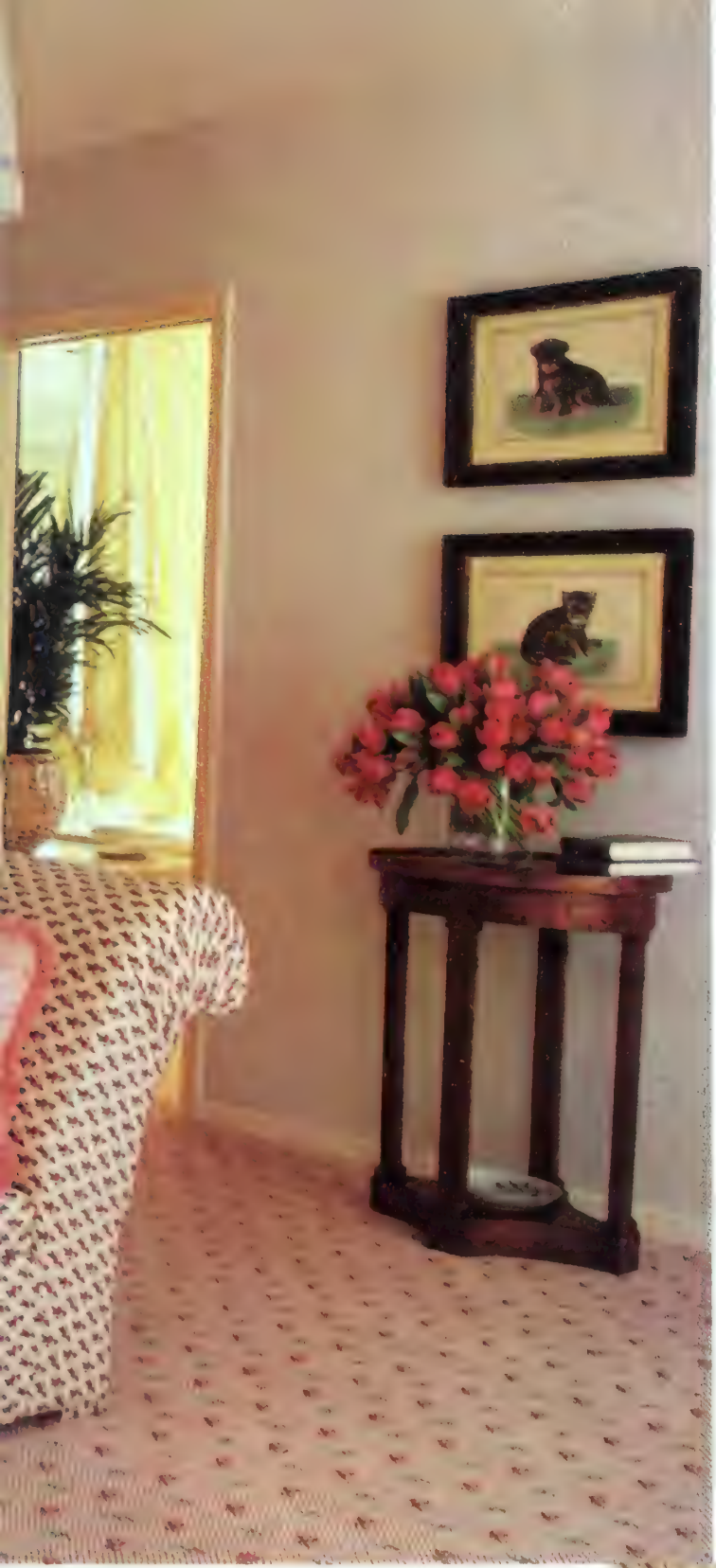


In another view of the library, *above,* a pair of brackets from Mrs. Flanagan's "faux-bamboo period" balance two of a group of English topographical views by Knyff and Kip. *Right:* Two more views hang next to an unusual American tramp-art desk dated 1893. *Above right:* A 19th-century Irish mirror in the striped powder room.



lem with several time-tested tricks of the trade. In the dining room, she used striped wallcoverings. In the library, she added pilasters. Floors throughout were painted white, curtains were run up to the ceiling; doors, where possible, were also raised to the ceiling (the last detail is something of a MAC II "signature"). Most drastically, the inevitable fifties picture windows were replaced by proper French doors with little wrought-iron balconies. The French provenance of the house is thus considerably heightened on its exterior, as well.

As it happens, the Flanagans trace their house mania to their first visits to France, where they began collecting furniture that Mrs. Rayner has deftly incorporated in the current house. A pair of French country armoires, for example, are now kept open to display decorative objects. There are also mementos throughout of what Mrs. Flanagan calls her "faux-bamboo period." In general, however, she characterizes the new manner as "fancier." "Ten years ago we did dhurries and kilims," she *(Text continued on page 196)*







The bed in the master bedroom, *above,* is hung with lace from J. H. Thorp. *Right:* The adjacent dressing room is upholstered in yards and yards of Rose Cumming chintz. The same chintz lines a French country armoire, *above right,* which has been left open to display a collection of antique boxes and baskets.

CLASSICAL TRICKERY

Designer Stephen Sills gives a modern clarity to traditional trompe l'oeil

BY MICHAEL ENNIS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI



Living room as grotto: plaster-coated draped muslin provides a faux-stone backdrop for Roman antiquities, Louis XVI table, gilt chairs from Chatsworth in Old World Weavers satin, and a Viennese Deco lamp on a silver Mughal side table. Polka dots and Clarence House stripes add a contemporary insouciance.





In typical Sills fashion, illusion and reality cross tracks so often that the eye soon learns to assume nothing and imagine anything

I grew up in Durant, Oklahoma, and out there in the country you could create anything you wanted," says designer Stephen Sills. "I could be in a creek bed and fantasize I was on the Nile or walk in a forest and feel like I was in the forest at Versailles." Since those childhood excursions Sills has lived and studied in Paris, spent ten years as a designer in Dallas, and now has a burgeoning business in New York, where he belongs to that group of young designers who are pushing past plain-vanilla Post-Modernism and hackneyed period revivals into an aesthetic of engaging wit and complex illusion. Today fantasy, the sheer romance of the faraway, the magic of antiquity, is only the beginning in Sills's work. Beyond the stark mural façade of his two-story Dallas town house—he spent two years gutting and rebuilding this "laboratory" for his latest visual inventions—the rich furnishings and coolly classical proportions inspire the mood of an eighteenth-century Italian villa. Yet in typical Sills fashion, the historicism is at times authentic, at times teasingly fraudulent; illusion and reality cross tracks so often that the eye soon learns to assume nothing and imagine anything.

The acknowledged leitmotiv for this ambitious design foray is the stunningly eccentric wall treatment in the living room. Here Sills draped plaster-dipped muslin, which after hundreds of painstaking coats of wet plaster has assumed the texture and apparent substance of cut stone. It's a brilliantly contemporary faux conceit, but in its evocation of fossilized antiquity—one thinks of drapery for an enormous classical





Swedish neoclassical chairs, *above,* were upholstered in leather painted to resemble stone. Columns found in a Paris flea market. *Right:* An 18th-century Irish mirror surmounts the mantel. In foreground, 18th-century garden figures, Charles X obelisk; Roman fragment under table.



Entry hall combines unglazed Islamic tiles, 18th-century Irish mirror and sconces, Chinese porcelain, Egyptian alabaster, and French Deco furnishings, including Jean-Michel Frank parchment cabinet. *Opposite:* Faux stones are actually cut wallpaper.





Sills has arranged his interior with appropriate restraint, but a streak of baroque exuberance emerges in his eye-challenging use of materials

Greek sculpture—it is also a subtle reference to the archaeological craze that so influenced eighteenth-century styles. This faux tour de force sets up a fine collection of bona fide Roman antiquities, the statuary fragments, freestanding fluted columns, and statuettes of swirling draped goddesses that any thoroughly modern eighteenth-century collector would have coveted. To these Sills has added such period antiques as an elegantly spare Louis XVI mahogany table and a set of François Hervé gilt chairs from Chatsworth, upholstered in cobalt-blue satin. Still more historical scope, and ambiguity, is provided by such late modern flourishes as a large blue glass cube—made by Sills from the windows of an old Dallas candy store—that resembles a Donald Judd, or the gray, fixtureless, wall-to-ceiling living-room double doors that hang with the ponderous yet carefully balanced simplicity of a Richard Serra sculpture.

An ardent devotee of neoclassicism, Sills has arranged his interior with appropriate restraint—he likes clarity, not clutter—but a streak of baroque exuberance emerges in his eye-challenging use of materials. The ceiling of his living room is covered with Japanese silver tea paper that strongly suggests sheet metal, and the living-room floor is paved in marble cut and laid like brick. Sills has been fascinated with trompe-l'oeil painting ever since childhood, so not surprisingly he has become a virtuoso of faux. His special effects range from outrageous to flawlessly counterfeit. The tortoiseshell baseboard in his bedroom is a good example of the former; his stairs—the risers are faux marbre and the steps the real thing—defy the eye to make a distinction.

Sills's trompe-l'oeil technique is so deft that he can even pounce with confidence on the accidents of the creative process. The bookcases and closets he built in his upstairs library were originally intended to imitate bleached terra cotta, but*(Text continued on page 203)*





In the library, leather-look cornices support specially cast stone finials, *above.* Reflection of architectural models in the Korean lacquer Deco mirror suggests a window into time. *Right:* Sills built the alcove for a guest bed covered with rare English paisley and flanked by Italian neoclassical chairs.





EARLY BURGHLEY

Overlooked for centuries among more glittering treasures, the Japanese porcelains of Burghley House provide a rare glimpse of seventeenth-century collecting tastes

BY RAND CASTILE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD DAVIES

Grandest of the Elizabethan stately homes, Burghley House is famous for its dense roofscape of towers, turrets, and pinnacles. Centering them is the majestic Clock Tower, *above,* dated 1585. *Left:* Among the Japanese porcelains of Burghley House is this dish dating from the late 17th or early 18th century. It is painted with a strikingly modern design of prunus blossoms in a vase on a low table, set against a background of origami-like paper squares.













The splendor of Burghley provides a robust backdrop for its Oriental treasures. *Top row, from left:* Vermeil-mounted Chinese bowl listed in the 1690 inventory; detail of carved overdoor attributed to Grinling Gibbons; very rare late-17th-century Arita puppy; allegorical figure of Fame, detail of 17th-century Soho Grotesque tapestry by John Vanderbank of London. *Middle row:* Four Japanese Van Frijtom dishes, late 17th to early 18th century, made in direct imitation of Dutch delftware, on Dutch marquetry table of the period. *Bottom row, from left:* Ceiling painted by Antonio Verrio after the legend of Cupid and Psyche; Japanese elephant, 17th century, in storeroom under the Clock Tower; carved stone ceiling detail of the Roman Staircase, completed in 1560.



Past the gates the drive ribbons before us—first straight, then left, it moves upgrade by the cricket green, then dips, then rises more steeply to crest between great trees. The mist beyond stretches like the palest cat along lower ground. It will disappear in an hour or two, but for the moment the mist guards park and tree and the many deer in the early morning of this part of still-sleeping Cambridgeshire.

In the greater distance is the profile of Burghley, rising immense from the land, an improbable silhouette in England, a New Jerusalem of towers before the whitening sky. Burghley, four centuries old, the grandest of Elizabethan houses, is the size of a New York city block. It is set in a park twice the area of Monaco. The park, in turn, centers an estate of twenty thousand acres.

One family, the Cecils (pronounced S'isl), have owned Burghley House since it was built in the late sixteenth century. They still possess house, treasures, and grounds. Burghley House is most definitely not part of Great Britain's estimable National Trust but is held as a private charitable foundation run by the Cecil family.



Lady Victoria Leatham, *top*, chatelaine of Burghley, framed by scaffolding used for the restoration of Antonio Verrio's Heaven Room. *Above:* Grisaille ceiling rondel of two figures resting in a landscape after a game of racquets, by Verrio. *Right:* In a niche on the Roman Staircase, the 17th-century Arita figures described in the Burghley inventory of 1688 as "Two China Boyes Wrestling," among the earliest Japanese works in the collection.

The builder, and first Lord Burghley, was William Cecil, created Baron Burghley by Elizabeth I in 1571. His son became an earl, and some later descendants were named marquesses of Exeter. Elizabeth I's accession inaugurated a lively period of architectural invention. Lord Burghley gained a fortune from his appointment as master of the court of wards, a lucrative office traditionally served at the pleasure of the crown. He had previously worked for the queen as her surveyor, and, as he increased in power over many years, no one remained closer to the throne. Testimony to his power and wealth is magnificently rendered in the stone and furnishings of Burghley House.

The lords of Burghley traveled regularly to the Continent, returning with a vast array of objects, pictures, and sculptures, which were then installed with invention and occasionally misdirected zeal. Things were also purchased locally, acquired at auction, received as gifts or tribute, or assumed through fortunate marriage. As the collections grew, some things were got rid of or retired to storage, but much remains in place as collected by the early earls and marquesses.

Upon the death of the Sixth Marquess of Exeter in 1981, the trustees of the Cecil family invited Mr. Simon Leatham and his wife, Lady Victoria Leatham, to live at Burghley and to conserve its resources for the future. Lady Victoria, a daughter of the Sixth Marquess, lived there for the first nineteen years of her life. Her father was the last marquess to reside in the great house; his younger brother succeeded him in 1981 but, having lived long in Canada, elected to remain

(Text continued on page 204)



DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED

Antiquarian Arthur Williams's East Hampton house is an edited journal of his foreign adventures

BY GABRIELLE WINKEL
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES DIRAND





DATELINE EAST HAMPTON—Antiquarian Arthur Williams is just back from Damascus with a pair of mother-of-pearl and ivory chests for his shop, East Hampton Antiques. Why Damascus? "If you are really going to live, I think adventure is a part of it, and to me finding these things is a total adventure. I believe in going after the most exceptional objects I can possibly locate anywhere in the world."

The furnishings in Williams's farmhouse exemplify this philosophy. Objects he has acquired on his travels—he has been around the world six times—testify to human versatility, variety, and skill. "The whole world is interesting to me—at least the past few thousand years."

His personal possessions include Coco Chanel's bird-



In the living room, *above*, eclecticism unbounded: paintings from India, 1920 French brass-and-glass coffee table filled with Spanish silver fish, and an English pine bookcase. *Opposite:* The typical Long Island farmhouse.



cage, a pair of fanciful Minton majolica garden seats, a nineteenth-century desk bought in China in 1983, "when they were allowing furniture out, though it was difficult. Everything had a little red seal, even me." The interiors are white—the walls and the old plank flooring. Williams took a cue from his favorite decorator, Syrie Maugham, who believed that if you used white, then you could display objects. Accordingly the house is devoid of patterned rugs, curtained windows, and papered walls. "I don't believe in distractions," Williams says.

The farmhouse dates back to 1870. With the help of local architect Donald Richey, it was partially gutted to make a home port for this inveterate world traveler. □

Editor: Carolyn Sollis

The birdcage, *above,* housed Coco Chanel's finches in her country house. The 19th-century French and German automaton dolls were once playthings of the children of the Russian aristocracy and are now serious decorative objects. *Opposite, clockwise from top left:* Chippendale mirror above 19th-century Chinese desk and Imari urns; 150-year-old root chair from the north islands of Japan; 18th-century Imari urn; 18th-century French fauteuil recently covered in an Egyptian cotton, and 18th-century Irish Gothick cabinet, which Williams thinks belonged to a cleric.









The dining room, *above,* combines several textures, styles, and periods. Japanese chairs surround a chrome-and-glass table designed by John Vesey. Sheffield silver column candlesticks from 1810 were bought at a Guinness auction in London. *Below:* A trio of teakettles from 1910–20. *Right:* The simple white kitchen furniture came from the Door Store. *Opposite:* Shutters control bedroom light. Mirror and dresser are French faux bamboo; chair was once used to carry Singapore planters around their estates. Pair of Minton majolica porcelain tree trunks dates from 1880. Paisley bed throw was bought in Srinagar.







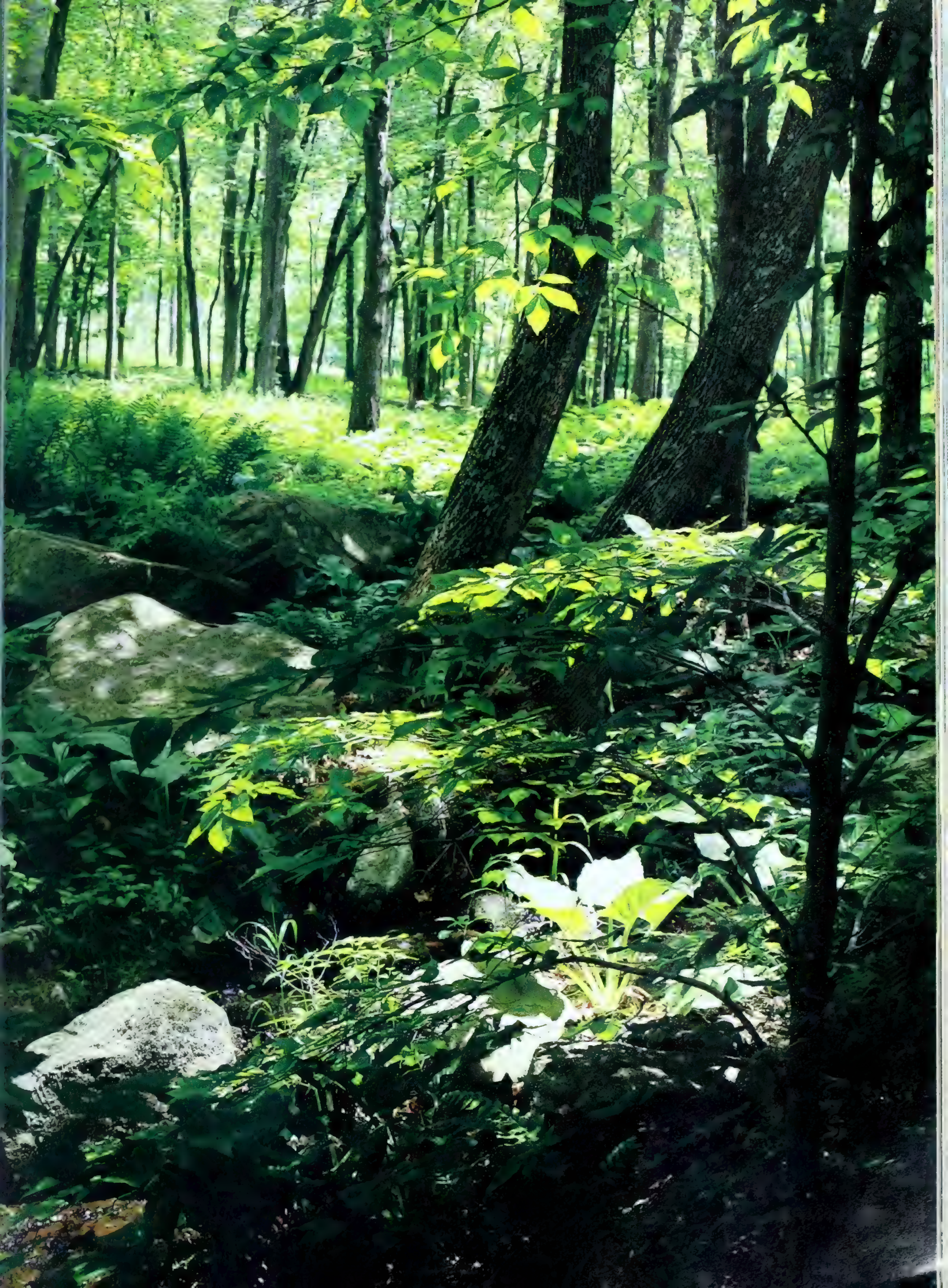
IMPROVING HIS VIEW

Philip Johnson, molder of skylines, continues to mold his Connecticut landscape

BY ROSAMOND BERNIER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD BRYANT



The concrete-block Kirstein Tower was named in honor of the architect's great friend Lincoln Kirstein. *Opposite:* Johnson's ideal woodland is a floor of ferns and dappled shade. "You have to let your eyes filter in."



"I still cut trees every year, to free us from this terrible curse of New England, the tree. I realize I shall be in trouble with the local nature lovers, but this is a jungle. And it has to be beaten back just as the Brazilian jungle does—though not quite as often."

Philip Johnson is at this moment just about the most visible American architect there has ever been. In some American cities it's quite a neat trick to be out of sight of one of his buildings, and if there's a dinner table where he never turns up in conversation I would like to hear about it.

But this ubiquitous and ever more controversial near-octogenarian has a secret side—one he rarely talks about but never ceases to act upon. He is a dedicated, compulsive, almost obsessional landscape architect.

No one has ever hired him to do it. It is done on his own property in Connecticut, and in his apparently nonexistent spare time, and he has been at it for well over a quarter of a century. "All landscape architecture is hopeful architecture," he said just the other day, and he knew from the very beginning that it would take a while to work with the hand that nature had dealt him. But if you live in a glass house, as he does, you have to do something about the view from the windows.

"When I first came here," he said, "the landscaping was all second growth, with a few old trees. The undergrowth was so dense that it took me twenty minutes to walk here from the road, though it's only a few hundred feet. The real-estate agent couldn't believe that anyone would buy a piece of land like that, buried in the woods. But I could see, though he couldn't, what trees I could cut and what a view I could get.

"Southern Connecticut is really one of the great landscapes, because it rolls at exactly the right degree of humanistic pleasure. Not quite as good as Ireland, of course. Ireland is the greatest. A landscape has to have the right folds at the right scale. Big folds don't do you any good, because then you're lost in the heights. Little folds are no good, because they're too small to give you a sense of containment. Ohio, where I come from, has folds, but it doesn't have folds in hills. Southern Connecticut has exactly the right change in grades. We're one hundred twenty feet, in this place, from the road to the pond that I created down there. It's very graspable, one hundred twenty feet. Then there's a ridge, a mile or a mile and a half away, which is just the right height. Again, that ridge contains the view.

"So I could see the potential of the five-acre slice, the good old American slice with its narrow part on the road. I could see where I could sculpt it, after I'd cleared it, and gradually I found the knoll where the house was going to be, and now is. The knoll at that time was deep in the woods where nobody could see it. So I cleared the field from the road down to where I was going to build the house, and I cleared enough to see the great tree that was going to be the anchor for the house. No one could see that tree, even in the winter, but I knew it was there.

"The great English landscape designers—Capability Brown, Humphrey Repton, had it easy. They started with fields, and they could see what they were working with. I lived here for five or ten years before I even saw the row of maples that now make the path to the art gallery. I never knew they were there, the underbrush was so dense. It was nineteenth-century underbrush, by the way. People always say 'eighteenth century,' but I always, consciously and infuriatingly, say nineteenth, which sounds better to me and worse to them. As I bought more land, the landscape became like a negative cutting into raw wood. Jefferson must have done that, because that's what Monticello was like before he got there.

"One thing I learned early on. My adviser said, 'Look, it's *never* a mistake to cut a tree.' I was horrified at the time, but I went ahead—cutting, cutting, cutting. I still cut down fifteen or twenty trees a year. I realize I shall be in trouble with the local nature lovers, but I have to free us from the terrible curse of New England, which is the tree. New England is a jungle, and it has to be beaten back, just as the Brazilian jungle has to be beaten back, though not quite as often. You don't have lianas to swing on, like Tarzan, but it crawls up to meet you.

"Americans don't understand woodlands. They let second growth come up. They let little trees and shrubs come up that entirely blind you. In any French or German forest you look under the tree trunks and see dappled shade. There's no such thing as dappled shade in American forests. I worked very hard to get dappled shade. Forest ferns are the greatest things you can have. The more I make the dappled-shade theory work, the more the forest ferns make the great floor.

"As stupid as Americans are about trees, their grandfathers were very good about walls. The old stone walls of the eighteenth century, the farm walls, were made because you couldn't plow the fields for all the rocks. So you took the rocks, and *(Text continued on page 198)*

"Some critics think I'm a better landscape architect than an architect, which is meant to be a terrible insult. I'm not so sure."



The bone-white library in a field

"My little library is just an isolated thing. I don't want a path leading to it. It's fun to stroll through the fields and find things. . . . That cone shape was really done as an object in the landscape to catch the changing light."



Johnson's gate can be controlled from a car. "It gave me a piece of sculpture and it furthered my technical education." *Opposite:* The stainless steel sculpture by Robert Morris "makes a focus of attention as you turn the corner."







PARISIAN WELCOME

The lighthearted, comfortable apartment of Count and Countess Michel de Ganay, decorated with the help of Anne Caracciolo

BY JEAN-MARIE BARON PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN RADKAI

For Parisians, the most beautiful apartments on the Left Bank are not the most obvious ones; often, in fact, they are those that surprise us the most. Between the Ministry of Culture and Les Invalides—where you discover the admirable order of seventeenth-century military architecture—such an apartment building, very eighteenth-century, garlanded in stone, shelters all the graces of a society known for its *savoir vivre* and still marked today by its pleasure in festivities among friends.

We find little imposing here as we begin our exploration. Climbing the central staircase, we pass a generous brown-marble basin, ornamented with serpents, and busts of Roman emperors that seem to point the way. They are evidence of a concern for history, and they make us aware of an inalterable silence. But as we reach the top floor, we realize that charm is not foreign to this evocation of the past.

Elegant and blonde, a paisley shawl thrown lightly over her shoulders, the Countess Michel de Ganay opens the door onto a universe that we sense instantly, and intimately, to be hers. There is nothing pompous, pretentious, or flashy in sight. Each detail contributes to the overall atmosphere and indicates a way of life entirely devoted to the well-being of one's guests. "Entertaining," she says, "is among the most important things I do. It's one of the things that give me the most joy."

Immediately upon entering the foyer, we are seized by an impression of true comfort. The small motifs in the thick wool carpet, and the foliage and lion-headed hares of the red-and-faded-rose Fortuny fabric on the walls, soften the light of day. On the Louis XVI bureau, two eighteenth-century famille verte vases face two larger ones, the latter made in France and inspired by a Sérébriakoff watercolor.

In the kitchen, *opposite,* surrounded by early-18th-century Royal Copenhagen china plates, an astonishing early-19th-century Japanese cabinet, inlaid and collapsible, found by Anne Caracciolo in an antiques shop in London. *Above:* In a corner of the living room, an 18th-century painting of the Florentine School, and, on the small desk, family heirlooms: two bronze-collared vases, Compagnie des Indes porcelain, and 18th-century Marseille faience.







Leaning against the apricot-and-brick-colored, spatter-painted wall is a screen covered with an old paisley shawl. We realize as we pass by that the screen and shawl hide the breakfast room, where a round table sports a cloth embroidered with flowers and garlands of red, green, blue, and yellow. There is something so undeniably English in this refined mélange of fabrics that we are nearly transported to one of those huge country houses outside London. We find curtains of heavy cotton and the same kind of carpeting as before. Only this time, it is presented as a rug, so we walk all the way around it, on neatly waxed parquet de Versailles.

Two beige Louis XVI armchairs stand guard at the windows, while sofas in rose, green, and yellow beckon to each other from either side of the room. Each is equipped with its own reading lamp, wearing a pleated silk shade, inspired by those Geoffrey Bennison liked so well.

Continuing our investigation, we spot a black-and-gold-lacquer Chinese table decorated with landscape scenes. A deep hollow in its base suggests, perhaps, that it was once used to hold ice. *(Text continued on page 210)*

The warm English ambience of the living room, *preceding pages,* is created by a potpourri of printed fabrics from Braconnier and Rubelli. The mirror frame is 18th-century gilded bronze. Sofas and armchairs by Anne Caracciolo. *Above:* The Countess Michel de Ganay and Vanessa, her King Charles spaniel. *Below:* In the quiet bedroom, Prelle paisley print walls and Romanex flowery canopy contrast with the bright colors of the embroidered shawl from Manila. *Opposite:* A corner of the bedroom shows a characteristic array of fabrics and a large Oriental vase made in Paris after drawings by Sérébriakoff.









Light filters through taffeta curtains in the dining room. Friezes and trompe l'oeil are the work of Florence Giraudeau. On the old-fashioned, hand-embroidered tablecloth are dessert plates hand-painted by *"l'Atelier du Passage."*

OVER THE STORE

Downstairs, in the fashionable Mortimer's, it's the people who count; upstairs, in owner Glenn Bernbaum's apartment, possessions are everything

BY CHARLOTTE CURTIS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIZZIE HIMMEL

If the world is indeed a stage, and certainly nothing is more carefully staged than life on Manhattan's glossy Upper East Side, then Mortimer's is one of the finer of the low-key settings. Other, more ornate restaurants have fancier food, gilded furnishings, and hopelessly fashionable patrons who fairly reek of big money. That's not Mortimer's style. Instead, it's the understated place where many of these same elegants dine informally, less expensively, and on their days off. Between performances. Minus false eyelashes and the boardroom *hauteur*.

The Brookes, the Bills, The Nans, Oscar, Annette, Claudette, Fernanda, Ahmet, Swifty, and the variously celebrated members of the gang show up without the elaborate trademark touches that establish their public personae. And Glenn Bernbaum, who knows them all, feeds and cossets them to a fare-thee-well. "What I envisioned," he says with the worldliness of one who has been paying close attention, "was a meeting place where young people came in jeans and ladies came in mink coats." He has that and more, much more. "Some nights something wonderful happens. The place doesn't seem so informal. It takes on the air of a very smart club: a splendid mix of people."

Such nights (and entire weekends) are not rare. Their frequency is such that lean, gray-haired Mr. Bernbaum, though he refuses the label of workaholic, finds himself hosting and cosseting at all hours, and this matters. For when he finally does escape, and he tries to at least two nights a week, he has only to climb the stairs, shut the door and he's home. In a wholly different world. Here, all is comfortably luxurious, willfully cluttered, artfully arranged, and not the least bit understated. No simple bentwood chairs. No unadorned floor. And nary a plain white cloth in sight.

Downstairs, the people are what counts. Upstairs, possessions are everything, and the range is wide, eclectic, and unpredictable. The walls are mostly beige. The thick, handmade rugs are boldly patterned. The sofas (one of which actually is a bed) are pillowed and overlaid with fur throws. The many paintings and drawings are darkish and exotic. In all, the apartment is a glory of antiques, sculpture, bibelots, *objets de virtu*, and photographs. Mr. Bernbaum, it would seem, is a man who acquires.

"I've bought things over the years," he says, remembering the price as well as the moment at which this or that piece came into his possession. "Some came from the house where I was born in Philadelphia. Some from the town house I had before I moved here." A few are new.

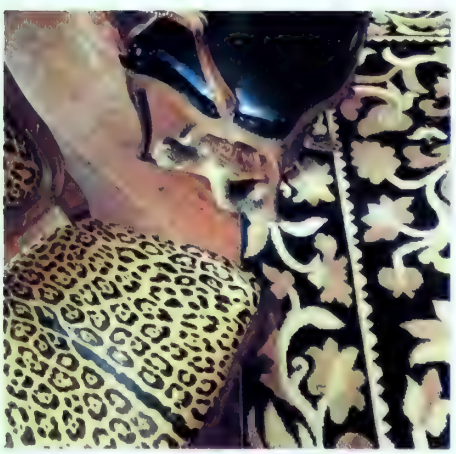
His is essentially an





Trompe-l'oeil cat by Richard Neas studies a visiting dog at Café Mortimer, *above*. *Below left:* Photograph of Mortimer, the cat named for the restaurant, along with those of the Bernbaum family and friends, on a French desk. *Opposite, top:* 19th-century bronze lion presides over books, photographs, and silver and ivory candlestick. Between windows, a painted escritoire. *Far right: Chasse au Tigre*, attributed to the Rubens school, flanked by portraits of Sir George Montague and an Oriental potentate. Crystal and marble globes are on green marble top inlaid with contrast marble. *Near right:* French turtle crawls over Portuguese needlepoint rug from Morjikian toward Genoese chair.

All is comfortably
luxurious,
willfully cluttered,
artfully arranged,
not the least
bit understated





ble, modern lamps, and contemporary [illegible]. He has indulged a special passion for horn, leopard prints, and animals. A tortoise peers cautiously from beneath a chair. A dog in a painting dines on the distorted agonies of a carcass. A well-maned bronze lion poses triumphantly on a big table. A brass monkey simpers atop three carefully stacked leather-bound books. He seems always to have had frogs, and no creature is more fantastical than a glowering (yes, glowering) frog that a superior craftsman has coaxed from the natural curves within a gnarl of wood.

At first glance, these artifacts appear to have been dispersed over a series of rooms. That is not the case. In fact, there is but one enormous, rectangular corner room that Albert Hadley, grand seigneur of the New York decorators, has restructured and magically transformed. The small brown, black, and beige stipled entrance hall opens directly into what looks like a sitting room. This is the bedroom. Next comes the dining area, centered by a large circular table spread with a rosy velvet coverlet and piles of picture books. Surrounding it are six brightly upholstered bergère chairs, two of which are copies that cost more than the originals. Mr. Bernbaum says he never uses the table for dining.

"I have buffets," he said, conceding that very little dining—or entertaining—goes on upstairs anyway. "Why would I do anything else when buffets are so much more pleasant?"

The adjoining kitchen area along the wall is so beige and its stainless steel so dull that sinks and work surfaces tend to disappear. The refrigerator is entirely concealed in a square column. Farther along is the true sitting room with comfortable chairs, a television, a purely decorative fireplace, and windows sometimes shuttered against the sun.

The lady of these quarters, and she is an important, unifying presence, is the serene, stately, and darkly beautiful woman in the big painting over the fireplace. She was his mother.

"I love it here," he says, and no wonder. In the winter, it is a cozy place. In the summer, it's cool. And though he knows the advantages and disadvantages of living over the store (the temptation to go for days without leaving the building can be irresistible), he says he has no plans to move. As far as the business is concerned, he is far more likely to handle it from an office across the hall. But he does use an apartment desk conveniently perched in a foot or two of no-man's-land between living room and kitchen.

"Every now and then I'll arrange all the pictures on my desk," he said. "In the next day or so, everything will be a mess again. Straightening things, arranging them gives me pleasure."

The photographs are important to him, and he has them everywhere. Their subjects range from a Karsh original of Winston Churchill ("One of my favorites. I had it blown up for my office wall") and Nancy Reagan dancing with her good friend Jerry Zipkin to Bill Blass in a red sweater, Fernanda Niven at lunch, and Claudette Colbert making yet another stylish entrance. But the star of perhaps six of the small, framed pictures on his desk is Mr. Bernbaum himself, from youth to middle age, a veritable history of a long, clean-cut, Bogart sort of face with deep-set dark eyes.

Then there are the books. Neatly stacked when he's in an orderly mood. Here, there, and everywhere when he's in a reading mood, which, he says, overtakes him from time to time. "I'll read a whole book every other day for weeks," he explained, "and then I won't read anything for quite a while." At one point recently, an Isabel Eberstadt novel topped a pile by his desk. Harold Acton's *The Last Medici* occupied space beneath a bronze lamp in the shape of a griffin with the light bulb where the mythical beast's head should be. And by his bed, he had John Colville's 10 Downing Street diaries of the years between 1939 and 1955, a volume entitled *The Fringes of Power*.

It was late afternoon when I visited him. The sun gave the room that feels like rooms a golden glow. The neo-Medici and other powers that be were about to arrive and take their hierarchical places downstairs, ordering up chicken hash, grilled fish, and pasta with fresh vegetables. As usual, that pleased him. He ran The Custom Shop selling men's furnishings before finally deciding to open his own restaurant.

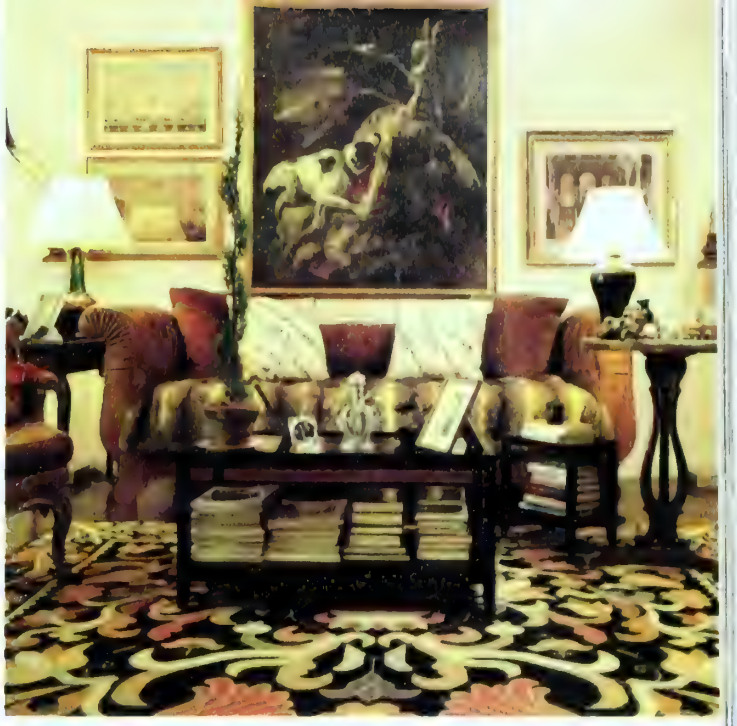
(Text continued on page 196)

At first glance . . . a series of rooms. In fact, one enormous, rectangular room that Albert Hadley has restructured and magically transformed



The much-sought-after table 1B in Mortimer's, *above. Opposite, top left:* Painted leather Chinese screen dominates the sleeping area. Ebony column is inset with marble. Régence gilded mirror above 18th-century commode. *Top right:* Baldassare de Caro painting, complemented by lithographs of Leningrad and pair of 19th-century horns, above an Albert Hadley–designed leather sleigh bed, with opossum cover. Leather-covered coffee table by Karl Springer. *Opposite, below:* The kitchen, by I.C.F., is bounded by black Hadley-designed lacquer screen and classic fruitwood desk. Russian portrait of Mr. Bernbaum's mother above fireplace.









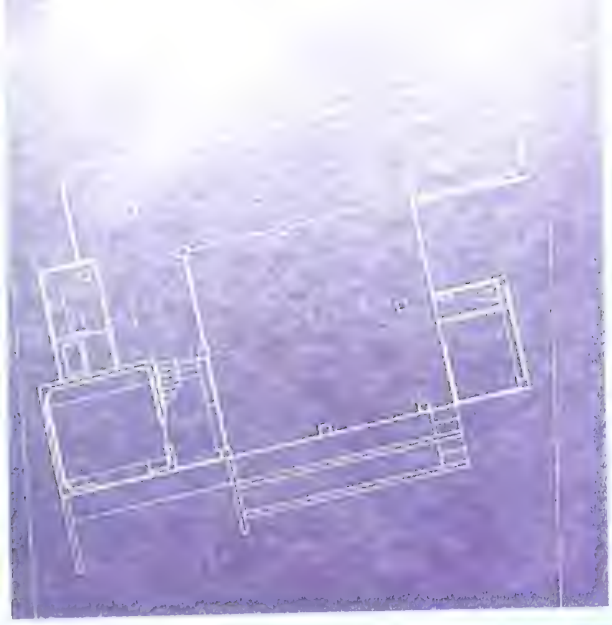
THE SILVER HUT

Architect Toyo Ito's own house in Tokyo is a high-tech update of ancient traditions

BY MARTIN FILLER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOMIO OHASHI

Glowing from within at night, The Silver Hut (so designated by its designer/owner) reveals its structural nature. A series of seven barrel-vaulted space frames in four different widths, *inset,* defines the rooms beneath. The largest arch, at center, covers the courtyard around which the living spaces are organized. The layering of variously textured wall planes reiterates an old Japanese convention that makes small spaces appear much larger.





Extreme urban conditions breed extreme architectural responses, and nowhere on earth are cities denser or more visually chaotic than they are in Japan. The architect Toyo Ito, who lives and works in Tokyo, has responded to the randomness and disorder around him in a confrontational manner quite different from those who view architecture as a means of healing rather than accentuating the rifts in a society. "What I wish to attain in my architecture," he has explained, "is not another nostalgic object, but rather a certain superficiality of expression in order to reveal the nature of the void hidden beneath."

Once one has seen the house that Ito recently built for himself in the Nakano suburb of Tokyo, however, his method seems far from madness. For although this work is certainly not nostalgic, neither does it even hint at the lurking presence of a gap-

The arching space frame over the atrium, *right,* is partially covered with stretched canvas and has a sliding fabric awning to further screen the sunlight. *Inset:* The ground-floor plan of The Silver Hut.





In the dining room, *above,* Akio Ohashi's futuristic furniture contrasts with the panel and screen system deriving from the Japanese domestic vernacular. *Right:* The kitchen, uncommonly spacious for Japan, has cabinetry that continues the modular theme. Floors throughout are paved with traditional terra-cotta roof tiles. *Opposite:* In the tatami room, the tokonoma niche is flanked by a concrete structural column and the *tokobashira,* the rough-hewn tree trunk that survives from animistic worship; a family will take the sacred post from one dwelling to the next.

ing cultural abyss. It possesses a physical lightness and conceptual delicacy very different from much contemporary Japanese architecture, such as the monolithic concrete structures of Tadao Ando or the historically referential designs of Arata Isozaki. Ito calls this house "The Silver Hut," and its coloration and simplicity make that an apt cognomen. It adjoins another house by Ito (built in 1976 for his sister and her husband), and together they form a complementary unit that also provides a summary of the 45-year-old architect's stylistic redirection during the intervening decade.

The Silver Hut, like the earlier Nakano house, is organized around an interior courtyard in a format typical of traditional Japanese town houses, which turn their backs on the public realm to focus inward on the domestic sphere. Ito's 1976 structure is a Brutalist concrete composition dominated by a narrow, curving great room that gives the house the configuration of a horseshoe. The bare white walls of the room are occasionally struck by a dazzling sunbeam from a skylight, but this minimal intervention is one of the few events that can enliven that pure, unyielding space.

The Silver Hut, on the other hand, has the richly textured, deeply layered, highly variable character of the traditional Japanese house, even though it is executed for the most part in modern materials that are as different from those of *minka* (folkloric) construction as pachinko pinball machines are from the ancient game of go. Occupying a typically cramped site in a city where handkerchief-sized plots command fortunes, The Silver Hut can be viewed as a whole only from the roof of a nearby high-rise apartment building overlooking the upper-middle-class neighborhood. But even at street level, it is clear that The Silver Hut is no ordinary Tokyo house.

Its most obvious departure is its barrel-vaulted roofs—a form unknown in the Japanese vernacular—which overarch the atrium and the rooms around it in a range of four spans, the width of each determined by the size of the area below. A pattern of diamond shapes overhead results from the way in which the vaults are formed: steel space frames of diagonally crossed members intersect tie rods running the length of each vault. The crosshatching is interrupted here and there by triangular skylights, the inside frames of which are variously painted red, yellow, or blue. These isolated touches of color in The Silver Hut set off the metal framing elements throughout, making the viewer much more aware of the structural expression than would have been the case with a monochromatic scheme. The vaults are clad on the exterior with flat-seam aluminum roofing, except over the central courtyard, where the latticelike space frame is partly covered with stretched canvas and partly left open to the sky. The latter portion can be shaded with a sliding fabric awning; as a result, that indoor/outdoor room can take advantage of an amenity highly unusual in Tokyo—a stand of tall trees offering an almost sylvan prospect amid the tight surroundings.

Built on a sloping site (a condition no less uncommon in a city that is basically flat), The Silver Hut demonstrates that its architect has been more than equal to the exceptional circumstances. Ito's new house enjoys an atmosphere of capaciousness antithetical to standard living conditions in Japan today, thanks to the designer's intelligent strategies. *(Text continued on page 206)*







A NEW ROTHSCHILD LOOK

Architect Vernon Gibberd and decorator David Mlinaric create a sympathetic frame for Jacob Rothschild's varied collections

BY COLIN AMERY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD BRYANT





From the desk in the library, *above,* Jacob Rothschild can look into the garden, *preceding pages.* Two third-century marble busts—the emperors Caracalla and Geta—and a late-18th-century Italian monopteral temple with twisted rock-crystal columns and a mother-of-pearl dome stand in front of the windows. *Opposite:* In the garden four French 18th-century limestone terms line the sculpture gallery, an indoor/outdoor exhibition space for a 17th-century Italian Baroque bust, an early-19th-century marble campana urn by Lorenzo Bartolini, a Venetian bust of an admiral attributed to Alessandro Vittoria, and an 18th-century Italian copy of the Medici Venus.

Jacob Rothschild is not a man afraid to exercise his taste. He is both an omnivorous collector and a disposer of his treasures in ways that are unpredictable, personal, and often inspired. As Chairman of the Trustees of England's National Gallery he now has an important role as a public patron of art and architecture. Part of his London life is centered in St. James's, an area of the capital that retains a peculiarly English sense of domestic grandeur. The streets are a rich architectural mixture of styles: the brown brick of Henry VIII's St. James's Palace, Hawksmoor's modest palace stables, and the Palladian perfection of John Vardy's Spencer House, leased by a company of which Mr. Rothschild is chairman. The narrow street that leads to Spencer House is lined with rows of eighteenth-century brick houses on each side—some of them also part of Rothschild's company's holdings. The unpretentious façades give nothing away, only the well-gardened window boxes and the lacquerlike gleam of the doors hint at the riches within.

With decorator David Mlinaric, architect Vernon Gibberd and C. Tavener & Son his builders, Jacob Rothschild has created from what were rather down-at-heel houses a setting of eclectic amplitude for his activities. Some of these houses were to contain offices. One was to be for his own use. The brief was simple in its bare essentials. There was to be a large, comfortable, and impressive private office, a top-floor apartment for guests and for entertaining, and for the whole building an ambience of the personal world of an avid collector. In spirit Jacob Rothschild wanted his London headquarters to feel as distinguished and rich as the London house and museum created by Sir John Soane.

It is a revival of a generous tradition, a private cabinet that is also a display of connoisseurship. At the same time there is a sense that this is a power house; the artifacts reinforce the interests and influences of this scion of a famous family. As you enter you are immediately conscious of two things, first the successful way that the decorator David Mlinaric has respected the old bones of the typical London town house and secondly the sense of quiet richness and comfort.

The entrance hall has been altered to include the former back parlor with its corner fireplace, which now acts as an anteroom to the large office, also a newly created room, which is the hub of the house. Eighteenth-century London houses frequently have a series of unsatisfactory damp courtyards and outbuildings behind them. Here these have been reordered into a logical pair of spaces, one large room and a fine courtyard garden edged by a slender glazed sculpture *(Text continued on page 180)*





As complete change in mood from the ground-floor rooms, an upstairs apartment provides a setting for 19th- and 20th-century art and furniture. Wedged in a passage between a dining area and the living room, the large Simon Bussy painting appealed to Jacob Rothschild both because it was big and the colors looked well with the William Morris textiles he collects. Large painting over the sofa is *The Spa* by Michael Andrews.







Diego Giacometti's huge bronze lantern, a duplicate of the one he made for the Picasso Museum, dominates the double-height sitting room of the upstairs apartment, *opposite*. Wall lights and tables also by Diego Giacometti. A bronze female figure by Alberto Giacometti stands in front of the center window. A fireman's ladder, a found sculpture, is a play on the Biblical Jacob's Ladder, one of many such in Rothschild's collection. David Hockney's photomontage, *The Brooklyn Bridge,* over the fireplace. *Above:* Polychrome bronze figures ornament a lateral support of a Giacometti table in the dining alcove.

CULTIVATING PERFECTION

The inspirations, the problems, the rewards of creating a garden

BY NANCY McCABE PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER MARGONELLI

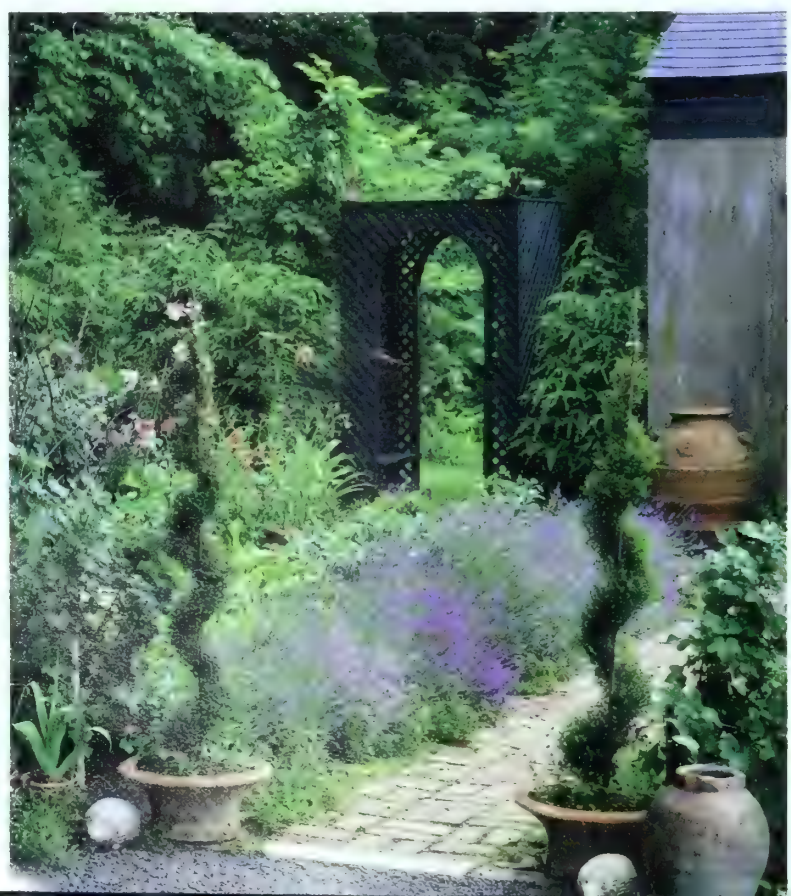


Kitchen garden in spring, looking through fireflame, Rembrandt and white lily-flowering tulips to an old Adirondack chair and spinach under the red cutleaf beech. Brush at upper left is for trellising sweet peas.





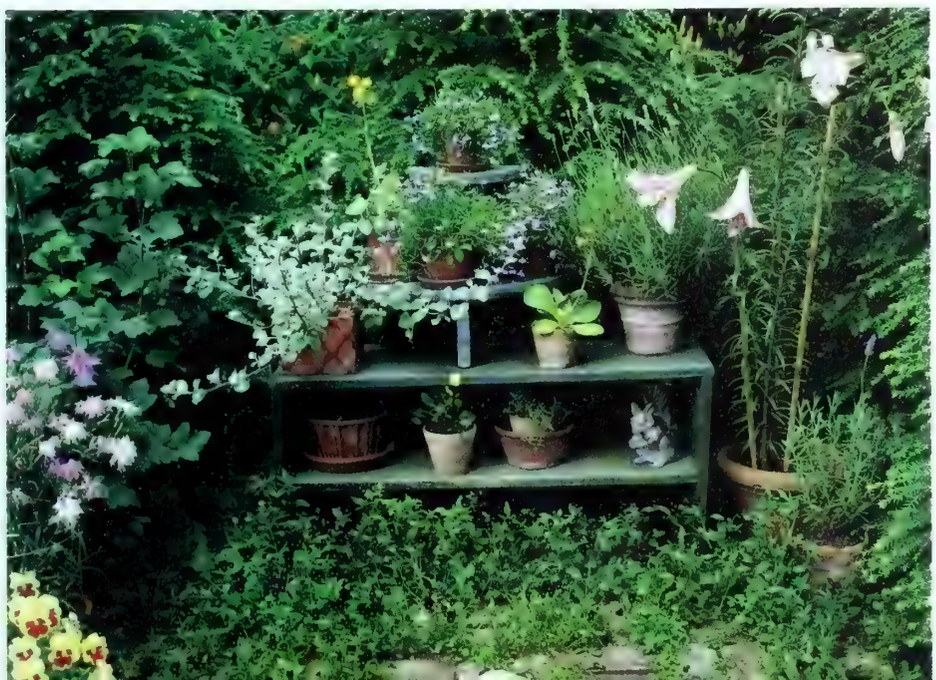
The front door, *above,* flanked by Versailles boxes of 'Heavenly Blue' and 'Flying Saucer' morning glories grown on bamboo tripods. *Below:* Clipped myrtles in old Italian pots at entrance to kitchen garden; hedge in 'Munstead dwarf' and 'Hidcote' lavender. *Opposite above:* Old garden tiles from Savannah edge brick paths in kitchen garden. In front, English rhubarb forcers; in center back my grandmother's washtub used as a potting bin. Pots planted with regale lilies, tomatoes, basil cluster around the old pump. *Opposite below:* Old plant stand holds 'Cambridge Blue' lobelia, auriculas, lavender Spica, violas, dittany of Crete. Also in pots: 'Love Duet' pansies, 'Rainbow Loveliness' dianthus, regale lilies.



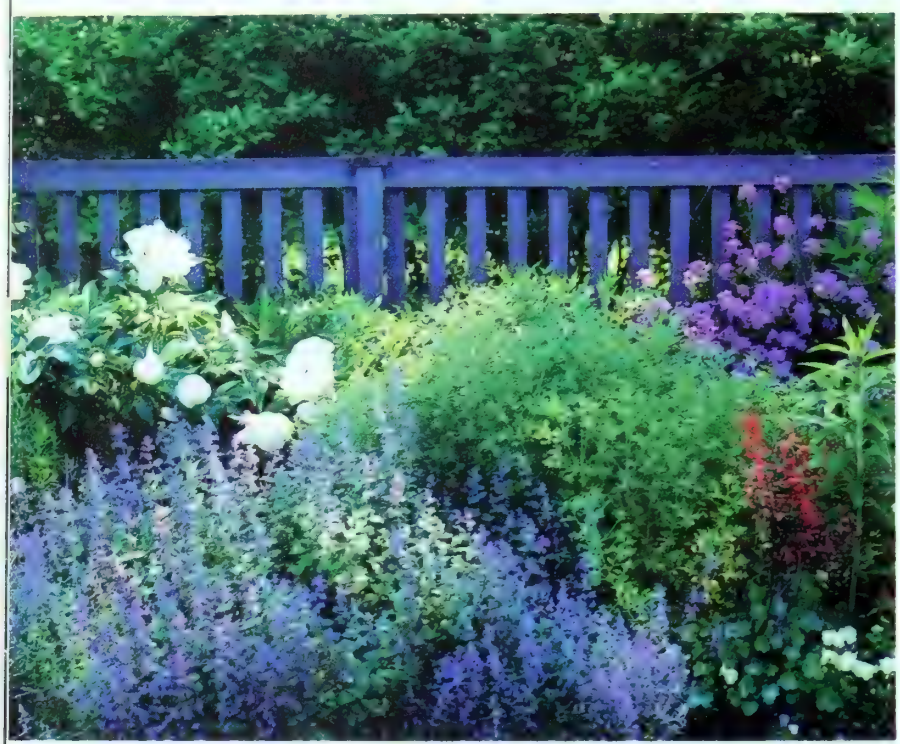
My earliest memories are of camellia bushes as high as the sky and acres of them: my first love, my father's garden. I now have been told there weren't acres at all, just one acre of mainly camellias, azaleas, and some wonderful patches of daffodils. I still love camellias and daffodils. The daffodils are no problem to a northern gardener; however, with the camellias, I have to settle for one in my greenhouse. Still with that one, what pleasant memories. Gardening is of course hard work, but the feeling of growing plants that have associations and that bring back memories makes me forget quickly the work involved. My next great memories came from paintings, Italian and Dutch mainly. The Italian ones gave me a love of the overview of a garden. Temperas of the Medici villas and their gardens made me appreciate rectangles and lines in a garden. I adore straight lines in the layout. The Dutch flower paintings made me love the exuberance of masses of flowers and more specifically, love certain flowers. I simply can't resist bizarre tulips, auriculas, poet's narcissus, snake's-head fritillaries, peonies, striped and stippled carnations, lily of the valley, and old roses. Obviously I can't have the scale of a Medici villa, but I can and do have a garden of different rooms or rectangles.

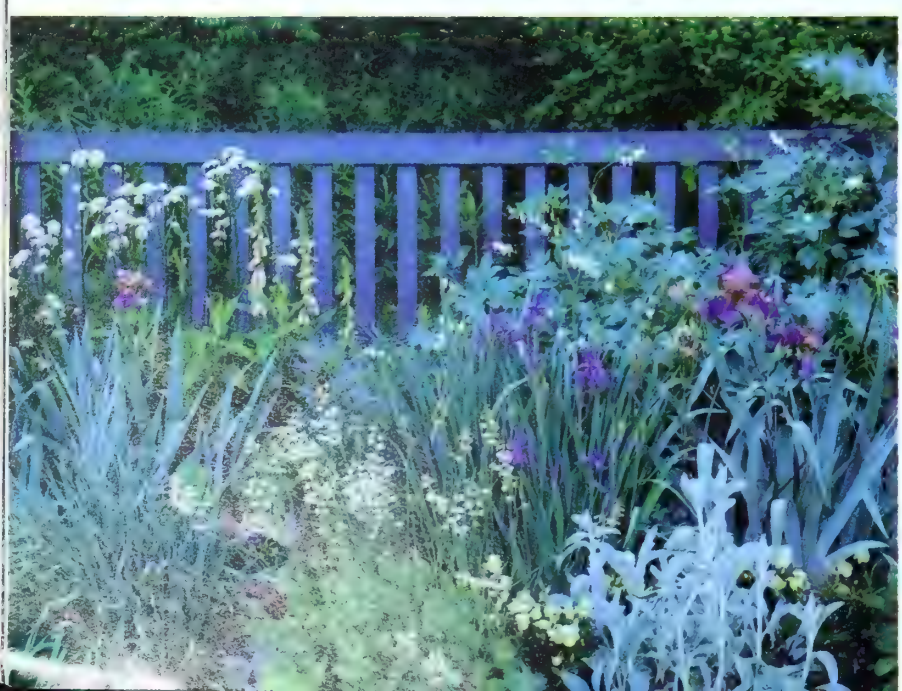
My garden is young. It is in its fourth year now, as it had to be started from the beginning. We bought an old stucco house, very plain, looking to me like farmhouses in France much more than anything in Connecticut. I loved it at once, looking forlorn and unloved, but I saw it covered with clematis, wisteria, and espaliered fruit trees. The ground with its crumbling banks was interesting. I immediately thought of a wall and terracing, a perfect way to saturate my thirst for geometry and overview. I think I had it laid out in my mind the first day. We had to cut the rough grass, which was about a foot high in what is now my fenced mixed border. The biggest surprise came when two enormous yews were cut on either side of the front door. They had completely eliminated any sight of the door itself. We discovered the windows weren't symmetrical, interesting—what to do? It didn't matter, I still loved it. Wisteria

Just as much as I love overplanting in perennial borders,
I love straight rows and earth showing in my kitchen garden, and
to mix vegetables and herbs with some picking flowers









was the answer, wisteria planted on two outside walls to go all the way across the house under our bedroom windows, and one to grow up by one side of the front door. I suddenly loved the house more for not being completely symmetrical. I've found again and again I do like small elements in the design of a garden to be a little off. It is really quite boring to have such a clean slate that it can be perfect—tedious and unexciting. Aside from starting wisteria on the front of the house, several clematis on the mixed-border side of the house, and three espaliered pear trees on a third side, we began with the area for the mixed border. There had to be a certain amount of ground on the upper level with the house to be used for lawn. A space to take you to the garden, then, what fun, the wall. I decided on a stucco wall capped with wood with two stairways down into the garden, one off the door from the living room and one off the door from the kitchen. The steps are wooden ones with risers of lattice to go with the ones we wanted to make for the kitchen door. There weren't even any steps from the kitchen to the outside, just a leap of three and a half feet or so. The house at some point had had a porch on this southeastern side, but it had fallen off long before we ever saw it. That presented the way to the perfect spot for the greenhouse I knew I must have another year. Anyway back to the mixed border garden. We bulldozed and I soon discovered exactly where I wanted the wall to be. I wanted the garden to be between three and a half and four feet below the upper grassy *(Text continued on page 192)*

Details of the mixed border garden in June. *Left, top:* Looking across toward the woods, plantings include Scotch thistle, garden heliotrope, Siberian iris, coral bells, baptisia, *Nepeta Mussinii,* white peonies, and sweet rocket. *Left center:* White peonies, nepeta, feverfew, sweet rocket, lilies, coral bells, and violas. *Left:* Garden heliotrope, bearded and Siberian iris, apricot foxglove, flax, white bleeding heart, columbine 'Nora Barlow', lamb's ears, violas, and white coral bells. *Opposite:* Meadow sweet, bearded iris, tarragon, lamb's ears, forget-me-nots, nepeta, Siberian iris, sweet rocket, foxglove, Jacob's ladder, *Salvia argentea,* garden heliotrope, with a small lead birdbath in the corner.



The beds are probably a little over four feet deep, edged with old brick laid flat in the ground, flush with the grass to make it easier to mow and to allow the borders to spill over



Looking down from the house, *above.* Pots hold white petunias, pink 'Miss Willmott' verbenas. Above the wall at right is a young saucer magnolia that will take years to drape romantically over that corner. *Left:* May brings golden laced polyanthus, violas, 'Apricot Beauty' tulips, phlox, *Fritillaria persica,* 'Blizzard' and 'Black Parrot' tulips. *Opposite:* Tools, pots, trugs, and raffia in the larder on the kitchen garden side.





Morandi

The Bologna studio of this modern master illuminates the purity of his vision

BY ROBERT HUGHES
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DUANE MICHALS

The gentle palette and humble vessels huddled together in a detail of Morandi's *Still Life,* right, 1960. *Above:* The dusty subjects of one of his last works. *Below:* Morandi in a portrait by Herbert List.













Some objects that served as subjects for Morandi in the 36 via Fondazza studio in Bologna, *from left:* bottles, bowls; silk flowers in vases. A glimpse of the ascetic bedroom, which was next to his studio. *Below:* An etching, *Still Life with Nine Objects,* 1954.

We owe it to ourselves to be skeptical about saints. Every so often the culture throws up some artist who looks so seraphically indifferent to what Freud listed as the motors of artistic effort—fame, money, and beautiful lovers—that one can barely credit it. Not for him the fatted calf (or its *minceur* equivalent, the squat blue can of beluga), the tanned art-groupie with the pearly overbite, the first Huntsman suit, the squad of hangers-on, the Long Island house with its annex for visiting curators. Instead, the silence of the studio and the modest pleasure of refusal. Admittedly, the art world of the eighties cannot show many of these paragons, whereas thirty years ago it had enough to populate a whole *Thebaïd:* for each one who aspired to live like Picasso there were dozens who preferred to emulate Giacometti, since this not only bowed to economic reality but was closer to the etiquette of creative life. The ideal of the artist-hermit still survives, though largely mutated into a sales pitch. It evokes nostalgia, especially among collectors who would like to have an escape hatch right there on the wall, a window into a spiritual universe where the bad muses of the eighties (aggression, infantilism, narcissism, and paranoia) are not heard, and all seems lucid and private. The trouble is that "saintly" art also feeds an appetite for the pious (art being the religion of the rich) and can produce its own kind of vanity, nonetheless tedious for being subdued.



Hence the difficulty some people have, more than twenty years after his death, in sorting out their feelings about Giorgio Morandi (1890–1964). At the time of his death, it seemed that Morandi, in defiance of everything that the Picasso-based cult of "hot," Promethean creativity stood for, had created one of the indelible images of modernism by pegging away for half a century at a single motif—an array of dusty gray-brown bottles and canisters, huddled together on a table. No artist I have heard of, not even Mondrian, and certainly none that I have met, cared less about success or the cult of personality. Consequently it is easy to be sentimental about him; a temptation which, for the sake of his paintings, ought to be resisted. Quiet, strict lives have also been led by dull painters. But Morandi was such an interesting painter that his life—shaped, as it meticulously was, by the demands of his art—transcended its own placid and routine character. He lived in his native Bologna and rarely left it; in fact, he spent 45 years in the same apartment house in "Bologna Minore," the quiet, unmonumental, *piccolo borghese* quarter of the ancient city, at 36 via Fondazza. (At one point, it is true, he did submit to the adventure of moving from its third to its second floor.







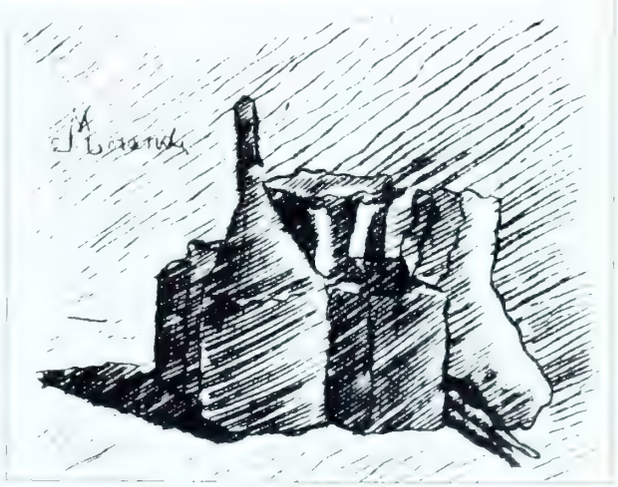
Three views in the studio, *from left:* the shelf "that bore a crowded population, a sort of tiny San Gimignano, of the cast of characters in his still lifes. . ."; Morandi's brushes; more tablescapes and flowers. *Below:* An etching, *Still Life,* 1931.

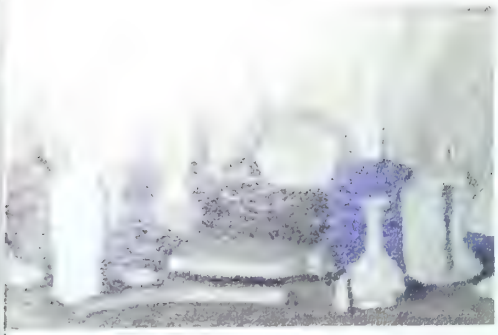
Up to 1944 he kept a second studio for summer landscape painting in the hamlet of Grizzana, up in the severe folds of the Emilian hills about thirty kilometers from Bologna. But it was in those mountains, in the last frenzies of the war, that the retreating German army conducted some of its worst atrocities against Bolognese civilians and partisans; the German defense line—the so-called *linea Gotica*—was drawn right through Grizzana, and the place continued to reek of death and cordite in Morandi's nostrils after the war. Until 1958, he went back there much less often.

Occasionally he would visit Rome and Florence for the museums, and he made a point of going to Venice for the postwar Biennales. He was always interested in the work of younger artists, as befitted a teacher. Late in his life Morandi expressed a mild regret that he had never been to Paris; a visit to London or New York would no more have occurred to him than a trip to the moon. He never married; instead, he lived with his three unmarried sisters and their housekeeper. From 1930 onward, through the years of Fascism and the progressively worsening disasters of the Second World War, and out into the relative calm and prosperity of the fifties, he did his bit for Italy as the professor of etching at the Academy of Fine Arts in Bologna, from which he had graduated in 1913. His attitude to society, the market, and the importunities of the media more or less repeated that of Bartleby, Melville's wraithlike copyist, who put off every request and favor with the courteous, inflexible phrase, "I should prefer not to." Even after his death, as the illustrator Jean-Michel Folon recounts in an engaging book on Morandi's flower paintings (*Flowers by Giorgio Morandi,* Rizzoli, 1985), his sisters carried on his tradition of self-effacement. Bologna wanted to name an important street or a major square after its great artist. The women thought about it, and refused. Instead they asked the mayor to put their brother's name on an obscure little piazza just off via Fondazza, where Morandi used to walk his dog.

A less "international" painter never lived, and neither did a less "provincial" one. Thus by the fifties Morandi was the one living Italian artist whose studio many a young provincial dreamed, usually in vain, of seeing.

Certainly this one did, though meeting the mild anchorite of via Fondazza gave me some qualms of retrospective embarrassment and must have been tedious for him, since neither of us spoke the other's language. In 1959 I was fresh out of Australia, not quite 21, and in Florence for the first time. There, I met an art critic (his





Beside Morandi's easel, *right,* is the table on which he set up his still lifes. It was covered with fine chalk lines drawn around the bottom of each object so they could be removed and set up again. *Above: Still Life,* 1938.

name now eludes me, but he was the first *European* art critic I had ever met, and hence, to me, a fountain of wisdom) who actually knew Morandi. Could I meet him? Well, *forse che si.* A postcard went to Bologna on my behalf. To my astonishment, another came back. Morandi had had American students in his class at the Accademia. (Indeed he had; one had been the designer Milton Glaser, as yet unknown, on whose work the shadow of a Morandian flatness and stillness can still occasionally be seen.) But he had never met an Australian. The tone of the postcard, translated, suggested some muddle between Australia and Patagonia. I could call at such-and-such a time, the next week.

Anxiously, I boned up on some words that I thought might help me show the Maestro a keen appreciation of his work: *quadro, sfumato, natura morta, chiaroscuro, silenzio, grigio, meditazione, pittura metafisica,* and so forth. This clever ruse failed since, by the time I reached via Fondazza, I still had no verbs and my tongue was dry with nervousness. The door opened; a woman (was she the maid

(Text continued on page 184)





COUNTRY COUSINS

Robert Hill helps a New England couple polish the interiors of their eighteenth-century farmhouse with furniture from many places

BY ELAINE GREENE PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIZZIE HIMMEL

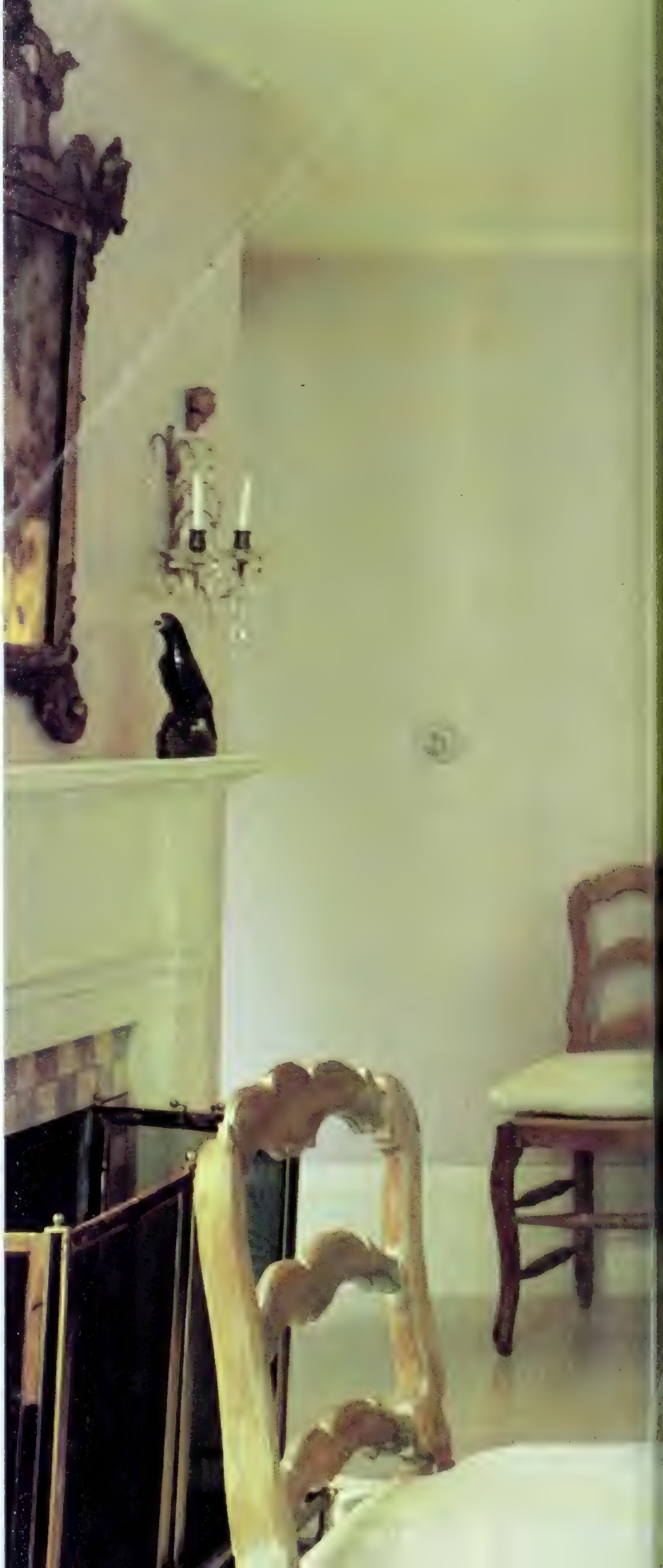


Virginia Hill, an enthusiast of the decorative arts who delights in antique ceramics and linens, and indeed in most objects old and rustic, French and Italian, remembers her first visit to the Boston house of interior designer Robert Hill (friend, not relation). "I'll never forget walking into Robert's house. He has the most exquisite taste and the atmosphere suited me so personally and so completely that there was a shock of recognition." When her husband, George J. Hill III, had a particularly satisfactory year at his international company in the early 1980s, he asked her whether she would like something special to celebrate—a big trip or a piece of jewelry perhaps—and she said she would like to work on their house with Robert Hill. Her husband shares her feeling for eighteenth-century country things and he loved her idea.

Their property, situated in the countryside surrounding a New England city, includes a farmhouse, a carriage house, and an acre of land. They had already enjoyed ten years there with their three sons when they commissioned Robert Hill, but Ginny Hill explains, "As an amateur you can buy wonderful things and make yourself comfortable, more or less, but only a professional knows how to make the best use of those things and make you spiritually comfortable."

Mrs. Hill researched the house in the village archives when they bought it and got back as far as 1797 when the scratchy writing of the crow quill became illegible. She thinks the history may go back twenty years more, but whatever its exact vintage, this is a typical American Colonial-period farmhouse with small rooms, low ceilings, modest details, and an easy, human-scale warmth that welcomes furnishings of its own or another nationality, as long as they come from the country.

So the *(Text continued on page 203)*



Robert Hill placed two seven-foot sofas and an overscaled armoire (not seen) in the small living room, *preceding pages,* because he knew this would make the room seem larger. Irish rug from Patterson Flynn & Martin; Hinson printed fabric. *Right:* Jay Hill's grandmother's Italian sideboard, new French chairs, old linen from London in the dining room.





Virginia Hill designed the kitchen fireplace to recall one she had seen in Italy. She found the fine old plates in Portugal. Plaid fabric from Brunschwig.

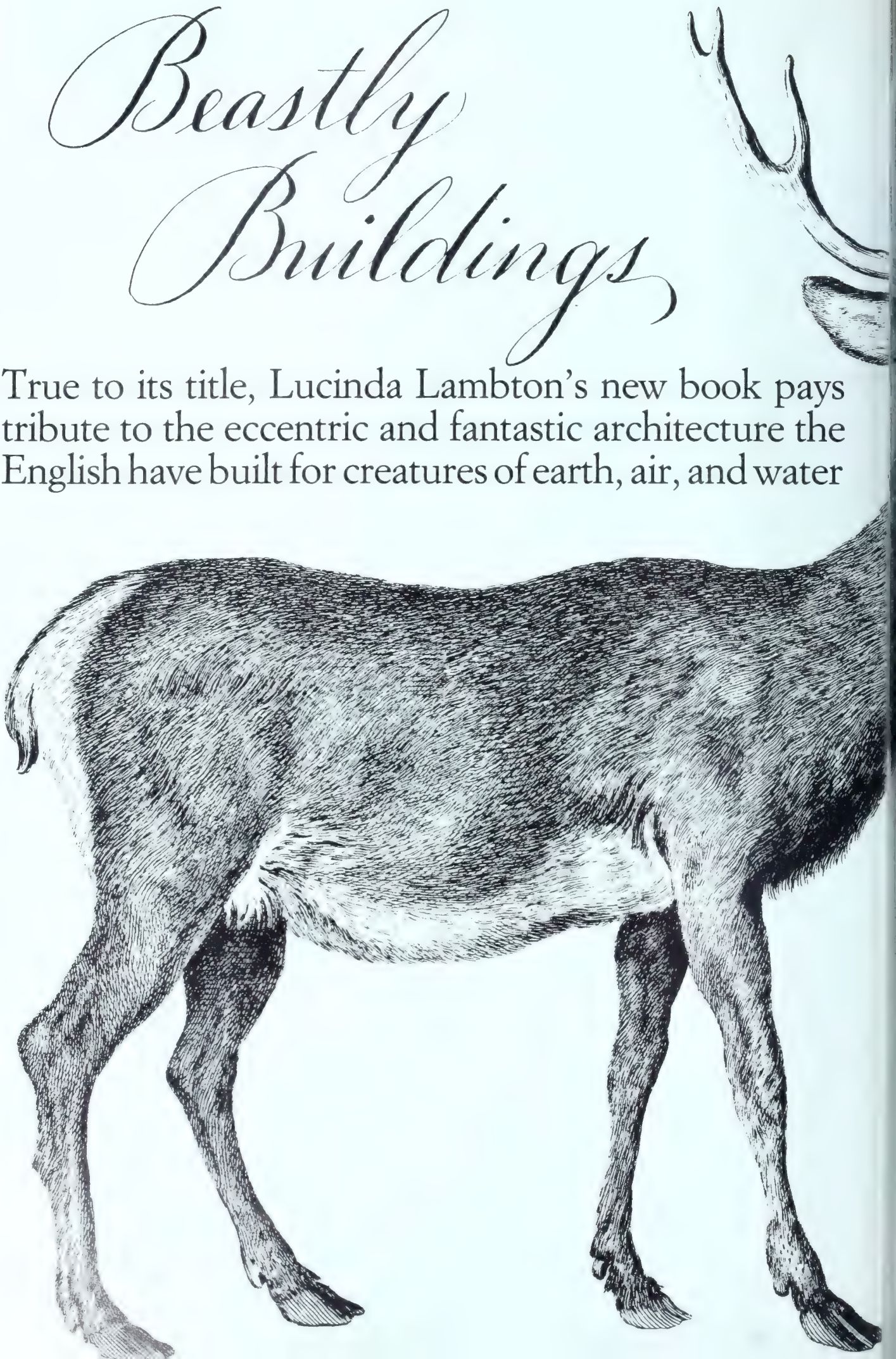


The old French faience plates in the Welsh dresser, *this page,* were purchased by the Hills from a Tarascon restaurant keeper who had just served lunch on them. *Opposite:* In the dwarf-box-bordered knot garden grow laurel standards, *Lithodora diffusa, Artemisia Schmidtiana, Dianthus* 'Beatrice', and mesembryanthemum.



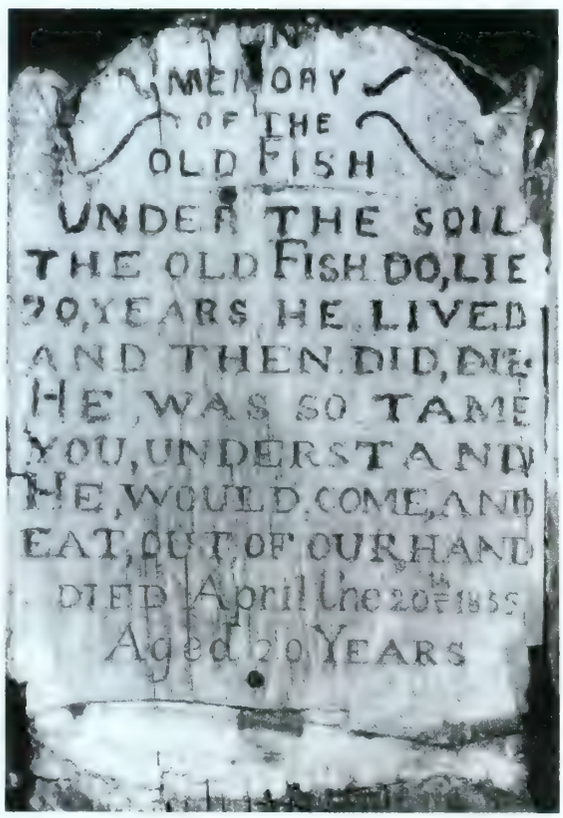
Beastly Buildings

True to its title, Lucinda Lambton's new book pays tribute to the eccentric and fantastic architecture the English have built for creatures of earth, air, and water



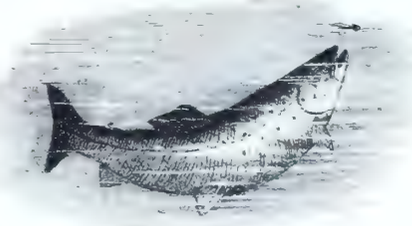
Keep for Deer

The deer house, *above,* thought to be designed around 1760 by Sir Thomas Robinson, is part of the Bishop's Palace at Bishop Auckland. The arches let the deer into a central courtyard where they could be sheltered and fed during the winter; from an upper room in the tower one could observe the deer. Built by Bishop Trevor, a saintly man of "singular dignity" who met a grim death from gangrene.



Tomb for a Trout

A memorial, *left,* in the gardens at Fish Cottage, Blockley, Gloucestershire, to the remarkable affection between William Keyte, a wheelwright, and a trout. The tame trout used to rise to the surface whenever the old man went near the pond. The trout died in 1855. It is said that it was murdered.



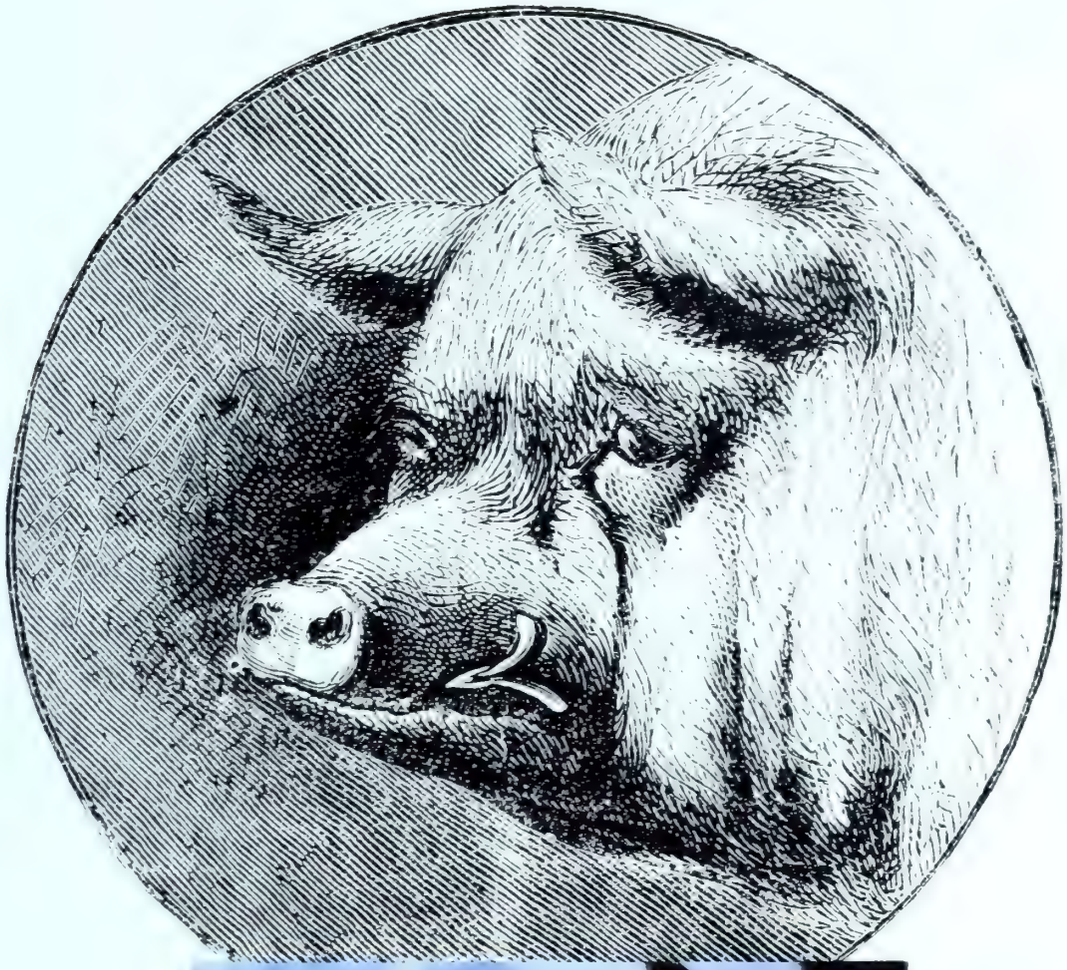
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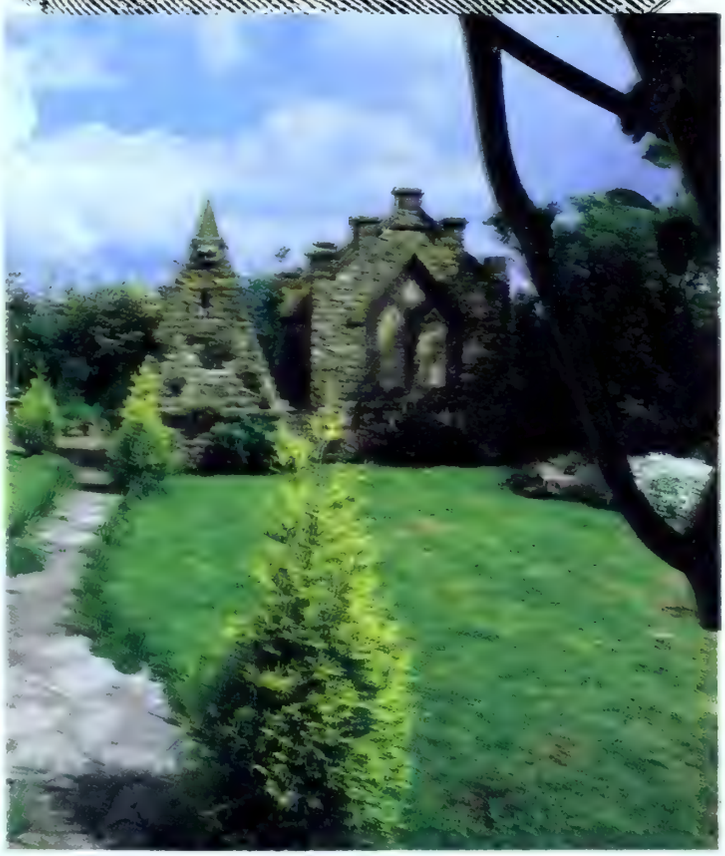
Lodge for Cows





Sir John Soane's cow sh
was part of extensive alte
ations to the house and e
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Second Lord Eliot in 18
What appears to be a flue
frieze beneath the eaves
in fact, a ventilating system

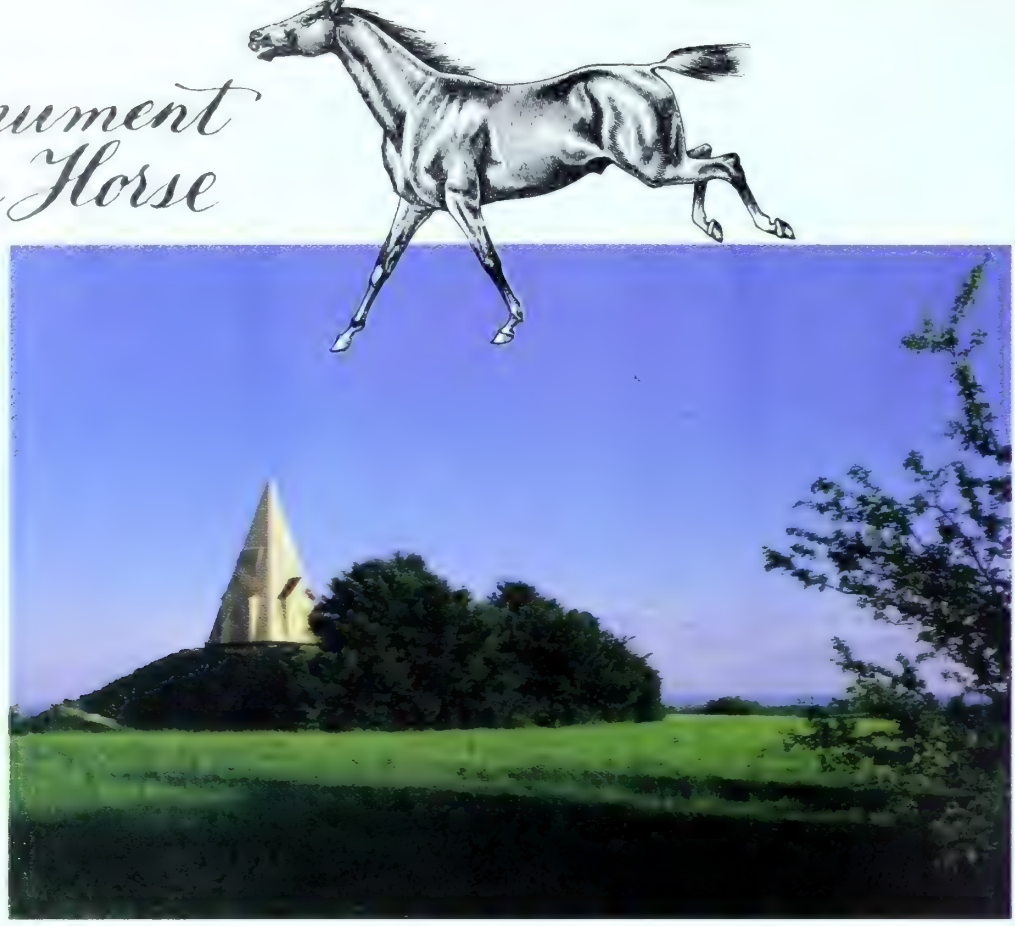




Pyramid for Pigs

A pyramid for pigs, inscribed "To Please the Pigs," and a Gothic cow shed at Acorn Cottage, Bishops Wood, were designed by a Mr. George Durant as part of the estate at Tong in Shropshire. Having grown up in a domed Moorish house built by his father, he set to work on his own improvements. He added a gateway with ten-foot-high pyramids set on ten-foot-high gate piers flanked by a castellated wall; on this he built a pulpit from which he preached to passersby.

Monument to a Horse

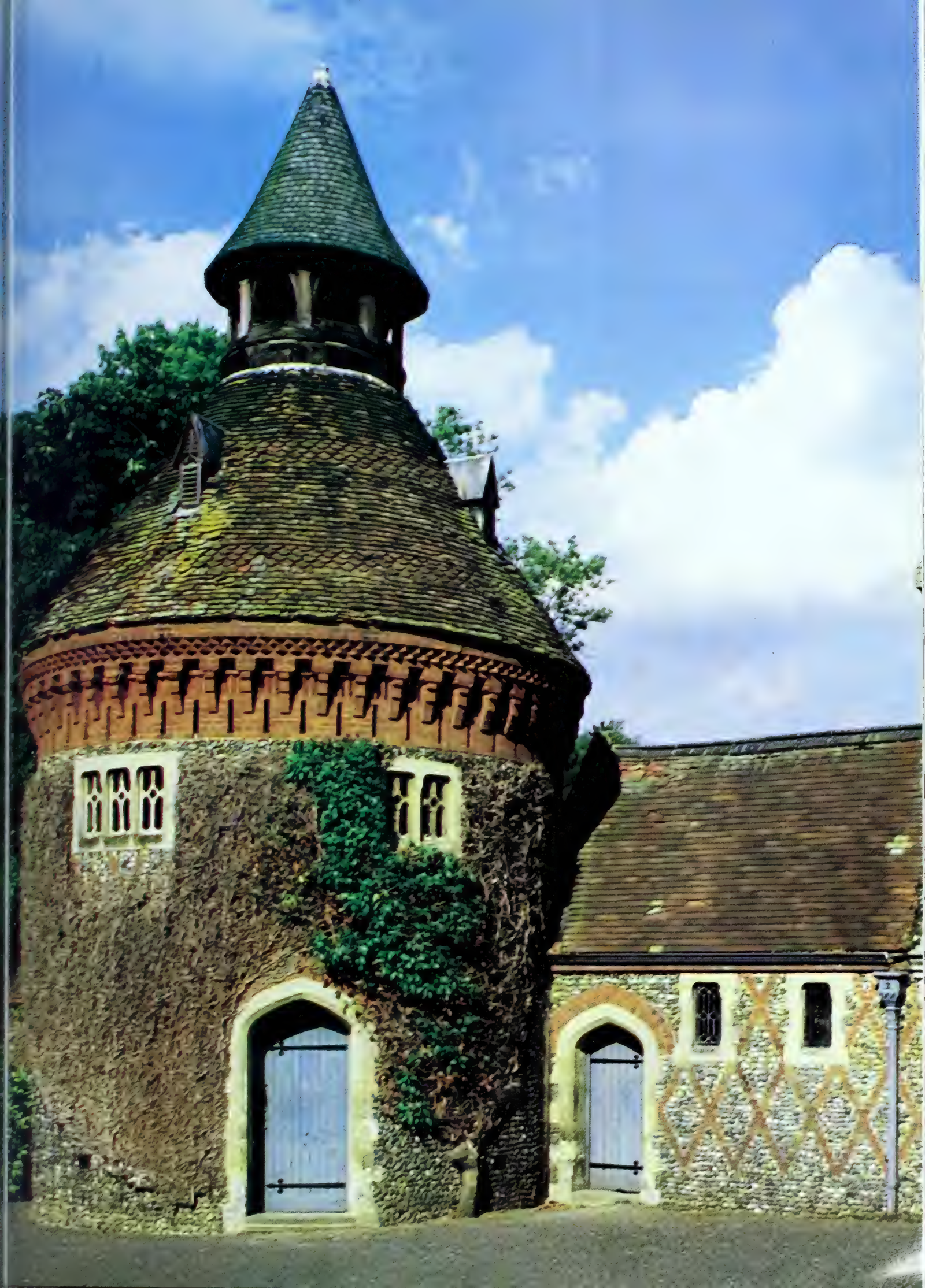


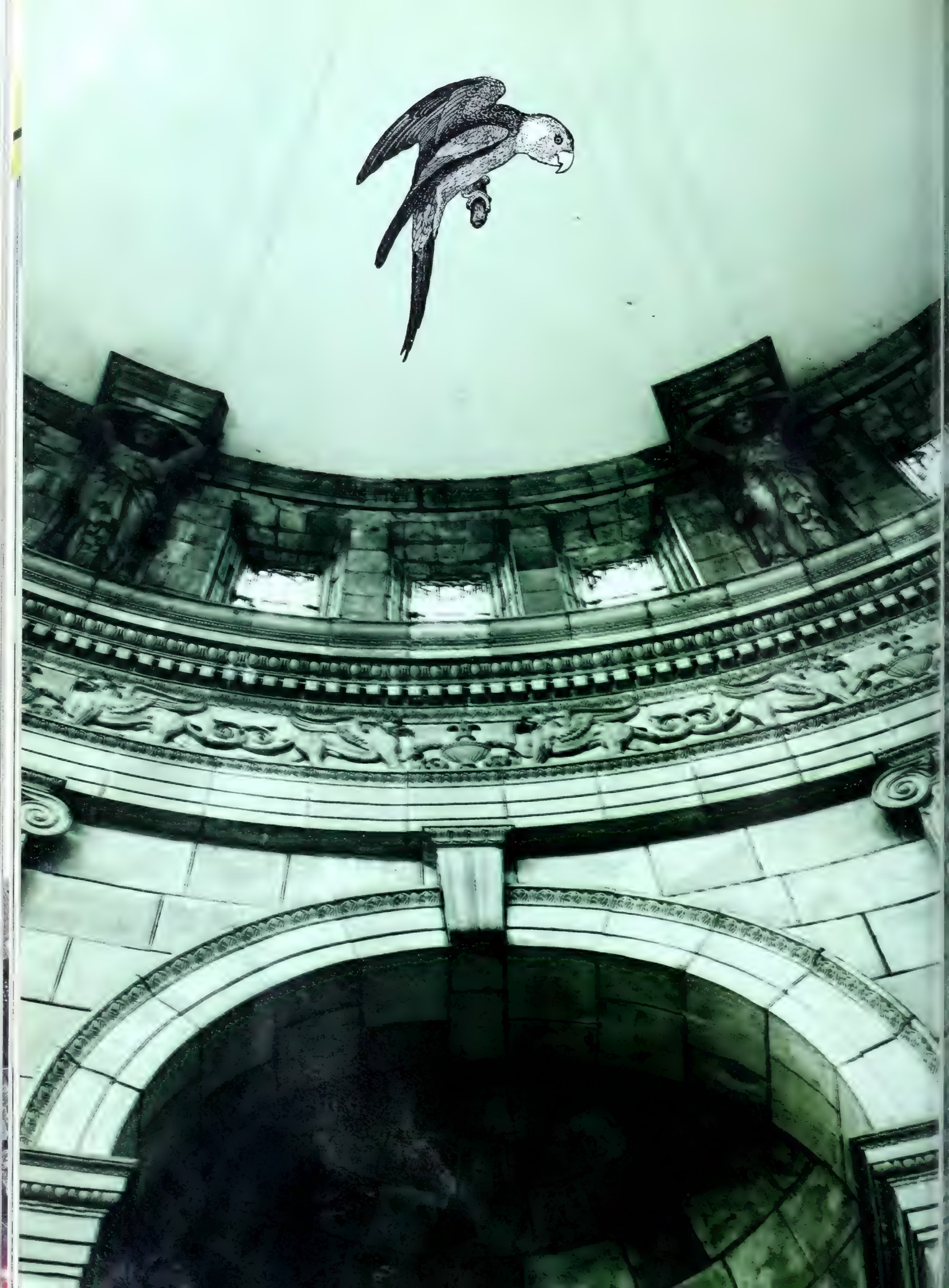
This thirty-foot pyramid, *above*, on the Mount at Farley Down, Hampshire, commemorates the bravery of a horse that had jumped safely into a 25-foot-deep chalk pit while out hunting. His rider, Sir Paulet St. John, together with his horse, renamed Beware Chalk Pit, went on to win the Hunters' Plate on Worthy Down.

Tower for a Bear



A tame bear lived for some time in the game larder, *opposite*, at Shadwell Park, near Thetford in Norfolk, part of Samuel Sanders Teulon's extravagant plans for Sir Robert Jacob Buxton's house, built between 1856 and 1860. The dovecotelike lantern on top of the game larder is just part of the exuberant architectural skyline of this house, which includes spires, Dutch gables, and, among numerous stone spikes and finials, a round and a square tower.







Canine Castle

Hounds have been kenneled at Milton since the reign of Richard II. The Fitzwilliams have lived there from 1500 and the hunt has been one of the "Governing Packs" of England. The design of this sham "ruin" has been attributed to Sir William Chambers and Humphrey Repton.

Palace for Parrots

The parrot house at Eaton Hall in Cheshire, built (1881–83) by Alfred Waterhouse while he was working for the First Duke of Westminster. Of palest terra cotta, once topped with a green copper dome, beneath its mosaic floor are pipes with warm water that evaporated through grilles for perfect junglelike humidity.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE FISH, HORSE, AND PARROT, COURTESY THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE
CALLIGRAPHY BY VIRGINIA TEAM

(Continued from page 144) corridor. The decorative treatment of the hall, instead of following historical precedents of painted pine paneling, employs staining and graining to retain the warmth of natural wood. From the front door the triple-arched corridor leads to the rich and ennobling atmosphere of a classical library.

Throughout the house it is evident that Mlinaric understands the different qualities of circulation spaces and rooms. The entrance-hall furnishings are scaled up; the old and successful device of using large pieces of furniture to create a sense of more space works well here. The country-house furniture—a row of library chairs from Wentworth Woodhouse—is upholstered in dark green chalk-striped velvet. Plinths, busts, and classical vases create a sense of formality, leavened by the more personal display of Rothschildiana.

The prints and engravings that tell some of the history of the family bank soon give way to the quite different atmosphere at the foot of the staircase. Glancing upward you are in the classical world. You could be visiting the house of a grandee just returned from the Grand Tour. Busts of the ancients look blindly at Piranesi's imaginative views of Rome, while the more mannerist visions of Hendrik Goltzius surround a magnificent Roman late-seventeenth-century night clock. This solemn black ebony clock with a painted quadrant panel by Carlo Maratti was presented by Cardinal Barberini to Louis XIV. The gravity of this silent reminder of papal Rome is in marked contrast to the extraordinary festive ingenuity that lies behind the wax bas-relief of a view of Naples made by Cetto in the middle of the eighteenth century to commemorate the wedding of Carlos of Bourbon and Maria Amalia of Saxony. This gloriously complicated object is reflected in a Neapolitan silver repoussé shell basin known to be a unique secular example of the work of the Mannerist goldsmith Guariniello.

These rare objects prepare any visitor for the imperial quality of the inner sanctum of this house. Jacob Rothschild oversees his many interests under the impassive gaze of the co-emperors of Rome, Caracalla and Geta. These third-century bust portraits look away from one another trying to forget the fratricide and mayhem of Caracalla's reign. More enjoyable to contemplate is the collection of urns, busts, and terms that fills the garden and sculpture corridor. The new treillage vistas will soon be seen under a canopy of ivy beginning to grow toward a vision of antique fragments surrounded by a jungle of greenery. Jacob Rothschild's interest in garden design and sculpture is buttressed by his ownership of London's haven for garden lovers, Clifton Nurseries. Their part in the making of this St. James's arbor is commemorated by the painted inscription beneath the central urn.

The roving imagination of the owner of this room is a strong presence. Paintings of Rome and London, photomontages of New York reflect a strong love of cities, classical order, and a passion for art in almost all its forms. The inlaid marble table from sixteenth-century Rome and the obelisk inkstand made in Pistoia in the 1820s look perfectly at home alongside a Giacometti sculpture and a wall of books and family photographs.

The top-floor apartment is totally unlike the more public rooms of this house and reflects another side of the complex personality of its owner. It has the feel of a lofty atelier, one high sitting room and a gallery bedroom above a small dining room. The gentle olive colorings were inspired by the Simon Bussy painting hung like a mural beneath the low ceiling formed by the gallery. Bussy, a French painter who married into the Strachey family, was an important influence on the Bloomsbury group. Through his mother Jacob Rothschild has links with this world of English artistic life, and this evocative studio flat pays tribute to that era. An Omega Workshop table and a tray painted by Teddy Wolfe are bright comments on the more subtle shades of the room.

The strongest quality in this high space is provided by the lantern, a cast of those made for the Picasso Museum in Paris by Diego Giacometti. This



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A NEW ROTHSCHILD LOOK

great branching frame just bursting into leaf has a sense of lacy structure that is reflected in the photomontage of the Brooklyn Bridge by David Hockney hanging over the fireplace. The shadow of the lantern and the delicate furniture by Diego Giacometti create a web of elegant geometry that subtly enhances the space.

There is in this top-story retreat something of the more laconic side of Jacob Rothschild's character. It is a place to relax, a private realm, limpid in color and softly textured with original William Morris textiles and fragments of Turkish embroideries. The tiny bedroom with its china cats and giant correspondent shoe has the feel almost of a student attic room, but occupied by a very sophisticated perpetual scholar. The modern English paintings are to be found in these rooms. The most dominant, *Lights VI: The Spa* (1974) by Michael Andrews, a leading British realist, is an ethereal view of Scarborough with the addition of the Triborough Bridge. It seems to signify longing combined with a distant sense of a pleasure resort. Something of the Rothschild character is embodied in this painting, a worldliness combined with a desire to enhance mere materialism.

Jacob Rothschild has several houses but this very personal center of his activities does contain the essence of his collections. The twentieth century is not a good one for the creation of the *Wunderkammer*, we do not have the sense of superstition of cult objects that gives such power to sixteenth-century collections. Jacob Rothschild's eclectic assembly comes close to the idea of a cabinet of treasures; it reveals his ferocious curiosity and powerful discernment. Britain's National Gallery has already felt both these aspects of their chairman's character. He has selected with the Sainsbury donors the American architect Robert Venturi to design the new extension in Trafalgar Square. During his first year the Gallery has acquired a stunning Van Dyck and an intriguing Caravaggio, not to mention the Getty donation and the Prince of Wales as a trustee. The roots of all this energy are nourished by his own appetite for beauty, which is distilled and strengthened in this house. □

Editor: Nancy Richardson



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(Continued from page 162) or one of the hermit's sisters? I had no idea) showed me into a small and immaculately neat parlor, whose smell I recognized at once: it was the odor of the corridor outside the rector's office at my Jesuit boarding school in Sydney, a compound of beeswax and library dust with a faint, musty undertone of urine. Six on the hands. No wonder that Morandi, when he appeared, looked just like a priest to me, as everyone said he would. *Il Monaco* was a tall slouching man with a pale heavy face; he had a close-cut skullcap of silvery hair, and a pendulous lower lip. His smile was yellow, gentle, shy, and equine, like Fernandel's. When I try to visualize a medieval cleric (as when reading *The Name of the Rose,* for instance) I still think of a Jesuit or two, and Morandi.

The flat had been preserved, as if in amber, from the time of the Risorgimento: embrowned nineteenth-century paintings, dark outmoded tallboys, a glimpse of an iron bed and the spoked star on an etcher's press. Morandi's studio was at the end of the corridor, next to his bedroom. It has often been described: a chamber about fifteen feet square, sunlit and bare but gray with featherings of dust. The window gave onto an enclosed garden, rather overgrown, with an olive tree and splashes of red against the rank green: potted geraniums and salvia. His easel stood in the middle of the room. In one corner was a shelf that bore a crowded population, a sort of tiny San Gimignano, of the cast of characters in his still lifes: tin jugs with beaky spouts, slender bottles, coffeepots, molds, boxy cans that had once held turpentine or other essences and were now furred with dust. What looked, at first, like a pale crinkled ice-cream sundae turned out to be one of the clusters of artificial silk flowers in a vase that served Morandi as a model for his flower pieces. By the easel was a small table on which he prepared the clusters of bottle, can, funnel, box, pot, vase from which he painted. He would set these up, I learned later, like miniature architectural sites or stage positions, each "character" in place. The tabletop was covered with fine chalk lines that Morandi had drawn around the bottom of each object so that he could take away a still-life motif and then set it up again. None of these had been rubbed out, though some were blurred, and over the years the table had acquired a fine spidery surface like an abstract drawing under its faint bloom of dust—circles, lapping and overlapping, the much-revised esquisse for an ideal city whose plan could never be settled.



Flowers, 1946, oil on canvas

Whatever our halting, long-ago conversation was, it hardly went beyond polite banalities in different languages and (on Morandi's part) some courteous hand signals. He expressed a quite unfeigned surprise that Australian artists should have heard his name, and wondered if one of his paintings had gone as far as the Antipodes. (None had; we "knew" them from reproductions.) One of the sisters came in with coffee and sweet biscuits. The coffeepot was the double of one on the table, but free of dust. I felt like a bull, or rather a young ass, in a china shop. Morandi put a still life on the easel, fitting it in above a swollen hump of accumulated, scraped-off paint on the crossbar. (Later I would read his remark to another journalist on this dried mass: "Here are most of my paintings," he said with a wry slow grin.) Then he put up another; and after a few minutes, a third. He did not seem to expect me to say anything—just as well, since I had no way of saying it. It was not that the dun-colored, long-reworked little paintings were startling, or even particularly striking. It was their relation to the studio. Seen where they had been made, they seemed to expand like those trick pellets one drops in water: to ramify, not as artificial flowers, but as the room itself. They had the same texture, tone, inwardness, an aedicular intimacy as the studio; they were as incontrovertibly true to it as single stones are to a stony landscape. From the time of that visit, like everyone else who saw the studio, I could feel no doubts about Morandi and the often-repeated idea that his work was minor, lacking in ambition, narrow in scope, made no sense to me. To see it in perspective, as New Yorkers were able to at the Guggenheim Museum five years ago, is to be reminded that despite the tiresome clanking of "innovation" that still rises from our fin-de-siècle, permanence, lucidity, attentiveness, doubt, and calm remain the paramount virtues of the art of painting. Some artists, like Cézanne or Piero della Francesca, disclose that in a big way. Others, like Morandi, do it small, almost conversationally, by gradual permutations of experience, by insinuations that verge on monotony, as the color of dust or paper will seem monotonous until you really look at it.

If we are to think of Morandi as the greatest Italian painter of the twentieth century, as we can and should, we have to recognize how different his aims were to those of his contemporaries. The key movements of the early Italian avant-garde, Futurism, and *pittura metafisica* were soaked in a rhetoric of confrontation: the former with technology and force, and the latter with historical culture as a kind of dream-theater. The culture buzzed with manifestos, claims, and counterclaims, all implying that painting could somehow change society—the operatic Italian version of Shelley's romantic delusion that the poet is the unacknowledged legislator of mankind. (Try telling that to the police chief in Lvov.) As a result, this avant-garde was rapidly coopted into political service, to its immense detriment. Fascism loved art; it also loved kitsch. Fascism, like Communism up to the death of Stalin, dreamed


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Morandi was camouflaged in his studio like a quail in dry grass

of art that would also be mass communication and set the People marching. Futurism gave Mussolini the rhetorical forms in which he could present his noxious vision of *l'Italia armata,* every mind a piston working in the cylinders of the State, the whole social machine plunging forward into a Utopia of youth, jogging, obedience, and conquest. The Duce claimed to be an artist, working with "the hardest and most intractable material, and above all, the most difficult to capture: mankind." Not every painter in Italy felt a chill on his neck at these words, but Morandi certainly did. Likewise, the late paintings of Giorgio de Chirico—once the leader of the *pittura metafisica* circle to which Morandi had briefly belonged in the 1910s—strove to set up a manipulative fantasy about history, a link between classical Rome and the "third Rome" of Fascism. And after 1945, there were other kinds of propaganda, this time on the Left, one of whose political strongholds Bologna became; instead of black marble casques of Il Duce, there was the equally coarse, clenched-fist Stalinism of Renato Guttuso's efforts as an official painter to Palmiro Togliatti and the Italian Communist Party.

In this theater of coercive hope, Morandi's obscurity was a blessing. He was camouflaged in his studio like a quail in dry grass. Nobody asked him to get aboard the Future or fetishize the Past. Much later he remarked that in the thirties, "When most Italian artists of my generation were afraid to be too 'modern' or 'international' and not 'national' or 'imperial' enough, I was left in peace, perhaps because I demanded so little recognition. In the eyes of the Grand Inquisitors of Italian art, I remained but a provincial professor of etching." There was something brave and redemptive beneath this apparent blandness.

For propaganda tries to sell us packets of information, a set menu that we are not at liberty to tamper with. Its effectiveness relies on our not knowing and not *wanting* to know how it works. This is as true of Capitalist Realism, the ads of Lancôme, Chrysler, or Fred the Furrier, as it is of Socialist Realism, the ad for the heroic future. Painting, on the other hand, cannot affect us unless we know how it works—the interest of a work of art depends on the degree to which it inducts us into its game, on how acutely it makes us aware of the many options contained in awareness. Art is slow, and promotes choice. Propaganda is fast, and choice is just what it erases. Morandi's work was a paean to this distinction. As the American critic Kenneth Baker put it, he struggled to redeem representation from politics: "to purge representation of its manipulative potential so that painting . . . might be carried on without cynicism or apology."

But what choices are there, in a group of bottles and tins? There is a passage in Proust that Morandi's first influential advocate, the art historian Roberto Longhi, cited to suggest the peculiar moral density of his paintings. "The reality to be expressed, I now understood," muses the Narrator, "resided not in the appearance of the subject but in the degree of penetration . . . the sound of the spoon on the plate, this weighted stiffness of the napkin, had been more precious for my spiritual renewal than all the humanitarian, patriotic and internationalist conversations." A written still life, as it were, for a painted one.

From the beginning, Morandi resisted symbolism. His "metaphysical" paintings of the 1910s are, for that reason, subtly different to de Chirico's or even Carra's. It is true that, in some paintings from around 1918–19, one sees that familiar figure of *pittura metafisica,* the dressmaker's or milliner's dummy—the wooden mannikin that de Chirico put in his paintings of piazzas, stiff in their plunging irrational space, not quite a man and not quite a sculpture, to convey alienation and loss. But with Morandi it suggests nothing so poignant: it is just another object which, he protested, had been hanging around his studio for years before de Chirico painted one. Perhaps he was protesting too much, but the fact is that the real quarry of these early Morandis is an exactly measured, mathematical space—the kind of space that one-point perspective con-



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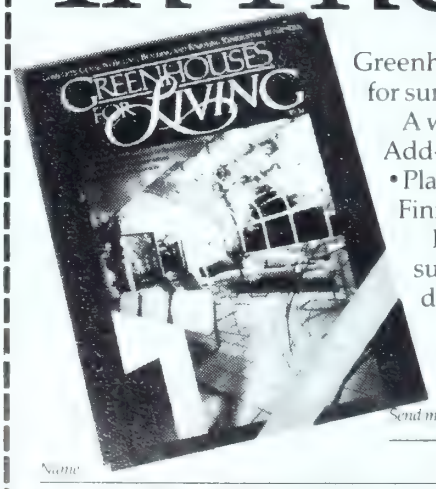
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Randolph & Hein

struction, that obsession of the early Renaissance, made available to his fifteenth-century heroes Paolo Uccello and Piero della Francesca. And yet by the 1920s the rigid stylishness of these stage sets of objects seems to have been worrying him. He began moving toward a less formalized way of painting: something that would evoke a simpler, less declamatory, more "provincial" world—that of Emilia, in contrast to Rome. He would never paint a human figure. Fascism had copyrighted them, and could keep them, those bulging adolescents and fruitful *contadine* on the post-office walls. And even in still life, there were degrees of rhetoric. For centuries painters had been assembling objects on a table and forcing them to mean something beyond themselves: gold coins for avarice, a wilting flower for lost youth, a rotten apricot for sin, a skull for the vanity of hope. They had assembled things to symbolize power: a seventeenth-century Dutch table, cascading with parrot tulips and gold beakers, dead hares and dewdrops, was a hymn to appropriation, betokening the owner's ability to seize and keep the real stuff of the world. No such glamour attached to a few dowdy bottles and kerosene lamps.

So Morandi staked his art on the mild persistence (you could hardly call it power) of continuous inspection. He had a lot of the quality his private pantheon—Giotto, Chardin, Cézanne, Braque—all shared: tenderness toward the mundane. By concentrating on things that were neither spectacular nor bursting with meaning, he could put meaning where it belonged—in the act of representation, in the picture itself. The things in his paintings seep deliberately into one's attention. Morandi could not give a bottle the outrageous conceptual power that Picasso gave a pot or a bull's skull—an emblem torn out of the world the way one tears the end of a baguette, and chucked in front of the eye. Things go slower. They start vaguely, as little more than silhouettes, a vibration of one low color against another: gray with a little ochre and raw sienna worried into it perhaps, leaning into another gray with a faint undercast of pink. The indefinite way they are painted looks awkward at first. Morandi was not a "linear" painter. He thought in terms of the tonal patch, rather than the directional line. (Even his etchings, which are among the most beautiful of the twentieth century, stay away from linear gesture. They are accumulations of patches: ragged, thoughtful shapes made of silvery cross-hatching, each firmly holding its plane. By shifting the density of the hatching Morandi could achieve a degree of tonal control unsurpassed by any other modern etcher; he would diffuse the light in the studio by tacking gauze over the window, and scratch away at the plate until he had evoked the exact degree of vaporousness that he wanted. Sometimes his titles reflected his obsession with the ordering of marks: *Still Life with Rapid Strokes, Still Life with Wide Lines, Still Life with Very Delicate Strokes.* These were like musical directions—*andante, con brio,* and so forth.) In the paintings he eschewed the sharply defined shapes, high contrasts of tone, and oppositions of color that make a painting "memorable" at first sight. He wanted to slow down the eye, harried by that banal explicitness of mass media which had seemed so rich to Futurists and Dadaists. So his sweetly monotonous images swim up from the small canvases, developing in the act of scrutiny. Gradually one tastes their internal relationships; how articulate the sequence of tones may be, inside a silhouette that once looked flat and merely dun-colored; how many hues can be contained, as dusty hints and after-images of themselves, in a sequence of white and ochre patches; how subtle the divisions of background space, the bits of table and wall cut out by the cans and ewers, actually are. If the straight side of a bottle wavers, it only does so to remind us how mutable and hard to fix the act of seeing really is. And if the shapes look simple, their simplicity is extremely deceptive; one recognized in it a lifetime of distillation. The painter is rescuing something—our powers of concentration, along with his. Hence, his efforts do not date. Modestly, insistently, they keep pointing out the difference in art between a truth and a lie. □

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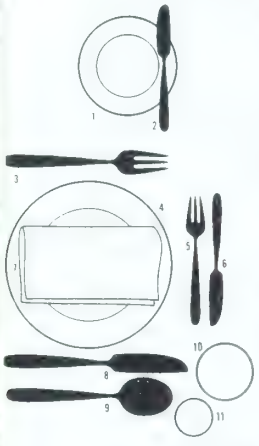


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Eat? Or dine? The rise and fall and rise again of the dining room.



Just a few years ago dining rooms seemed to be on the list of endangered household species, a list that included butler's pantries, libraries and dressing rooms. Even a critically acclaimed off-Broadway play (*The Dining Room* by A.R. Gurney, Jr.) was based on the notion that this room was some sort of archeological artifact now useful only as a clue to the cultural and social changes of recent years.

But the latest news from the Home Front is that dining rooms are now high on many people's most-wanted lists and they're asking architects and designers to put them back into their lives.

This resurgence may be due in part to the Great American Gourmet Revolution now at its zenith. If you're going to shine at *nouvelle* and all those other cuisines, you want a proper theater in which to display your new-found masterpieces.

Whatever the reasons for their comeback, the new dining rooms are very different from those staid rooms of yesterday. Gone is much of the rigid formality. In its place, there's now a feeling of informal ease and comfort, reflecting today's more casual attitudes. In the Southampton dining room designed by Gary Crain shown here, you can feel this current mood. Even though the look is very Country/Traditional, the room is sparked with an informality that is thoroughly contemporary. Part of this effect results from the sprightly flower-strewn wallpaper and the inviting wing chair with its matching upholstery (from Schumacher's *Chez Moi* collection, the pattern is "Belle Isle"). The light-catching, translucent silk-blend draperies and the imported wool Dhurrie rug counterpoint the period table and chairs in a very modern way, too. In all, a harmonious background for the social activity we call "dining."



Historically, separate rooms set aside solely for the purpose of eating didn't show up until well into the 18th century. As with many other things having to do with the cooking and serving of food, the idea of a separate "eating room" can be credited to the French and to the reign of Louis XV. The differentiated dining room helped to transform plain "eating" into fancy "dining." What had been a biologic necessity was turning into a key social ritual.

In keeping with this ritualization of dining, all sorts of customs were developed: England's Charles I had ok'd the use of cutlery several hundred years before with his declaration "It is decent to use a fork"; the central table surrounded by chairs, termed *"table à l'anglais,"* was adopted world-wide; sequential serving of meals, one course at a time "in the Russian manner" became another international standby; special dining room protocol—as well as all kinds of special dining room furniture—soon cluttered the eating rooms of the world.

In the two hundred years after Louis XV, dining rooms ultimately became the focal point of almost every household, no matter how rich or how humble. These high-flying days continued well into the middle of this century. Then, a few decades ago it seemed as though we were back in the pre-dining room era again, and were being asked to



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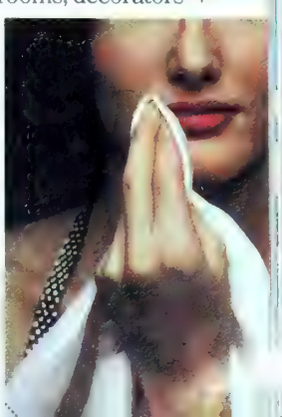


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make do with the bit of space dubbed "the dining area" that was tacked onto some other room. Happily, this trend now seems to be reversed. Great meals are once again being served in great-looking dining rooms.



When F. Schumacher and Company opened up its shelves for business in the 1890's dining rooms were often imposingly sumptuous, even regal. All sorts of sumptuous and regal fabrics suited to the era were ordered from those Schumacher shelves. For today's dining room renaissance, Schumacher continues to meet the multiple needs of the present generation of decorators and designers. By offering the world's most comprehensive inventory of decorative fabrics and wall-coverings reflecting every era of design with unequalled authority. By maintaining a color palette that is unusually sensitive to the nuances of changing times and fashions. And by providing a handpicked selection of the finest rugs and carpets of the world. Whether it's for a new dining room, or a houseful of other distinctive rooms, decorators and designers, wending their busy way in search of perfection, almost daily say to themselves (with an ingrained belief and a sigh of relief), "...surely, Schumacher."



(Continued from page 154) level, and I think that is pretty much what worked out. I hate measuring so I'm not entirely sure, but the wooden fence that butts against the stucco wall on its two outside ends could be tall enough to give a feeling of enclosure without any grandness. That was important as our house has nothing grand about it. The fence itself had to be very simple and a picket type, but I wanted a slanted board to run across the top to give it a solidness the house had and no finials to keep it plain. A good friend, every time he sees the garden, asks when I'm going to finish it with finials and I always smile and say no finials.

I guess one of the nicest things about designing gardens for other people is that I can plan out some of my other fantasies, by working on both grand houses and small houses. One of the most important things for me is a sense that the garden is appropriate for the house it surrounds, and that I think is the hardest thing of all for most of us, restraint. It's fairly easy to restrain myself here when I feel sure one day the right house will come along for different elements I love, hence no finials for my fence, at least for now. The fence itself had to be dark green to match the trim on the house and because I love a very dark green as a background for flowers. The beds themselves are probably a little over four feet deep, they are edged with old brick laid flat in the ground, flush with the grass to make it easier to mow and to allow the borders to spill over unevenly the way I like them to. The two borders are basically the same in planting as they are opposite one another. The plants are moved a bit this way and that to keep it a little uneven and less boring. It's important to me to have them read as unified even though different. The colors are mostly toward a pale palette. My favorites being whites, pinks, lavenders, and blues with some deeper colors to add punch; deep purples, dark peony reds, and some yellows. I love lots of gray-leaved plants to add softness. I tend to like softness in foliage too, so I always have to add Scotch thistles and Siberian iris for more architecture and strength. The last thing I want is for the borders to look insipid. There are certain flowers I always must have in my garden—



Terrace and greenhouse

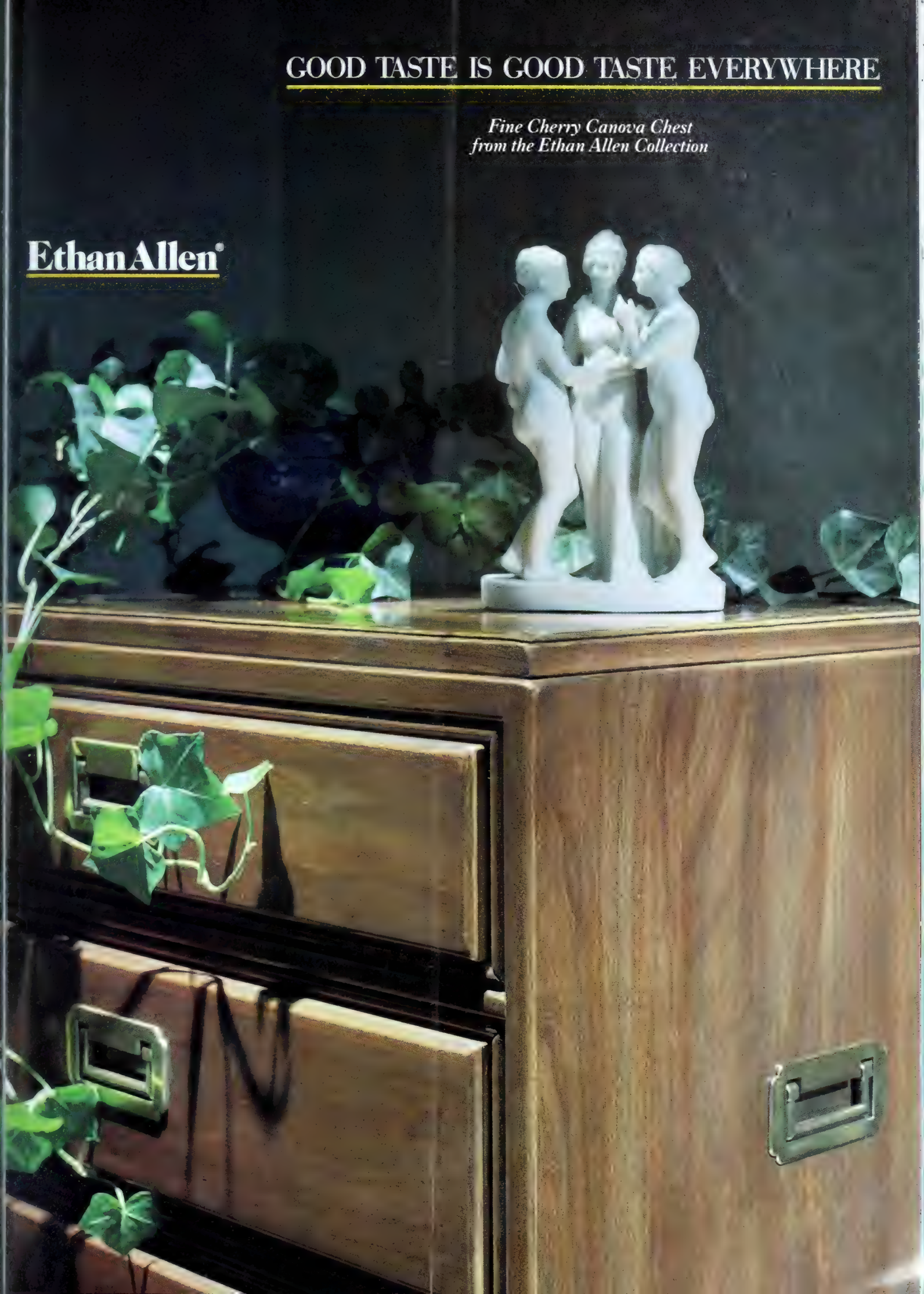
single hollyhocks, bleeding hearts, ornamental catnip, apricot foxgloves, *Salvia argentea,* violas, and gold-laced polyanthus. I also like to mix herbs into the borders; tarragon, garlic chives, and fennel are wonderful mixers. Sweet-smelling flowers are also favorites, particularly some of the fragrant lilies, garden heliotrope, pinks, nicotiana, and sweet rocket. And nothing makes me happier than to see hummingbirds, butterflies, and sphinx moths in the garden working the foxgloves, bee balm, and coral bells. One of the nicest things to see is the goldfinches on the Scotch thistles after they have passed their prime flowering. They look so beautiful, yellow on this gray and spiny plant.

Many of my plants and their placement I'm sure come from actual gardens I've seen, as well as from descriptions by garden writers I particularly enjoy. Certain plants always mean more to me for their associations with the people who gave them to me. Vita Sackville-West of the English writers is my favorite. Both her writings on plants and Sissinghurst itself have inspired me many times. And Gertrude Jekyll's *Children and Gardens* has always been a favorite, as have some of the writings of William Robinson, E.A. Bowles, and G.S. Thomas for old roses. Of the American garden writers the best for me is Louise Beebe Wilder. She wrote several wonderful books, two of the best being *My Garden* and *Adventures with Hardy Bulbs*. To my mind she had no equal, as she really knew plants and wrote of her own experiences. Gardening is so personal, which is certainly half the fun. What one person loves in a garden is very likely to be deeply disliked by the next avid gardener. Two other American garden writers I can't leave out are Rosetta Clarkson and Mrs. Francis King. Really once I began gardening, other gardeners, specialist nurserymen, and books have been a great influence on me. Even the very first garden that I made and continued to tend was inspired by a field guide to native plants. It was a good garden to start with, as I made it all of native violets. It was such fun as I'd madly ride my bike after school to my secret spot and dig up bunches of violets and return home to plant them. Of course as violets will, they grew like crazy, so naturally I was inspired.

Just after the mixed flower borders, came the greenhouse. It was made from pieces of an old cypress one that had originally grown Parma violets, so violets continue to figure in my gardening. My husband remade it to a size that would be manageable and we put it at the back of the house on the southeastern side. It has a herringbone brick floor, and one side has a bench running the length of it for smaller plants. The opposite side is for my rosemary, santolina, lavender, scented geraniums, and bay trained as standards. I have long loved and grown standards and as the ones I want most aren't hardy in northwestern Connecticut, the greenhouse is a must.

The terrace is next to the greenhouse and we had it made of a light-colored stone to look right with exposed limestone in the house's foundation. It was to be a space for us to sit and eat and look at the borders. The stones are interplanted with several kinds of low-growing plants including several thymes, yarrow, baby's breath, and pinks; the terrace in summer houses my standards plus an old wooden plant stand with an assortment of plants, and my favorite old watering cans. I try always to have something sweet-smelling growing in pots in the cold frame attached to the greenhouse along with the lettuce and spinach. My favorite for this area is a pink called 'Rainbow Loveliness'. It has a smell that is hard to believe, and the petals look like lace, they are so fringed.

There is a steep bank between our


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house and the road, and this I've covered with a mixture of old roses, sweet peas, and foxglove as I've adored this combination in England. It does look so pretty when it's in bloom. I love to pick roses for the house and squash them nice and short-stemmed into a container, looking as close as possible to a Fantin-Latour painting.

The last part we worked on was the side where the kitchen garden now is. It was such a mess; quite intimidating with a hideous half-broken, cracked tar drive with incredible weeds coming through all the cracks. It came up a steep bank from the road right to the back door, we had it ripped up with a bulldozer and as much as possible carried away. But it still took weeks to dig the ground and get out all the extra bits of tar so that we could plant. Part was turned into lawn and part into what is now our kitchen garden. This side of our house is where the three espaliered pears are. They are underplanted with maybe my very favorite plant of all, the auricula. Auriculas were often seen in Dutch flower paintings and continue in popularity off and on throughout the history of gardening. They are so incredibly beautiful, in such wonderfully odd colors, I can't think why they are so hard to find here today. The only way I can even come close to having enough auriculas is to use them as a kind of ground cover under these espaliered pear trees.

The kitchen garden itself was like heaven to lay out. First of all, I had about thirty wonderful old garden tiles I'd bought in Savannah when my husband and I were married and by luck the same friend who wants finials on our fence told me of a lady not far away who had more tiles to sell. Of course I bought them all and could then edge my paths. I adore simple old garden things; tiles, watering cans, cloches, forcers, baskets, pots, tools, and the like. I can never resist another old something for the garden. This is definitely my weakest point in restraint. I have to alternate having my cloches, rhubarb, and sea-kale forcers in the kitchen garden to keep it from looking like a junk yard. The kitchen garden is truly very small, hedged with red currants on three sides and hemlock on the fourth side that abuts first a trellised walk-through and then the house. The side hedged with hemlock was done so there would be more of a feeling of enclosure in the garden, and so you couldn't see through that side in any detail, just a peek through the trellis arch itself.

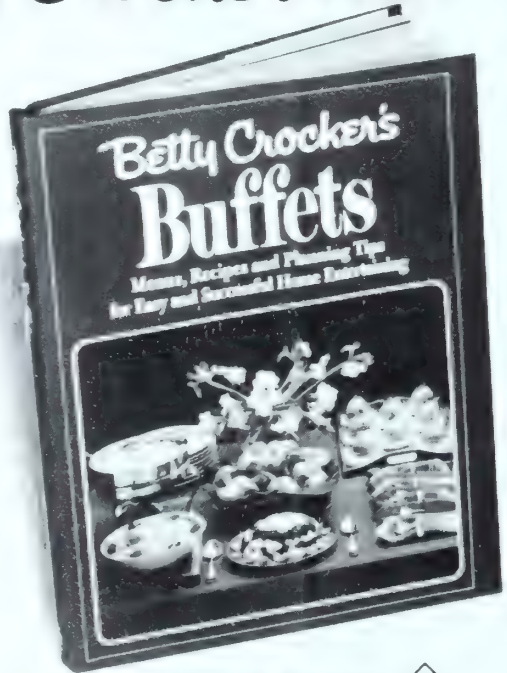
I've long been interested in kitchen gardens, particularly as described in the writings of Monsieur De La Quintinye, who was Louis XIV's kitchen gardener at Versailles. He wrote a wonderful little book called *The Compleat Gard'ner: or, Directions for Cultivating and Right Ordering of Fruit-Gardens and Kitchen-Gardens.* Two other great favorites on kitchen gardens are Philip Miller's *Gardeners Kalendar* and John Evelyn's translation of *The French Gardiner* by Nicolas de Bonnefons. One summer while driving in France to see Villandry, whose kitchen garden is so famous and wonderful, I saw along the road a kitchen garden that is the one more than any which is the most vivid in my memory. It was beyond all I could imagine! There were rows and rows of young tender plants covered with cloches. I'm sure there were at least 75 in all, some had broken knobs and small clay pots perched on top which only added to their charm. I don't think I've seen any garden that touched me more. I think it's the surprise of something—an old useful garden tool like a cloche or a plant you've always known but never seen grown a particular way—before you in a new and unselfconscious way that's the most exciting and memorable. I had long hunted for old cloches for my garden, but to suddenly see a garden where they obviously had been handed down and always used so naturally was delightful.

Back to our garden after hedging, I started to lay out the paths. They came easily as one had to lead to the kitchen and larder door, one to a storage shed, one to a potting bin, and one to a place to sit. That broke up the space into small enough beds to work easily. Just as much as I love overplanting in perennial borders, I love straight rows and earth showing in my kitchen garden. Consequently, it is made up of

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rows nice and straight. I always like to mix vegetables and herbs with some picking flowers. Madonna lilies are a must, as are old varieties of sweet peas for smell. The central path is edged with lavender and, when it is in bloom and humming with bees, it is truly heavenly. This garden also has lots of old pots filled with favorite plants, for smell and herbs to use. This is the garden of mine that means more to me than any. I've often wondered, and now believe it is because of the very basic desire to grow what you eat. Food to eat, and flowers to fill your house and delight the senses. In my unrealistic daydreams, I'd like to farm, and this garden is closer to that dream than a perennial border; and yet, unlike a farm, it allows freedom.

As I write it is midwinter and conjuring up these memories of warmth and summer makes me long for it all to begin again: the flowers, the birds, the bees, and the wonderful butterflies. Heaven will certainly return. □

Editor: Senga Mortimer

OVER THE STORE

(Continued from page 134) And even now, ten successful years later, he says, he isn't certain why he did it. "It certainly wasn't with a full knowledge of what a restaurant entails," he said, holding up a sheaf of papers he had yet to study. Nor the hours that he'd have to put in. But he says he loves it. So much so that interesting and welcoming as the handsome apartment really is, it really is little used.

"But I sleep here," he protested. "Sometimes I have a whole evening—seven P.M. until one A.M.—here." True. But if the 62-year-old impresario isn't reading the entire time, he says he is watching rented movies on his new video cassette recorder. "I think I must have seen two-dozen films in two months," he said happily. The first of those movies was *Casablanca*. Unbelievable as it may seem, he insisted he had never seen this classic before. And his verdict? "I thought it was very well done," he said coolly. "I suppose I was drawn to it because of Rick's Café." He smiled. □

Editor: Carolyn Sollis

MAIN LINE FRENCH

(Continued from page 96) notes. "Now it's Bessarabians."

This summer will be the Flanagans' first in the completed house. For their current project, the garden, they have imported from Southampton the landscape architect Robert Welsh—"the one we all use," as Mrs. Rayner describes him. "They both have great green thumbs," she adds, "and they grow the most wonderful impatiens—not those sad little borders but these huge, round, and fluffy bushes. It must be something in the soil. When the French doors are open onto the garden and a breeze is blowing, I think it'll be quite marvelous."

And what do the neighbors make of all this? It appears that the Flanagans are effecting a quiet revolution in Main Line taste. "We've become the talk of the town," Mrs. Flanagan says with some pride. "People have started calling us for advice about anything to do with houses. Whatever it is we've got, they want it." □

Editor: Kaaren Parker Gray



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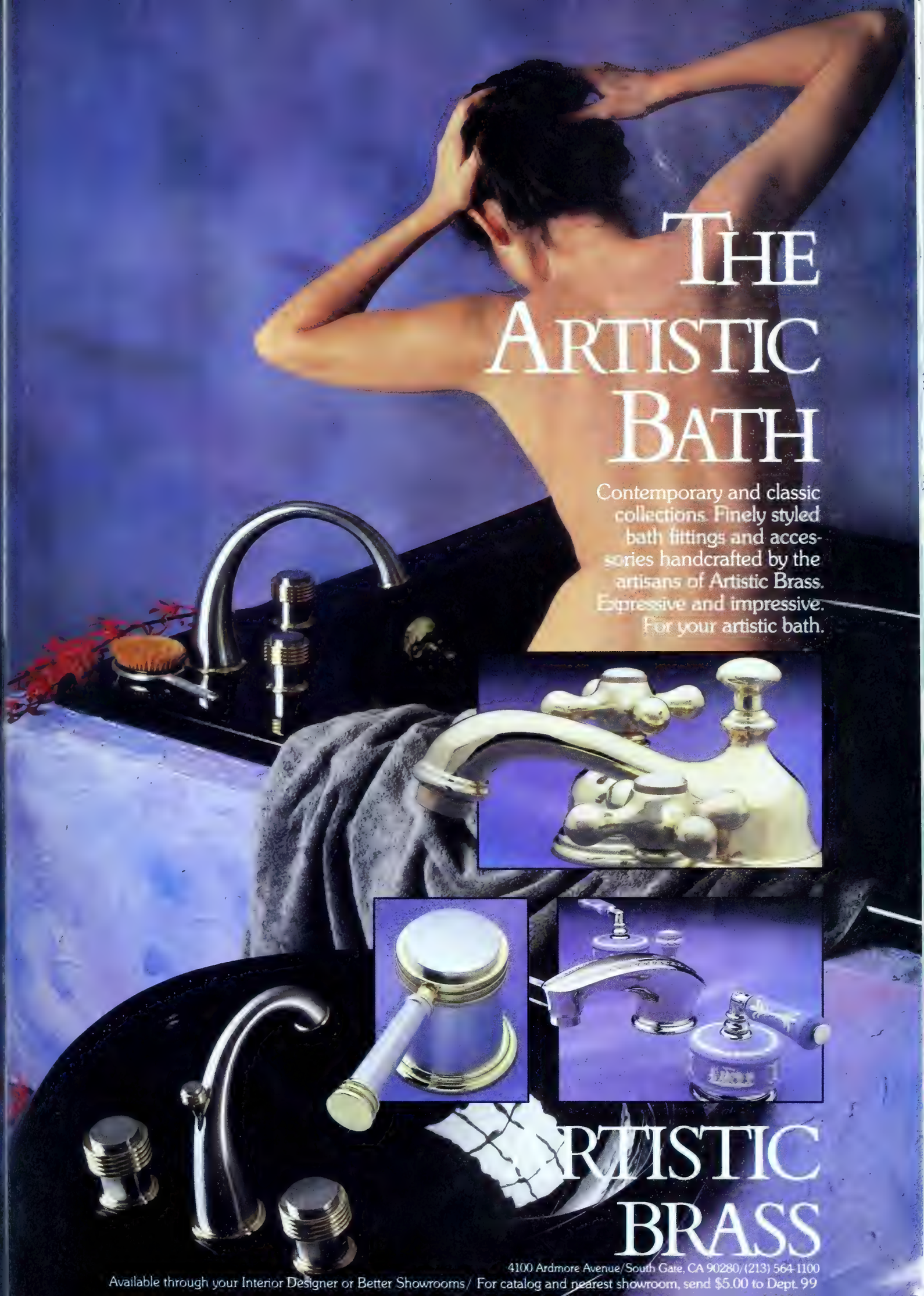
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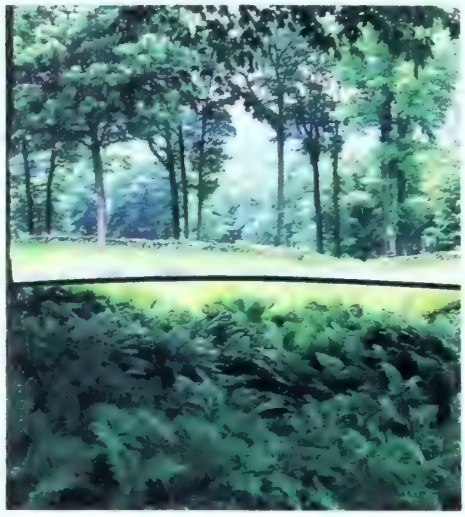
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(Continued from page 120) you piled them, and you made the wonderful walls that now make delineating and orienting lines on this property.

"We have almost too much water in Connecticut. It's like the jungle. The hillsides are full of springs and rivulets. I made the mistake of bulldozing one rivulet that I thought I didn't want, and all the trees that were anywhere near it died. So I bulldozed it back again, and it became the brook that I bridged on the way to the gallery—one of the most important parts of the landscaping. It's incredible, the mistakes one makes. But the point of landscaping is that you have to feel your way. It's amazing how the great English designers knew where to dam lakes and refix them to come out right. They must have been marvelous engineers.

"Back home in Ohio, my mother carved a pond out of a lazy old creek. So I said I'd make a pond, too, right here. Doesn't everyone? I made the pond, and I designed the little pavilion down there that I wanted to put in



Bridge on way to Sculpture Gallery

water. Now I want to make the pond bigger, so it almost fills this immediate valley and goes up the hill on the other side and is dominated by the tower."

The tower in question, made of concrete blocks, is named after Philip Johnson's lifelong friend, Lincoln Kirstein. Few of us can climb up it as fast as Philip Johnson in his eightieth year, but fundamentally it is not so much for climbing as for looking at. It is a scale creating, shade-creating object.

The bone-white gateway that leads off the road is, like the tower, something that arouses our curiosity and focuses our attention. Philip Johnson doesn't like our attention to wander. "That's why I don't like the seaside. There's nothing there, unless it's a boat. If there's a boat, it's O.K. In the East River wonderful barges go by. But God keep me from the Atlantic Ocean. There are a lot of glass houses that face the ocean, and people like them. But I say there's nothing there. You have to have buoys or floats or anchored boats or something, like St. Martin's, where there's a washed-up derelict ship, a marvelous hulk, all rusted, quite possibly dangerous, but at least you have something to look at. Anyhow, the pavilion and the tower and the water here reflect differently all the time, so at least you have something to look at."

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in the gateway that Philip Johnson built a few years ago. "All English houses have interesting or impressive gates to announce their presence. It's having to open them that's a bother. So our engineer devised a way of making the gate rise and fall by remote control from the car. Don't ever do it, by the way. It breaks down all the time. But I had to start somewhere. It furthered my technical education, and it serves as a piece of sculpture and as several other things besides.

"I don't want to 'decorate' the Connecticut landscape. It's perfect as it is. I just take advantage of the thirty-five acres that I now have to create interesting distances and points of high interest in a small amount of land, where you can't think in terms of three hundred sixty degrees and go on forever as the Sun King did."

All this could spring from a local, limited passion—a passion aroused and confined to a small, given part of a very large country. But as a matter of fact Philip Johnson has large and unlimited views on this subject, as on most others. "When *The New York Times* asked me what was the greatest piece of architecture in the world, I said the Ryoan-ji garden in Kyoto. There isn't even a building in it—just a porch, with the sky as its ceiling, and some rocks set in the sand. I wish it could be put into words, and yet it's good that there are some things that cannot be put into words. When you're in the presence of really great art there are no words. You can explain the role of the Madonna in Western art—Meyer Schapiro can talk about it, anyone can talk about it—but I've never met anyone who can talk about a pile of rocks. Why does that pile of rocks do that to us? That's very strange. But perhaps it's true of all architecture, and I think that we should stretch the definition of architecture to include landscape architecture, because we always have the sky and the trees, or whatever there is, to work with."

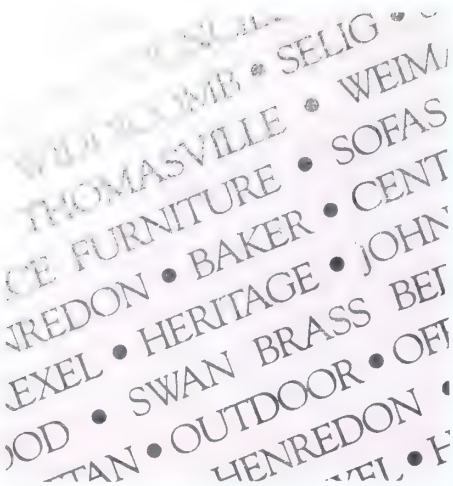
English landscaped parks count for much with Philip Johnson, but he hasn't seen many. "I get it all from books, of course. In any case the English park has been ruined by the rhododendron. Rhododendrons kill architecture. All the great landscape architects knew that. If you put in a bush, it's a dead stop. Whereas a grove of trees has penetrations and holes in it. A bush is a dead subject." Thereafter followed a characteristic Johnsonian aside, to the effect that in any case the best English garden was in Wörlitz, near Dessau, in East Germany. Reference to a Baedeker for the year 1913 confirmed that there is indeed an English garden in Wörlitz. Laid out between 1765 and 1808, it includes lakes, islands, a monument to Venus, a Gondoliers' House, a Pantheon, and a "Grotto for Egeria."

"Goethe loved that garden. You have chain bridges that you clank your way across. You have mountains that you walk through, with a little piece of red glass as the only source of light. You have lakes that you pull yourself across in a little scow with a rope. It was a dead-level place, so they built a ridge of hills, always on a slightly small scale, so that you felt a sense of containment, not being able to go directly from here to there. The whole thing was built from nothing."

Though tempted at that point to eulogize the mighty Wörlitzer, and to imagine his Gothic, neoclassical, and Venetian elements transported to southern Connecticut, I was immediately brought back to more familiar ground. Landscape gardening was a matter of keeping up the interest as one walks along, Philip Johnson said. "The Tuileries gardens prove that. If you walk from the Louvre to the place de la Concorde along the dead straight rue de Rivoli, it's quite a long walk. But in the Tuileries you have the green bits, and the square squares, and the round rounds, and trees here and sculptures there, and it's not a bit boring.

"My garden is a combination of American Frontier, Moderne architecture, the English garden, and the lake and the willow. But it's the whole layering that matters, with the wilderness coming and going, and the ruins of the old barns and the old farm walls to give a sense of history. That is what has made the spirit of the place live on. And then the dappled light—a re-creation of the primeval forest and the hopeful growth of the floor of ferns, and the groves that I've planted."

A look of young man's mischief came over Philip Johnson's face. "Take my word for it," he said, "this place will look just great in a hundred years." □

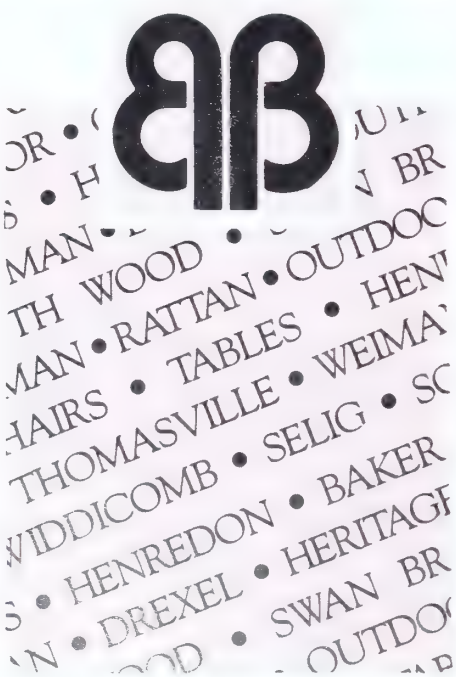


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COUNTRY COUSINS

Continued from page 166) Hills felt ree to ask their decorator for the kind f simple French look they had so ad- nired in his own house. They all greed that this program did not pre- lude using the Italian pieces they had nherited from a grandmother who ived in a Tuscan villa long ago, nor the Welsh dresser and English "Upstairs, Downstairs" table in the kitchen, nor he fine American four-poster in the master bedroom: they are all country ousins of the same age. Robert Hill elieves strongly in the kinship and in he mixture. "You get a far richer inte- ior than you would from strictly ad- ering to furnishings from one place."

Robert Hill's task was first to clear ut the clutter of certain old additions uch as built-in bookcases and window eats. After he helped his clients ac- quire some major and minor antiques nd a number of reproduction French hairs for dining, the arranging of ooms began and the clutter of table- ops and shelves had to be dealt with. Ginny Hill says, "We wanted Robert artly because of his restraint, and I was glad to have him teach us to put ossessions away." Robert Hill also re- colored the entire house, from its exte- ior dove-gray clapboards with mushroom shutters and white trim to ts pale apricot and lavender and reamy off-white interior with newly leached floors.

Jay and Ginny Hill travel to Europe lmost monthly on business and try to ind time to search out faience and oth- r treasures. They also visit as many gardens as they can; both are dedicated gardeners and they chose their land- cape designer as carefully as they hose their decorator. The garden was aid out and planted by New Bedford– ased landscape designer Allen C. Haskell—he is also a noted horticul- urist and nurseryman who trained the opiary and cascading chrysanthe- mums seen at the ball given by the Brit- sh Embassy for the Prince and Princess of Wales last fall—but the Hills supplied some of the labor. They lanted the knot garden, for example, nd they weed and water and feed it, long with the rest of their beds and orders. The Hills became fond of the knot garden in Europe and, like their urniture, it is a European design that its in beautifully with an old American armhouse. □ *Editor: Babs Simpson*

CLASSICAL TRICKERY

(Continued from page 105) as Sills painted away he realized he was getting something that looked like leather. The finished effect not only complements the leather-upholstered neoclassical chairs but adds a lived-in warmth and a sense of old-world richness. And in Sills's domain even deception may be wrapped in deception. The entry hall appears to be painted to resemble massive limestone blocks. Closer inspection reveals that the stone is indeed faux, but so is the trompe-l'oeil painting; the surface is actually unretouched Brunschwig & Fils wallpaper cut into squares and pasted over a "mortar" of plain brown wallpaper.

Not content to stop at two-dimensional trickery, Sills also enjoys spatial legerdemain. He has extended his "draped" living-room wall into the garden by several feet, and the outside portion is visible through floor-to-ceiling glass doors. The eye initially perceives the section of wall outside as a reflection in mirrored glass, information that is subsequently, with Cubist logic, denied by the view of the garden through the bogus "mirror." Even more confounding is the startling artifice Sills set up in the library. Behind the half wall overlooking the entry hall Sills has hung a large mirror in a massive French Art Deco frame finished in tarnished gold Korean lacquer. Set atop the half wall are two nineteenth-century architectural models representing sections of Roman buildings. When seated in the library one immediately sees their reflection, backed by the antique architecture of the library, in the smoky, slightly distorting glass, and from there it is a short step into a vista that might have been seen through a window in eighteenth-century Rome. Now completely enthralled with this culminating vision, the intellect finally concedes what the eye has been telling it all along, that from the streets of twentieth-century Dallas to the streets of eighteenth-century Rome is only as far as Stephen Sills, designer, connoisseur, and conjurer, wants it to be. □ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*

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...from page 110 abroad with his family. (The Sixth Marquess won the 1928 IX Olympiad 400-meter hurdles, and his fame as a sportsman led to his appointment as head of the British Olympic Association, in which capacity he helped resurrect the Olympic Games in 1948 after the hiatus of World War II. His early sporting life was documented in the film *Chariots of Fire,* although in real life it was the Marquess who won the footrace around the quad at Cambridge, not, as depicted in the movie, his friend.)

An overwhelming diffidence among the nobility during the nineteenth and early twentieth century about "one's possessions" had left things at Burghley House hidden and often in disintegration by the time the Leathams moved in, though some treasures were preserved simply because no one knew of their existence. Lady Victoria began the first real hunt for treasure.

Her most impressive find—among many—was made in late 1981. Mr. Gordon Lang of Sotheby's, an expert on European, Japanese, and Chinese porcelain, identified for the first time their superb blue-and-white collection as Japanese when an inventory by Culpepper Tanner, personal secretary to the Fifth Earl of Devonshire, dated August 21, 1688, was found in the family archives. On the first page is an entry describing "Two China Boyes Wrestling." Recognizing the period usage of "China" to describe all porcelain from East Asia, Mr. Lang, Lady Victoria, and other scholars identified the familiar Arita wrestling figures as among the earliest Japanese objects in the Burghley collection. The search for other inventoried items began in earnest, and the rewards were immediate, as closets, drawers, boxes, and dark storage areas at Burghley House were investigated. (Amazingly, there was no electricity in the Burghley attics until 1982. As a small girl, Lady Victoria remembers her father's electric-razor cord snaking along the passages from the back, across the entire house, to his dressing room.)

The press of estate death duties had led to previous sales from Burghley, and a number of objects from the important inventory of 1688 were sadly let go to the Victoria and Albert Museum and other institutions as well as to private collectors. According to Lady Victoria, the successive lords did not know about the inventory or how it could be used to research and preserve the family heritage. But now, the growing fame of the inventory—the earliest of a substantial collection in England of Japanese art—has brought a flood of experts to the house.



A veritable city of towers, Burghley is the nexus of a 20,000-acre estate; the park alone is twice the size of Monaco.

We do not know precisely how the Japanese porcelain came to Burghley. We do know that the collection—together with a large body of Chinese porcelain—was in the house from the late seventeenth century, an early, large, and unusual assembly. There is now no other known inventory of Japanese pieces anywhere in Europe identifiable as being from the period, and although other inventories describe Japanese and Chinese objects from the same time, no house save Burghley still contains its porcelains. Aside from the quality of the objects, the importance of finding seventeenth-century pieces still in place in a great English home prompted "The Burghley Porcelains," marking the four-hundredth anniversary of Burghley House, now at Japan House Gallery in New York. The exhibition includes 168 Japanese porcelains (including a dozen pieces copying delft patterns), 25 Chinese examples, as well as Meissen and Chelsea that reflect the direct influence of Japanese Kakiemon design. Curated by Dr. Hiroko Nishida, eminent scholar of Oriental porcelains and chief curator at the Nezu Institute of Fine Arts in Tokyo, the show attempts to explain the mysteries of how such rare and fine Japanese wares were acquired during the centuries of Japan's self-imposed isolation from the West, and how they were appreciated, used, and in some cases copied by Europeans. It sheds new light on the history of contact and trade between Europe and Japan in the Edo period.

Professional caution rules as the search continues. It is highly unlikely that any object of consequence will ever again be sold from Burghley. Magnificent things have turned up monthly: Renaissance bronze figures, more porcelains, and the "gems" of the Countess of Devonshire, a spectacular assembly of *objets de virtu* that was part of the maternal inheritance of the wife of the Fifth Earl. They are listed in the 1690 schedule of Burghley, another inventory of historical importance.

Today at Burghley, hunting sticks and crops, great black, ambling dogs, some recently purchased "pots," a Japanese lacquer piece—an assortment of "things" in the hall—greet the visitor. These are as much a part of a living country house as the porcelains and silver and pictures, as the grand staircases and exquisite architectural details. Even the presence of antennae and scaffolds at Burghley symbolize the vitality of the house—its persistence as a family home and its restoration. People are living there and taking care of things. When a visitor chided the late Marquess about the erection of an obvious television antenna on the great roof line, his response was: "Well, it is my *house.*"

William Cecil, first Lord Burghley, was a man passionately interested in architecture. His place at Stamford eventually was to rival any in the land. King William III called Burghley House "too great for a subject." Daniel Defoe saw it in 1724 and described it as "more like a town than a house; the towers and the pinnacles so high, and placed at such a distance from one another, look like so many distant parish-churches in a great town"

The house has no defenses, per se, for it was built at a time when builders wanted to display their style, affluence, and taste, in an era whose leaders could proclaim there was no necessity for de-



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terse. This is a palace, not a castle. In the eighteenth century, Capability Brown removed one wing to improve the prospect of the house as one approaches it. He also designed the 32-acre lake and the Palladian bridge, together with a small, rarely photographed "temple," the whole creating a park of considerable grace and distinction, seven hundred landscaped acres beautifully planted with trees. These still protect the privacy of the house, for except for the view along one allée, Burghley House—however improbably large—cannot be seen from the roads about. The design is a triumph, for the seat of the Cecils stands but one mile from the town, yet seems a world apart. □

"The Burghley Porcelains" is on view at Japan House Gallery in New York until July 27 and will then be at the High Museum of Art in Atlanta from December 2 to February 1, 1987. It will later make a nationwide tour of Japan under the auspices of the Tokugawa Museum of Art in Nagoya, and was made possible by grants from the American Express Company and the National Endowment for the Humanities.

(Continued from page 140) (The Silver Hut encloses about 3,000 square feet, 900 of which comprise the courtyard.) Clear glass sliding doors link the largest interior area—the thirty-foot-long living room/dining room—with the atrium; rooms requiring more privacy—the master bedroom and bath, the architect's study, and the tatami room—are enclosed by painted metal walls and aluminum-gridded, glazed panels with louver blinds (and in the case of the tatami room, traditional rice-paper shoji screens). Whether transparent, translucent, or opaque, all the walls are defined by strong frameworks that impart a contrasting lightness to the respective materials within those outlines. The resulting impression is of thin vertical planes suspended between floor and ceiling.

At a time when some Japanese architects have foresaken modernism in favor of either a studied primitivism or a mannered historicism, it is noteworthy that Toyo Ito continues to bring forth new meaning from the high-tech style.

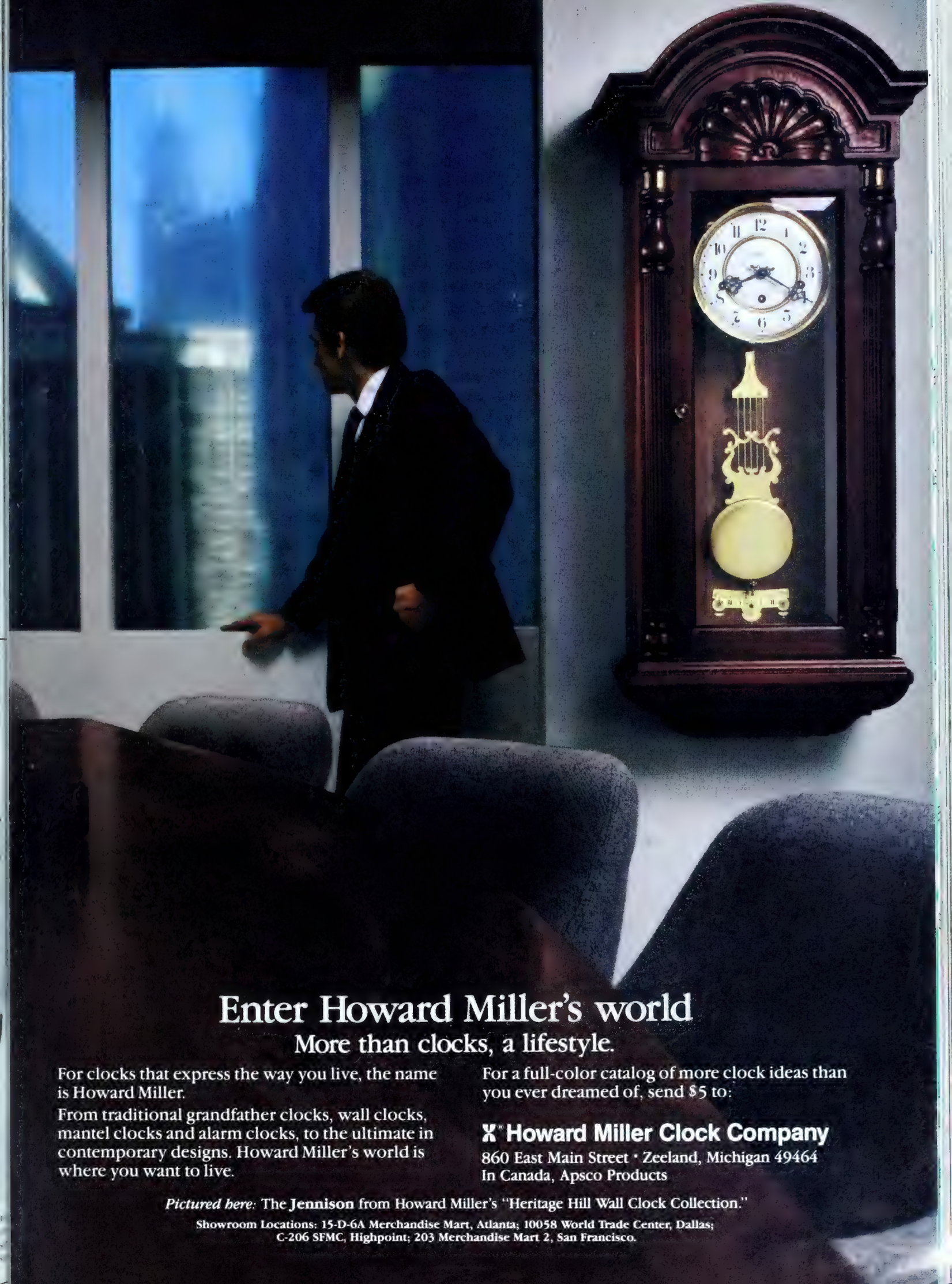


A narrow walkway partly open to the sky separates the atrium and living room from the tatami room and Ito's tiny study.

The Silver Hut is an exceptionally well-crafted house, falling somewhere between the exacting perfectionism of Mies van der Rohe and the easy infor-



Pictured: A pair of bronze carp of exceptional size and patina, H: 36" L: 76". Exclusive designs by Luciano of hand carved Vicenza stone: Seated oriental boy planter, H: 39" W: 16"; Standing Neptune w/dolphin & turtle, H: 67" W: 27"; A dolphin, H: 56" W: 18" and a classical swirl planter w/base, H: 21" W: 18" from Luciano's extensive collection of creations and antiques, seen at his fourteen display rooms and warehouse, San Carlos St. & 5th, Box 5686, Carmel, California 93921, open daily & Sunday, Tel: 408-624-9396 and at the showrooms of Shears & Window, San Francisco & Dernier and Gerald Hargett, Dallas & Houston. Photo: Christopher Enzi



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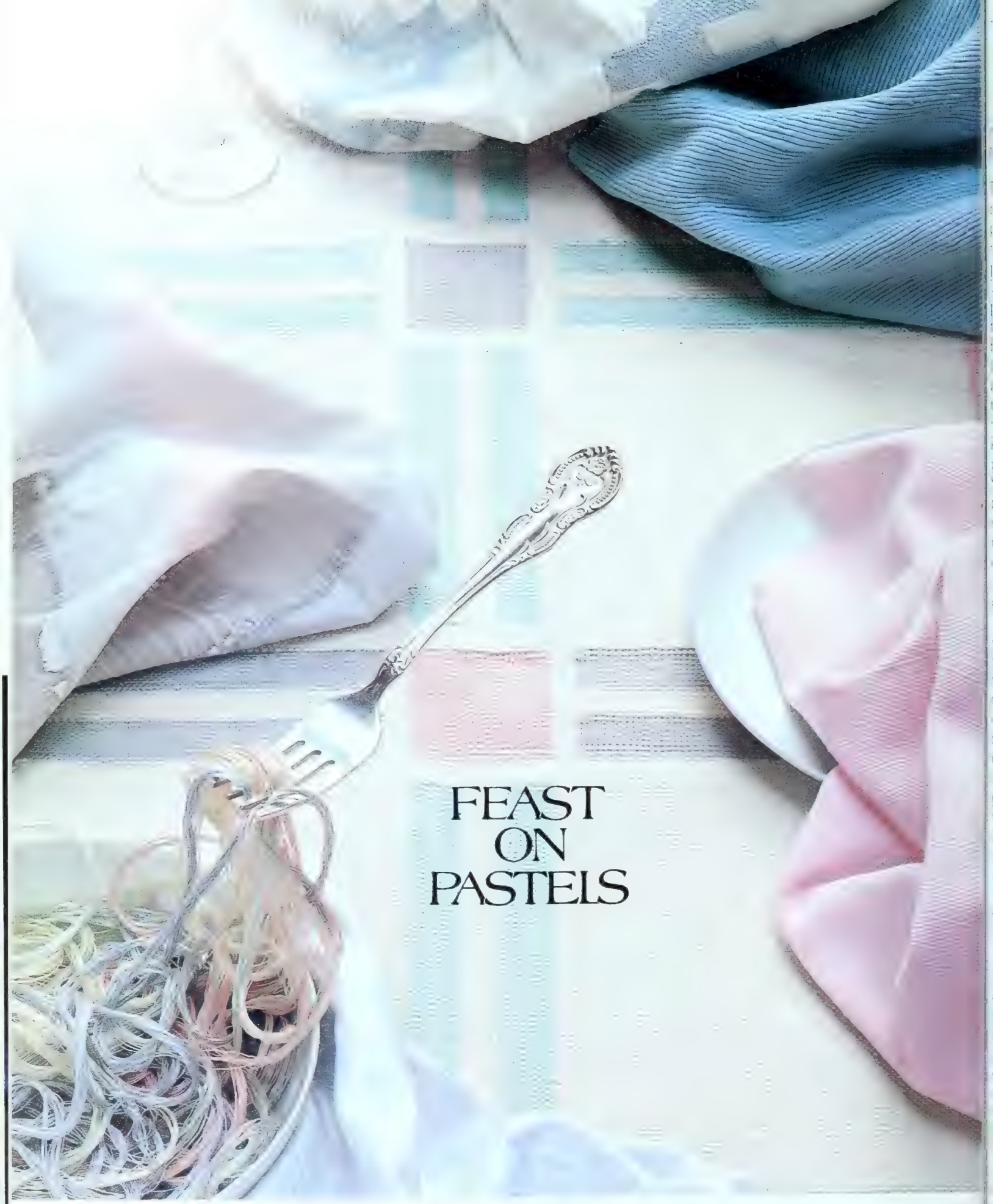
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mality and prefabricated improvisations of Charles and Ray Eames.

Despite those surface resemblances, The Silver Hut seems thoroughly Japanese, but it is much more than a recapitulation of old forms in new materials. That rather simplistic approach, typified by the work of Kenzo Tange during the fifties and sixties, applied new substances (primarily reinforced concrete) to indigenous building elements. The forms were recognizably Japanese, though often exaggerated in scale and divorced from their familiar contexts; the buildings themselves rarely shared a spiritual kinship with meaningful historical precedents. In a convincing way, The Silver Hut achieves a deeper connection. It preserves the membrane-thin wall-panel system of the ancient vernacular, and its indoor/outdoor paving of traditional gray terra-cotta roof tiles makes explicit reference to the packed-earth floors of Japanese farmhouses.

The highly legible organizational system employed here by the architect has as its true forerunner a fundamental of the classical Japanese house: the tatami mats that still are the basic unit of measurement by which domestic floor space is gauged. Like many members of the professional classes who can afford the luxury of a space used primarily for meditation or such refined pursuits as flower arranging or looking at art, Toyo Ito has a tatami room in his house. That calm chamber is sometimes little more than a charming and nostalgic gesture toward the vestigial customs of old Japan. For Ito it is something more.

He was born in Korea in 1941, the son of Japanese immigrants who had gone to settle the recently conquered colony for the greater glory of the empire. An impressionable four-year-old at the war's end, Ito was deeply affected by the upheaval, and his sensitivity to Japan's cultural displacement since then has been acute. His older sister, now the owner of a distinguished crafts gallery in Tokyo, has become an important connoisseur of the age-old folk arts of Japan. Her brother has responded to his early sense of dislocation by making his own house a personal critique of the contemporary urban phenomenon of psychological rootlessness, as experienced by himself in particular and his society in general.

Toyo Ito sees The Silver Hut as a commentary on the difficulties of achieving authenticity in Japanese architecture today. He intended this design to raise questions, which it has; but he has also answered them with such confidence that he makes what he sees as the current crisis of Japanese culture seem not so desperate after all. There is an important lesson here, since art never advances without the creative mind constantly analyzing its proper role in interpreting social conditions. Ito has called this graceful cluster of vaulted pavilions "the primitive hut in the modern city," but primitive in his definition means archetypal rather than uncultivated. The Silver Hut is a house of great stylistic sophistication, but more importantly, it is a home for the spiritual, as much as the physical, needs of the family it shelters so beautifully. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron



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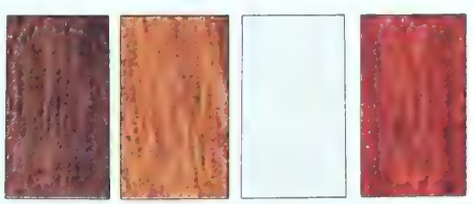
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[illegible] across the [illegible] molding plates and serving dishes that once belonged to the Compagnie des Indes. Looking back again at the chest between the windows, we notice silver chandeliers. There, on yet another Louis XVI chest, sit two Chinese porcelain figures. Close by, a green-print screen exactly reproduces the tint of a large bouquet of greenery sprinkled with salmon-colored tulips. And if we just barely push open the door to the kitchen, hardly disguised by the screen, we can admire a striking, fascinating piece of furniture: a nineteenth-century Japanese cabinet, inlaid and completely collapsible, found in a London antiques shop by Anne Caracciolo, a decorator and longtime friend of the Countess's.

But let's go back for a moment to where we were. A re-creation of the ambience would not be complete without mention of the paintings by Walter Gay of the interiors of the Countess of Behague's apartment, mounted here on walls covered with silklike fabric reminiscent of batik.

Now we raise our eyes, looking upward at the apricot-colored molding. Acanthus leaves draw our gaze from one end of the ceiling to another, leading us into the living room, where the light is the most intense. Again, the mélange of fabrics, designs, and hues creates a series of impressionistic vignettes. Yes, the atmosphere continues to feel English; and yet, right now it would be easy to think of Vuillard.

The countess is seated, holding Vanessa, the King Charles spaniel that is the darling of the house. Vanessa goes everywhere with her mistress, even hunting on horseback at Fontainebleau. "I am Danish, originally," begins the countess. "I didn't want my house decorated in any particular style, but I did have in mind a rather Anglo-Saxon kind of coziness. Everything was done by Anne Caracciolo and me. We chose the fabrics together. I have benefited enormously from her eye, her taste, and her experience." And indeed, we notice the lovely harmony of the cotton fabric on the walls and a generous bouquet of roses of an ancient variety that the countess brings in regularly from Fleury, the family château. Much of the furniture in the room, especially the sofas and chairs, is Second Empire–style and was made to order by Anne Caracciolo. "The paisley shawls on the couches," she says, "were Anne's idea and they're delightful. Often, before leaving the house, I'll take one and wrap it around my shoulders, just as I did today." Our hostess also has much affection for a cushion of her own design, covered with all sorts of braid woven in Argentina, where she spends several months a year.

We walk over to the fireplace of faux porphyry to look at two eighteenth-century sconces and a gilded bronze wall clock, of the same period, suspended above the mantel. The paintings in the room, we learn, are family heirlooms. Muted light seems to be coming from various sources. The simple grace of two Royal Copenhagen porcelain figures attracts our eye.

At the end of the carpeted hall is the bedroom, dominated by a demi-baldaquin adorned with blue and green flowers. The tranquil, soft atmosphere is set off by the brilliant red roses of a nineteenth-century shawl from Manila. It hangs gracefully from the night table, touching the blue-gray carpet, its color comparable to that of the Louis XV chairs flanking the fireplace.

Several bedside books are now visible: a large atlas, *The Jewels of Fabergé,* and on the guanaco spread covering lace-trimmed sheets, *The Englishwoman's Garden.* The importance of dreaming has not been forgotten here; the intimate silence invites it.

But there is still more to discover as we quickly make our way to the dining room to behold a sloped ceiling and ochre and blue friezes and borders. Based on motifs found in Florentine palaces, they were executed by Florence Girardeau. "I can easily seat twenty people here," explains the Countess de Ganay. "But, as you have seen, I also like putting tables just about anywhere in the house and dining wherever I want to, in the eighteenth-century way."

As we go back down the grand staircase, I ask if she has a favorite hobby. "Entertaining well, that's my specialty," she answers. □

Translated by Mary Collins



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6' x 4' circa 1890



Ravar Kerman
6'6" x 4'6" circa 1840

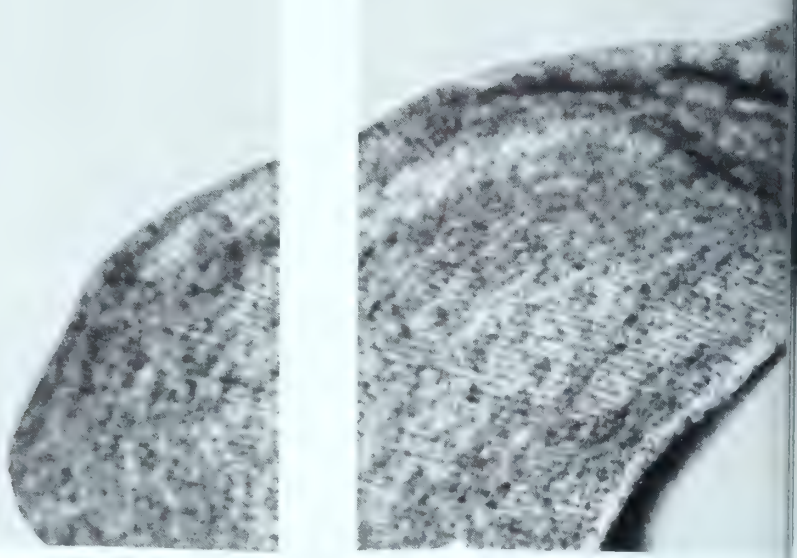
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In Oscar de la Renta's country house, an English Victorian mirror hanging over a painted American bench reflects a flower-filled sitting area. Sofa fabric by Clarence House. Photograph by Mick Hales. Story page 58.

House & Garden (ISSN 0018-6406) is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 9100 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills CA 90212. PRINCIPAL OFFICE: 350 Madison Avenue, New York NY 10017. Robert J. Lapham, President; Eric C. Anderson, Vice President–Treasurer; Pamela van Zandt, Vice President–Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Beverly Hills CA and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions, in U.S. and possessions, $24 for one year, $46 for two years; in Canada, $37 for one year, $72 for two years. Elsewhere, $40 for one year, payable in advance. Single copies: U.S. $4; Canada $4.50. For subscriptions, address changes, and adjustments, write to House & Garden, Box 5202, Boulder CO 80322. Eight weeks are required for change of address. Please give both new address and old as printed on last label. First copy of a new subscription will be mailed within eight weeks after receipt of order. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. For further information about anything appearing in this issue, please write to House & Garden Reader Information, Condé Nast Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York NY 10017. Manuscripts, drawings, and other material submitted must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. However, House & Garden cannot be responsible for unsolicited material. Copyright © 1986 by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A. **Postmaster: Send address changes to House & Garden, Box 5202, Boulder CO 80302.**
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AUSTRALIAN VOGUE LIVING 49 Clarence St., Sydney, N.S.W. 2000

HOUSE & GARDEN is published by The Condé Nast Publications Inc.
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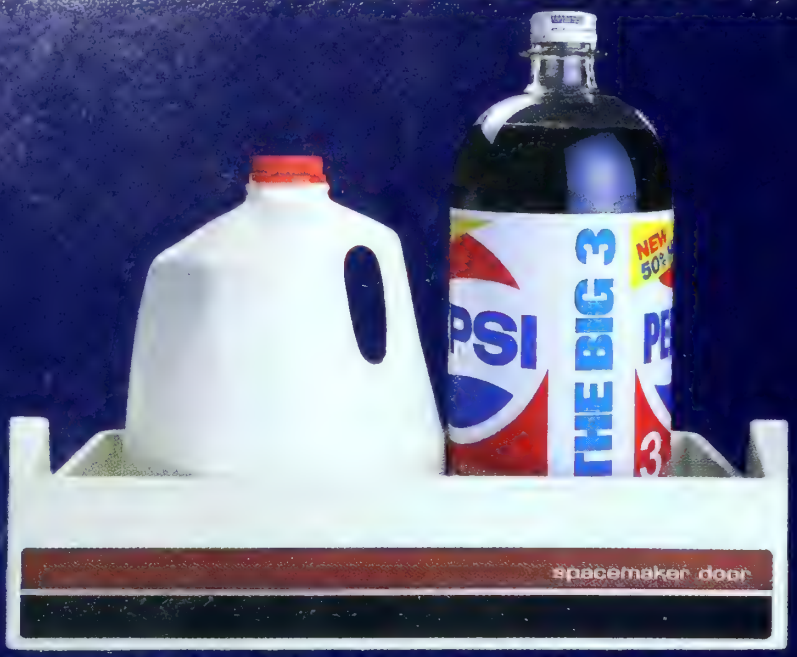
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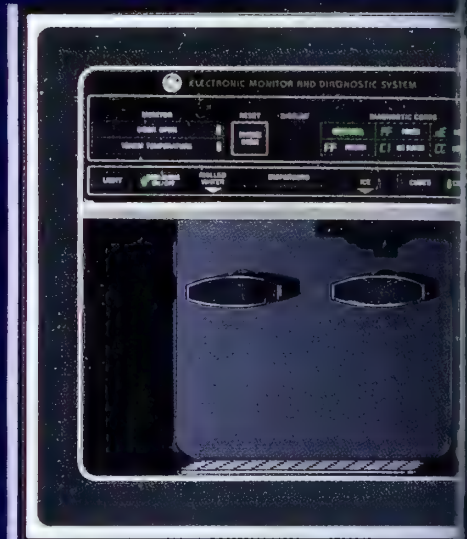
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THE EDITOR'S PAGE



The Elders' room in Hancock Shake Village with typical elements: built-in furniture, stove, and rocker. Number above door is part of Shaker system to organize communal life.

My good friends Vaughn and Laurie Folkert have just had their first child and I'm to be his godfather. I've been thinking about what it is I want to bring to young Ian Wesley Folkert's new life and I think, in the main, I just want to help him believe in angels. Guy Davenport, who wrote Celebrating the Shaker Vision in this issue, once heard Thomas Merton say, "the peculiar grace of a Shaker chair is due to the fact that it was made by someone capable of believing that an angel might come and sit on it." I'm already enjoying the prospect of taking Ian on a visit to one of the Shaker communities, hoping he'll recognize "the peculiar grace" to be found there.

The room illustrated on this page provides a glimpse into Shaker life, and there's more in a portfolio of photographs produced by architecture editor Heather Smith MacIsaac and French photographer Jacques Dirand, page 136. An exhibit of Shaker design is on view at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York through August 31; after that it will be at The Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, September 27 through January 4, 1987.

In rich contrast to the simplicity of the Shaker vision is the resplendent art and opulent design of "Vienna 1900: Art, Architecture, and Design," on view at New York's Museum of Modern Art from July 3 to October 21. The show and its catalogue give us the opportunity to see why turn-of-the-century Viennese design has become a source of inspiration to architects and designers of objects today. And in our preview, page 104, editor Martin Filler suggests that Vienna has become the paradigm for those seeking to supplant Late Modernism with a psychically more fulfilling expression.

My wife, Jane, likes to weave wearable art, so we knew Julie: Artisans' Gallery, the Madison Avenue shop where fine art meets high fashion, before we met Julie, the woman. But when our friend Christine Carter got us all together for dinner one evening we found a visit with Julie and her husband, the actor Jim Dale, every bit as entertaining as our visits to the shop, especially when Jim started telling the tales behind the collection of turn-of-the-century antiques that fills their apartment, page 80. Jim Dale's Broadway roles give him ample opportunity to tell stories; this fall Julie gets her turn with the Abbeville Press release of her book *Art to Wear*.

Every once in a while you see a house that sums up design right now—such as the one designer Jack Seglic helped food merchant Joel Dean create for himself in East Hampton. The tiny shingled cottage, page 130, is a sophisticated distillation of the contradictory American love affair with old-fashioned charm and of-the-moment chic.

On a different scale, but equally chic, is the Gorham Knowleses' Lake Tahoe house, page 116, designed by Michael Taylor. In her city life the lady of the house is one of the West Coast's prime antiques collectors; she's just been named Honorary Chairman of this year's San Francisco Fall Antiques Show.

Although most Fourths of July find us at a traditional picnic followed by fireworks on the beach near our Long Island retreat, this year we will undoubtedly be joining millions of other New Yorkers in the middle of the harbor celebrating the hundredth birthday of the newly restored Statue of Liberty. For House & Garden's salute to this famous lady we've chosen two Michael George photographs of the Bartholdi sculpture, one done for us, showing the new torch; one from his book, *The Statue of Liberty* (Harry N. Abrams, 1985).

Back on Long Island, The Parrish Art Museum has re-created the European paintings section of the Pedestal Fund Art Loan Exhibition, a show held in 1883 to help raise funds to build the Statue's base. It will be at the Parrish, in Southampton, through September 1, when summer will be over all too quickly, again. Enjoy every minute of it.

Lou Gropi

Editor-in-Chief

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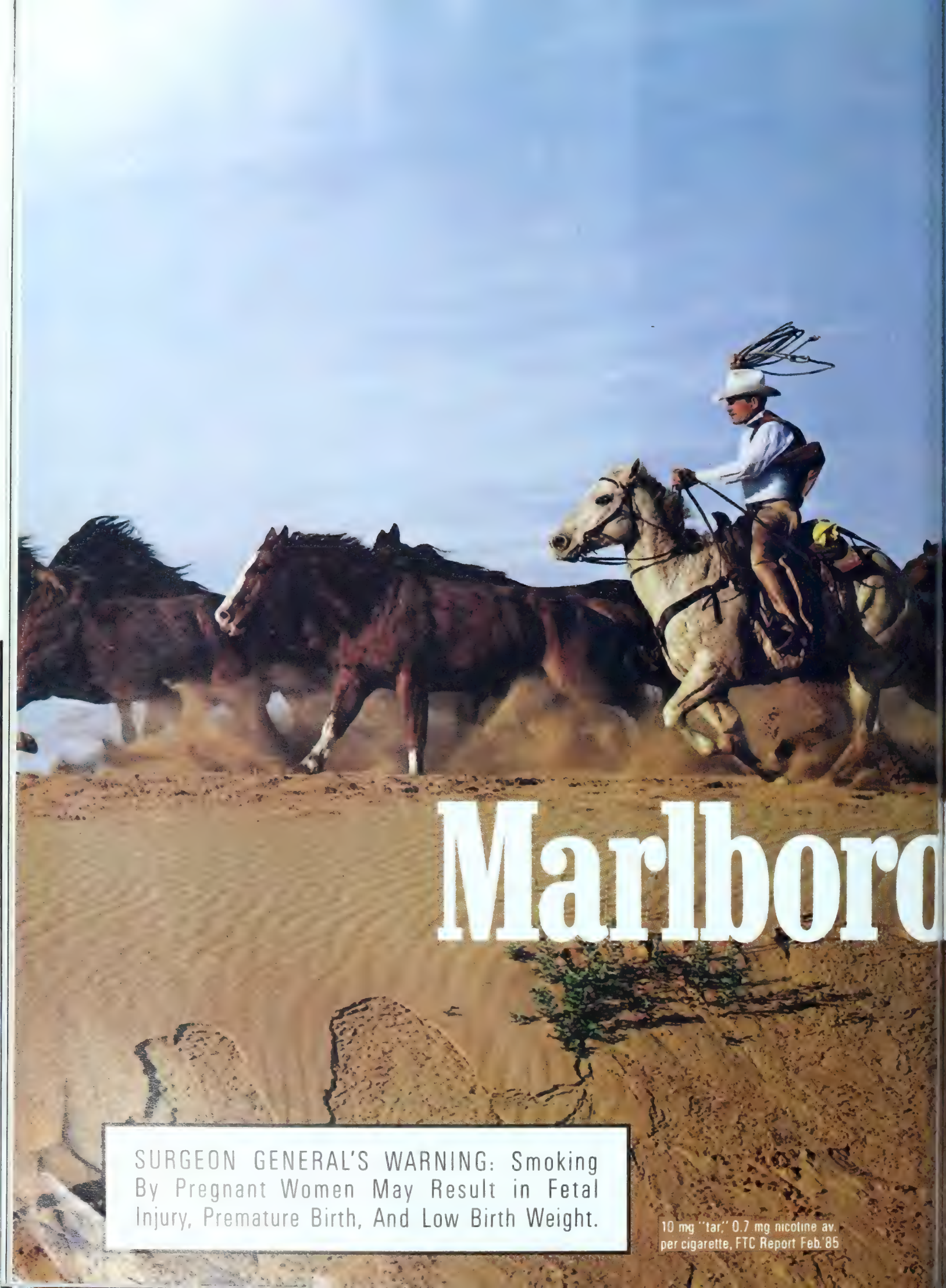
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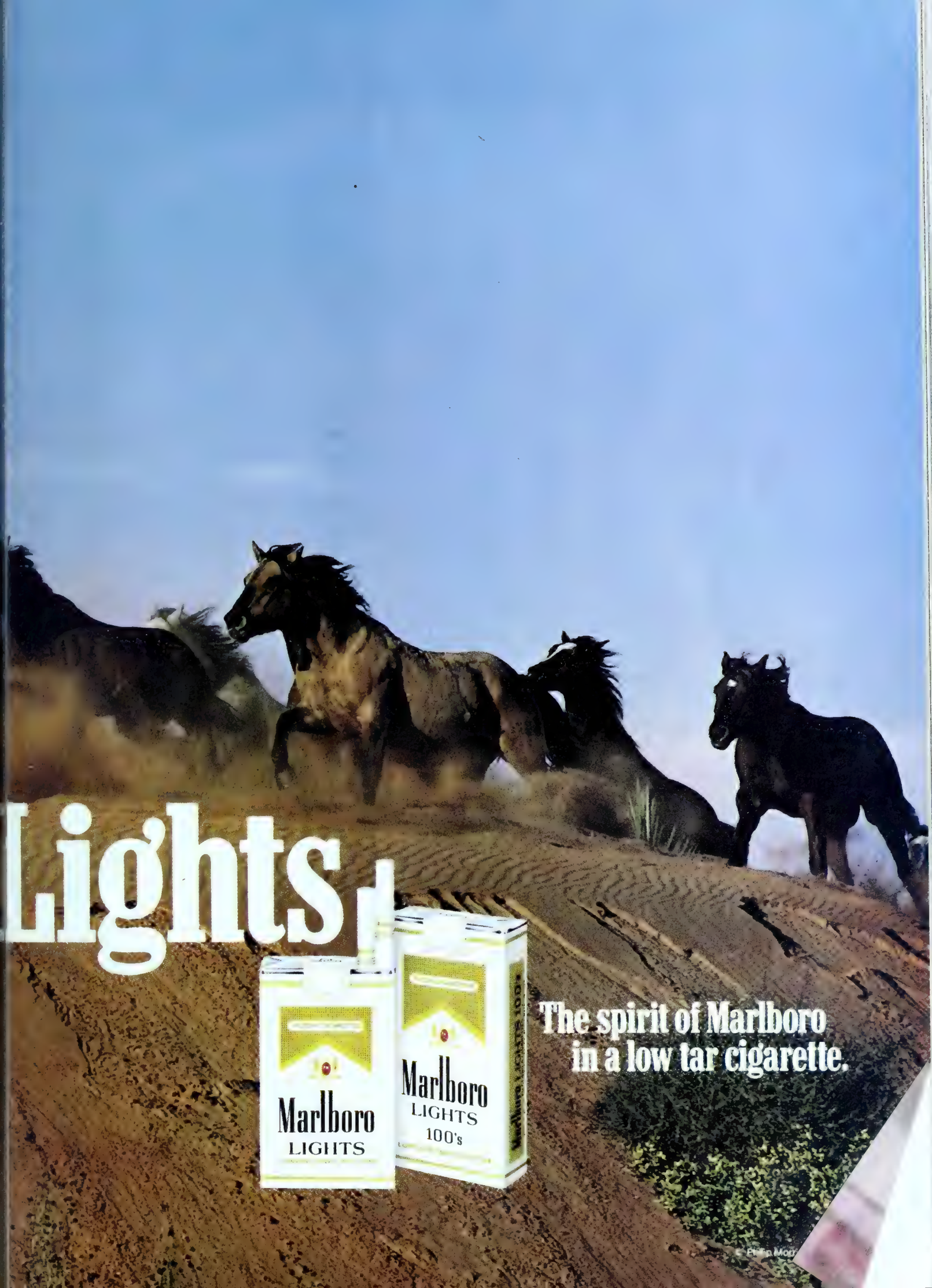
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A traveling exhibition shows us unfamiliar works in their original context

By Linda Nochlin

"The New Painting: Impressionism, 1874–1886," which opened at the National Gallery in Washington in January and is now on view at the Fine Arts Museum of San Francisco, is a wonderfully unconventional exhibition, mixing old favorites with more obscure work by well-known artists like Monet and Degas and, in addition, introducing some undeservedly forgotten works by painters like Guillaumin or Zandomeneghi, whose reputations were put in the shade for years by their more successful coexhibitors. But "The New Painting" shatters the accepted view of Impressionism as a unified, harmonious movement. What the exhibition attempts to do—and succeeds in, with the help of an exemplary catalogue—is to reconstruct the eight original Impressionist shows, in all their heterogeneity, unevenness, and contradiction. Unlike most previous shows dealing with the same material, which have accepted "Impressionism" as a ready-made category, seamless, unproblematic, ahistorical, and primarily aesthetic, this is an art exhibition rooted in history.





From the show: Gustave Callebotte's *The Floorscrapers,* 1875, *below; Women Bathing,* 1885, by Paul Gauguin, *right; Portrait de Monsieur H.R. . . ,* c. 1875 by Edgar Degas, *above right.*



"The New Painting" shows us how a specific avant-garde group came into being in Paris at a certain moment in the nineteenth century; how the public and critics responded to it; how the Impressionist "movement" itself was, from the beginning, riven with internal divisions and struggles for self-definition; and, finally, how the group disintegrated and new dissidents took over the shifty stage of avant-gardism in the decade of the 1880s.

The thirty men and women participating in the first group show of 1874, a group including Degas, Cézanne, Monet, Morisot, Pissarro, Renoir, and Sisley, defined themselves rather noncommittally as a "*société anonyme,*" or "joint-stock company," of painters, sculptors, and printmakers. They were not allowed the luxury of neutrality for long, however. Although some critics, right from the start, referred to the extremely mixed bag of styles being exhibited in the photographer Nadar's studio as "Impressionism," still others, as Stephen Eisenman reveals in his highly informative catalogue essay, referred to the new group as "Intransi-

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gents," a term with decidedly political overtones, associated with the contemporary Spanish anarchists, and, more distantly, but even more threateningly for the middle-class French public, with the recently defeated, left-wing Paris Commune. It wasn't until 1877 that the artists themselves settled on the less provocative name of "Impressionism" for their movement. By the 1880s, even that name seemed too controversial, and the group opted for the title of "Independents" in order to evoke an image of artistic purity as well as to smooth over internal rifts. In 1882, Renoir, one of the more conservative members of the group, was clearly worried about the political implications of showing with some of his erstwhile comrades-at-arms. That year he wrote to his dealer, Durand-Ruel: "To exhibit with Pissarro, Gauguin and Guillaumin would be the same as exhibiting with a Socialist.... The public does not like what it feels is political, and I do not want, at my age, to be a revolutionary.... Free yourself from such people and show me artists such as Monet, Sisley, Morisot, etc. and then I will be yours because then there will no longer be politics, only pure art." Clearly, the stormy days of "The New Painting" were now over; "Impressionism," primarily as it was embodied in the works of Renoir and Monet, had triumphed both with critics and public. By the mid-eighties, it could no longer be considered a movement of the vanguard, a position now taken up by younger artists like Seurat and Gauguin, and movements like Synthetism or Neo-Impressionism. It is precisely this historical trajectory from intransigence to aestheticism that is traced out by the exhibition itself, but "The New Painting" explores some of the interesting byways and even the dead ends of the so-called Impressionist movement as well.

In the gallery devoted to the first, and most scandalous exhibition, of 1874, we are confronted with some old standbys of Impressionist hagiography: Monet's *Boulevard des Capucines,* Berthe Morisot's *The Cradle,* Pissarro's *Hoarfrost,* Renoir's blue-sashed *Dancer.* Once more, too, in the catalogue, we are treated to what the French so aptly call the "*sottisier*" of Impressionism: the silly things critics said at the time about the works. Monet's sparkling, deftly adumbrated crowd out for a stroll on the *Boulevard des Capucines* is referred to by one satirical hack as "those innumerable black tongue-lickings"; the same wit declares that the legs of Renoir's *Dancer* "are as cottony as the gauze of her skirts." Yet this admittedly reduced version of the First Exhibition also offers some surprises. Zacharie Astruc's *The Chinese Gifts,* two inert young ladies in a Victorian parlor, one contemplating a lacquer box, the other dressed in bright blue pajamas, is endearingly bizarre, falling somewhere between late Pre-Raphaelite and early East Village in style. Hardly a masterpiece, it nevertheless got good press coverage when it first appeared revealing something about the historical actuality of the First Exhibition, with all its unevenness and disparity—rather than the smoothed-over version presented by the textbooks.

The second group exhibition of 1876 was heralded by Edmond Duranty's *The New Painting: Concerning the Group of Artists Exhibiting at the Durand-Ruel Galleries.* Caillebotte and, above all, Degas are clearly Duranty's heroes in that they capture the very look and feel of contemporary, everyday life in their art. The Second Exhibition, as it has been reconstructed in the galleries of the museum, bears out Duranty's judgment: Degas and, to a lesser degree, Caillebotte are its protagonists.

This exhibition reveals to us the Degas who may be said to have invented the imagery of modern alienation in his astounding portraits. Degas, an aristocrat with a private income, was not obliged, like most portrait painters, to flatter his sitters: he painted whom he chose—friends and family members—the way he chose to paint them. His modest portrait of Manet's brother-in-law, Eugène, husband of Berthe Morisot (a work flown over from Hong Kong for this occasion) is a little masterpiece of modern melancholy. No less unexpected, or novel in its structure, is Degas's portrait of the engineer, industrialist, and amateur painter, Henri Rouart, which appeared in the Third Exhibition, a canvas in which Degas chose to depict his lifelong friend in front of the latter's factory, creating a striking and formally unsettling image of the modern entrepreneur in a suitably up-to-date environment.

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Perhaps the most talked-about work in the Second Exhibition was Degas's *The Cotton Exchange at New Orleans,* an ambitious group portrait of the American members of his family working in their office. Degas's big canvas roused the reviewers to—sometimes grudging—admiration. Said one: "...It is cold, it is bourgeois, but it is seen in an exact and accurate way..."; said another: "...It will not disappoint those who love accurate, frankly modern painting, and who think that the expression of ordinary life and subtle execution ought to count."

The Second Exhibition was also marked by the appearance on the scene of Gustave Caillebotte, a wealthy engineer and shipbuilder living in semiretirement outside Paris, who was not merely to become a faithful member of the group, showing four times after his initial appearance in 1876, but also offered its members unfailing financial support as well. Caillebotte's *Floorscrapers* of 1875, like Degas's *The Cotton Exchange at New Orleans,* represents an aspect of work in the modern world. Critics at the time were well aware of the implicit political connotations of Caillebotte's choice of theme and his manner of representing it. One reviewer complimented him for being a realist as crude as the radical Courbet, "but far more witty," and for being as violent, but more precise, than Manet. It is hard for us to grasp the violence here, to understand the shock produced in 1876 by the painting's violation of classical standards for representing the nude.

The Third Exhibition of 1877 was the first in which the artists self-consciously referred to themselves as "Impressionists"; it was also, thanks to the good offices of Caillebotte, who arranged a planning session for the show, the "most balanced and coherent of the eight Impressionist exhibitions," to borrow the words of Richard Brettell in his catalogue essay. All the major figures, and some of the minor ones, were out in full force. Modern Paris was richly represented in ambitious works like Caillebotte's *Paris Street: A Rainy Day,* depicting passersby with raised umbrellas on the intersection made by the newly constructed rue de Turin and the rue de Moscou, as well as his *Pont de l'Europe.* A very different vision of contemporary Paris was offered by the most remarked-upon work in the show: Renoir's *Bal du Moulin de la Galette,* which is represented by a less finished sketch version, in the collection of Mrs. John Hay Whitney, in the present exhibition. This monumental, but sparkling and informal image of Renoir's friends and their female companions waltzing out of doors at the popular open-air dance hall at the Butte Montmartre was dubbed by Renoir's friend, the critic Georges Rivière, a "true history painting," and contrasted with the false, medievalizing concoctions served up by the Academicians at the official Salon of that year. The Third Exhibition is also memorable for the presence of Cézanne. His bizarre *Fantasy Scene* or *The Fishermen,* as well as a landscape, one of several that figured in the original show, and an impressive, Grecoesque *Head of a Man,* make it clear to us why he was singled out for a special sort of critical virulence. "Cézanne, a faithful Intransigent, requires special treatment," declared one critic. "He has had such *visions* this year that corrective lenses have become indispensable for him."

The Fourth Show seems a little haphazard, as it is represented in the galleries of the present exhibition. Nevertheless, it is noteworthy for several reasons, not least of which is the presence of work by Mary Cassatt, an upper-class Philadelphia expatriate who had joined the Impressionists on the invitation of Degas, who had made a special visit to her studio for the purpose in 1879.

Although Renoir, Cézanne, and Berthe Morisot were all absent from the Fourth Exhibition, Degas was very much present. In the "New Painting" exhibition, he is represented by five works, including a marvelous fan, executed in watercolor, India ink, silver and gold paint on silk, suggesting ballet dancers, but almost abstract in its effect. His most important work in this exhibition, however, was clearly *Miss La La at the Cirque Fernando,* in which the artist—a stop-action photographer before the fact—has caught a circus performer at the climax of her daring act, swinging by her teeth from the ridgepole of the dome of the Hippodrome.

The Fifth Show, of 1880, is subtitled "Disarray and Disappointment" by Charles Moffett in his catalogue essay. This time Monet joined the defectors

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Renoir, Sisley, and Cézanne, choosing to submit two paintings to the official Salon, which immediately made him ineligible to show with the Impressionist group. Degas's dominating influence was obviously felt. Of the original participants in the First Exhibition of 1874, only he, Guillaumin, Morisot, Pissarro, and Degas's friend Rouart remained. The major newcomer was the naturalist painter of the down-and-out, Rafaëlli, who contributed an enormous number of scenes inspired by the street life of the *terrain vague* on the outskirts of Paris: a ragpicker, a lamplighter, a freezing road sweeper, to name just a few of his subjects, most of them, apparently, executed without much verve or originality. The show was badly received by the critics; nevertheless, what strikes the visitor to the present exhibition is the remarkable presence of work by women artists. Berthe Morisot, who had been a founding member, showed in all but one of the exhibitions, and Mary Cassatt showed in four. Marie Bracquemond, who had shown some studies for faience in the Fourth Exhibition, burst on the public with two large-scale portraits in the fifth, both of which are in the "New Painting" exhibition.

The Sixth Show was marked by increasing inner dissension among the "Impressionist" artists, at least three of whom, Monet, Renoir, and Sisley, preferred to show at the Salon. Relations were strained even within the reduced group of exhibitors who remained faithful. As in the past, it was Degas and his friends that were seen as the root of the trouble. Caillebotte, in a plaintive letter to Pissarro of 1881, declared that "Degas introduced disunity into our midst . . ." Pissarro, an anarchist and the only active political presence in the group, reminded Caillebotte that a spirit of social unity should be the guiding principle of the group rather than aesthetic coherence: "The only possible principle . . . is one of not abandoning colleagues, who have been accepted, rightly or wrongly, and who cannot be thrown out without ceremony." In this exhibition, the issue of Realism, or Naturalism, was brought to the fore, and Degas's statue, *Little Dancer of Fourteen* (statuette in wax) seemed to epitomize the most disturbing qualities of the Naturalist movement to the critics. Dressed in a real gauze tutu, sporting a satin hair-ribbon, her arrogant little chin tilted defiantly in the air, the *Little Dancer* seemed the embodiment of all the ugliness—the sheer, perverse destructiveness—characteristic of new directions in literature as well as art. Said the sympathetic author and critic, Joris-Karl Huysmans: "The terrible realism of this statuette makes the public distinctly uneasy; all its ideas about sculpture, about cold lifeless whiteness, about those memorable formulas copied again and again for centuries, are demolished. The fact is that on the first blow, M. Degas has knocked over the traditions of sculpture, just as he has for a long time been shaking up the conventions of painting" Rafaëlli, Zandomeneghi, another of Degas's friends, and Forain all showed works in this unsettling Naturalist mode, the latter exhibiting a suggestive watercolor which hovers on the unstable borderline separating caricature from high art, representing an *Actress' Dressing Room,* a shadowy, Goyaesque scene showing a bare-breasted young woman at her toilette table being shown off by a large-bosomed procuress to an avid, top-hatted gentleman.

In the seventh, and penultimate, exhibition of 1882, the tables were suddenly turned. Degas withdrew in a huff rather than give up his friends Rafaëlli, Forain, Zandomeneghi, et al, and Mary Cassatt loyally withdrew with him. As a result, Caillebotte, Renoir, Monet, and Sisley, who had been worried about the too Naturalist, too urban, and perhaps, too socially critical direction the shows had been taking, returned to the fold. The Naturalist Huysmans regretted the lack of contemporary urban subjects in the Seventh Exhibition, which conferred an exaggerated prominence on landscape, but on the whole, it was favorably received. Even today, it is looked upon as a kind of redemption—all too temporary—of the original values of Impressionism, confirming the importance of plein-air painting and spontaneous brushwork, presenting a relatively unified, harmonious appearance to the public. Renoir's contributions, particularly, like his *Girl with a Cat* or his multifigured *Luncheon at Bougival,* were calculated to arouse sympathy in even the most recalcitrant bourgeois breasts, and due



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to the moral, and perhaps more important, the economic pressure of their dealer, Durand-Ruel, Pissarro and Monet made a large showing as well. In short, to borrow Joel Isaacson's words about the Seventh Exhibition in the catalogue: "The powerful role played by Durand-Ruel makes it clear that, despite the ideological jockeying for position and the attempt, on the part of the artists, to affirm artistic criteria, the decisive factor in the determination of the exhibition was economic."

Despite the fact that the eighth and last exhibition of the group contained work by such stalwarts of the group as Cassatt, Degas, Morisot, and Pissarro, one is forced (to borrow the words of the catalogue) to see classical Impressionism as "the phantom of the show." Missing from the present exhibition is, of course, the work that made the greatest sensation: Seurat's monumental *Un Dimanche à La Grande Jatte* (1884), but there are enough Neo-Impressionist canvases on view to give a sense of the vigor and dominating importance of this rigorous "scientific," systematized revision of Impressionist practice. Even Pissarro, the staunchest participant and founding father of the Impressionist group—the only painter to show in all eight of its exhibitions—succumbed to the Neo-Impressionist heresy in 1886. His *View from My Window in Cloudy Weather* is far more rigorously organized than his earlier, more freely structured canvases: it is laid out in deliberately separated areas of systematically stippled color; his large-scale *Apple-Picking* owes even more to the precepts of the much younger Seurat and his follower, Signac, both of whom attracted Pissarro not merely for aesthetic reasons, but because they shared his radical political views as well. Equally distant from classical Impressionist precept and practice is Paul Gauguin's small but significant *Women Bathing* of 1885. If Renoir's *Torso of a Woman in Sunlight* had shocked the public in 1877 because its freely brushed, brightly colored pigment seemed to assault the sacred integrity of the human form, then Gauguin's *Bathers* might seem outré for almost the opposite reason: the figures appeared to be too reduced, too primitive and oversimplified in their formal language. Already in this small, half-humorous work—note the moustached head of a male bather swimming out to sea as though escaping from the female figures—there is more than a hint of those radical simplifications of form and equally radical decorative complexities which are the hallmark of Gauguin's Tahitian masterpieces. He had shown with the Impressionists four times before. Now, however, in *Women Bathing,* he gave a clear indication he was ready to move off in a different direction. Like Seurat and Signac; like Cézanne and van Gogh, he could never have proceeded on his new path without the example of Impressionism.

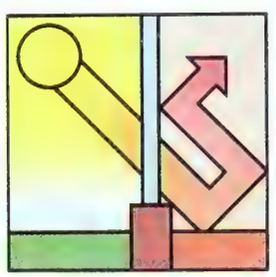
A recent review of "The New Painting" in *The New York Times* was headlined by the provocative question, "Is Impressionism too Popular for its own Good?" and followed by a pointed criticism of the mindless crowds that flooded the galleries of the exhibition when it was in Washington, neglecting more worthy old masters in the museum in their unselective admiration for all things Impressionist. At the same time, the reviewer, John Russell, criticizes the show for the inclusion of so many works that are less than certified masterpieces, so many painters who were "admitted to the Impressionist Exhibitions for one reason or another," but who played little or no role "in the development of Impressionism itself." Yet surely, what "The New Painting" is designed to do as an exhibition is to deconstruct the notion that there *is* such an entity as "Impressionism itself," or a single, coherent essence of "true Impressionism." Instead, it has tried to substitute for this fixed, ahistorical, satisfyingly harmonious, and predominantly aesthetic notion the far more fluid, shifty, uneven, often disturbingly self-contradictory one of historical actuality. Surely it is more salutary for the museum-going public to be confronted with the imperfect reality of history than the bland truisms attached to the timeless notion of "great art." As art historian and critic Leo Steinberg wisely remarked many years ago, "the eye is part of the mind." "The New Painting" and its excellent, probing catalogue, prepared by many of the most innovative younger scholars in the field, offer food for thought as well as a feast for the eye. For that reason alone, it is an exhibition not to be missed. □

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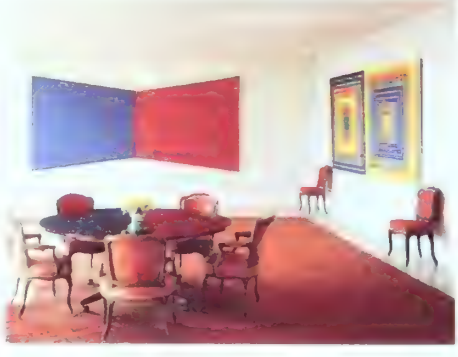
MODERN AT ITS MERIDIAN

Baron Léon Lambert's Brussels apartment preserves its owner's pioneering art collection and classic installation

By Barbara Rose

The exemplary art collection of Baron Léon Lambert is a result of a passion for the beautiful the Baron appears to have inherited with his family title. A Brussels banker related to the Rothschilds, Baron Léon is the current director of the Banque Lambert, founded by his great-grandfather in 1830. Although it is common in America today for banks to collect and exhibit modern art, when Baron Lambert first installed his sparkling white David Smith sculpture—a commission from the artist—in the lobby of the Banque Lambert in 1964, and began hanging large paintings by contemporary American and Belgian masters in the hallways, office, and conference rooms of the upper floors, he created something of a controversy among the staid and conservative Belgians. Today, his collections—one formed for the enjoyment of bank clients and one for his private delectation—are considered among the finest private modern art collections in Belgium.





Top: Two Giacometti figures and a Louis XIV filing cabinet in the reception hall, which opens to the dining room, *above,* with Ellsworth Kelly's *Blue and Red,* 1978, and Frank Stella's *Whom,* 1967. *Below:* Baron Lambert.



Baron Lambert's carefully selected holdings cover a broad range, although the focus is on postwar Belgian and Dutch painters known as the "Cobra" School and on the leading masters of the New York School from Mark Rothko to Morris Louis, Ellsworth Kelly, Roy Lichtenstein, Frank Stella, and Brice Marden. Today, works by Cobra artists like Pierre Alechinsky and Karel Appel, as well as the less-known Belgian expressionists of the twenties and thirties, are interspersed with works by masters of the School of Paris like Picasso and Giacometti as well. What once looked shockingly new now appears a part of art history, which does not mean that courage was not required to purchase and show these masterpieces when Lambert first began seriously collecting in the early sixties.

Baron Lambert's lifelong involvement in art began when he was very young. His Viennese mother, née Johanna von Reininghdus, was an avid art collector, a highly cultivated woman who maintained a salon of musicians, artists, writers, and intellectuals. Among the first collectors of modern art, Baroness Lambert bought work by Bonnard, Chagall, Picasso, Rouault, Ensor, and Paul Delvaux, which are now part of Baron Léon's collections.

It was she who persuaded her young son, Léon, whose father died when he was five, that art was an essential part of civilized life—something of permanent value beyond monetary considerations that one could not live without. The love of art had been a passion for generations in the family: his grandmother, the daughter of Baron James de Rothschild, was a painter. With such a background, it was hardly surprising that the young Baron Léon should devote himself to art as well as to the family business of banking.

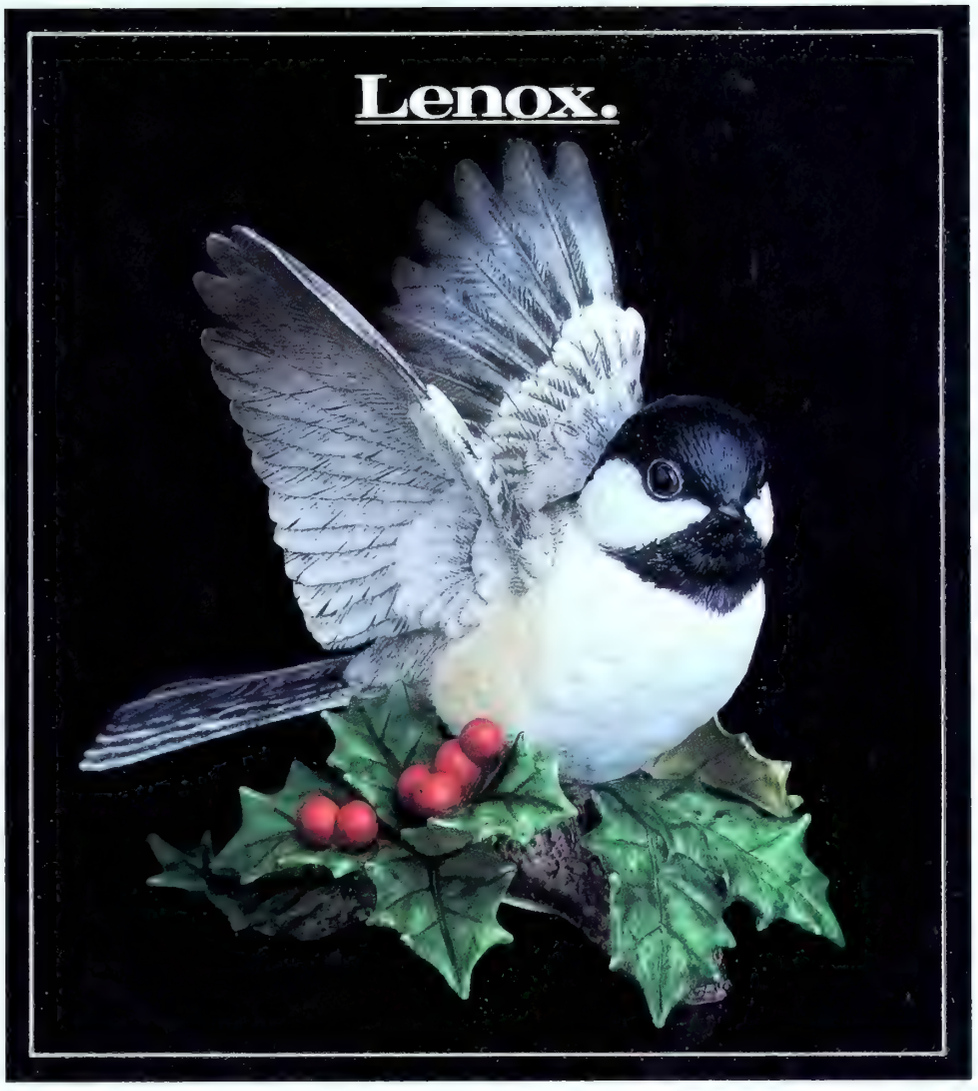
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The first issue in a new collection of garden bird sculptures by Lenox.

Intricately sculptured in fine bisque porcelain and painted by hand.

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Shown actual size

The black-capped chickadee is one of the most charming garden birds in America. It brightens our day with its spirit ... its striking beauty ... and its sweet "chick-a-dee" song.

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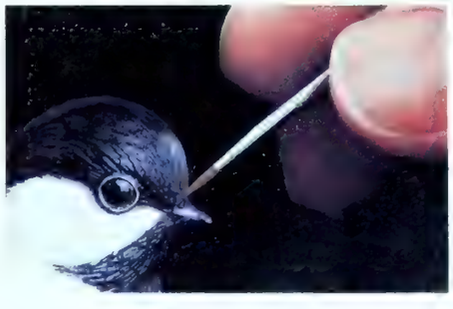
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Painted by hand to reveal every detail of the chickadee's intricate markings.

trip, the family mansion, close to the site of the present Banque Lambert, burned down. As was the custom for centuries in Belgium, the private bank was on the ground floor, and the family apartments on the upper stories: just as the Medicis had lived in Florence. It was obvious that a new building had to be constructed to house the flourishing family business. However, it was Baroness Lambert's choice to live in the penthouse above the bank. The choice of an architect to design the headquarters of the Groupe Lambert was left to Léon. Through his travels and early interest in art, he had developed a considerable knowledge of contemporary art and architecture. His personal taste tends toward the austere, the disciplined, and the correct; that reserved and classical taste was expressed in his choice of Gordon Bunshaft of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill as the architect of the new bank on the avenue Marnix. Baron Lambert had been particularly impressed with the timeless classicism of Lever House in New York, designed by the firm with which Bunshaft was affiliated. Bunshaft and the Baron became friends. Bunshaft, a trustee of The Museum of Modern Art and a serious collector himself, introduced the Baron to the works of the New York School. And Baron Lambert was among the first European collectors of the works of Morris Louis, Kenneth Noland, Roy Lichtenstein, and Andy Warhol, as well as the rigorous abstraction of Kelly and Stella.



In the library, precious objects from Easter Island, Africa, China, South America, Japan.

The idea that the Banque Lambert was to house an important art collection on view to the public was initially part of the architectural project as the Baron explained his thoughts to Bunshaft. The design also called for the construction of a penthouse apartment above the bank with a spectacular panoramic view of the city of Brussels. "Bun," as the Baron refers familiarly to his friend, had a style compatible with the Baron's own inclinations. "I liked the clean lines, the decisively modern International Style of Bun's work," the Baron explained to me as we lunched in the spacious dining room, hung with paintings by Frank Stella and Ellsworth Kelly. Through the high floor-to-ceiling doors, one could see three great bronzes by Giacometti, juxtaposed to two equally strong male and female primitive wood carvings from the Moluccas archipelago. The furnishings in the dining room included a set of Louis XV chairs covered in red silk that echoed the bright red in the Kelly painting. Not far from the Giacomettis, one could glimpse a Louis XIV filing cabinet in ebony signed by Stollewerck and a large ebony Régence writing table. Normally, one would think that such juxtapositions of art from widely divergent periods and civilizations would induce a sense of cultural schizophrenia. Yet quite the contrary was true. One felt a sense of harmony and balance, perhaps because of the amplitude of the spaces and the amount of sunlight pouring in from windows and skylights. These dramatic contrasts—an ancient Chinese head beside a modern painting, a primitive carving next to a George Segal plaster bas-relief, a Japanese screen, and an Oriental rug—are the most notable of the Baron's own personal contributions. Undoubtedly, he has a kind of genius for installation that curators might envy, and he is very proud of this talent. A fine connoisseur, he sees the formal qualities of an object, and is able to associate objects from diverse sources in a manner that enhances the aesthetic qualities. Today, such eclecticism is fashionable, but once again, it was not always so. The idea that art from all of world cultures could be experienced simultaneously was first put forth by the




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[illegible] emigrated to the United States, and popularized by André Malraux. As a student in Switzerland and in America, and during his experiences as a world traveler, Baron Lambert became dedicated to this eclectic, synchronous point of view. Fascinated by the exotic art of the Far East as well as by primitive art, he initially became involved with tribal artifacts on a visit to the Belgian Congo, where he bought his first primitive pieces. With his talent for installation, he was able to integrate extremely different kinds of art into a collection that expressed his own essentially austere taste.

Perhaps the most dramatic room in the Baron's private apartment is the vast reception hall. Here, the richness of the building materials—the travertine floors and polished chrome hardware—becomes the spacious setting for the three monumental Giacometti striding men, but no space in the apartment is devoid of art. In the entrance foyer are a Gandhāra stone head of Buddha, bought on a trip to the Orient, next to a painting by Mark Rothko, and there are many associations of the modern and the ancient, the primitive and the Oriental. "Perhaps my contribution is these unexpected juxtapositions," the Baron remarks as he explains the history of each piece. His descriptions are not only precise but loving: here is an aesthete, but not a particularly pretentious or aggressive collector, and certainly no slave to fashion. For the Baron adds objects slowly and carefully, continuing to delight in his initial acquisitions. I ask him if he keeps up with the art market. He answers that there is really no more space to fill. He hates to accumulate simply for the sake of accumulation. "What about the bank's offices?" I inquire. "Well, you see," he answers pensively, "our democracy says that the workers have the right to choose their own art. They bring in the things they like. It seems they do not care for my taste." Mme. Hammacher, curator of Baron Lambert's collection, who was formerly the chief curator of the Boymans and Van Beunigen Museum in Holland, explains that the Baron hoped that his collection would acquaint the bank employees with great contemporary art, and that he is somewhat disappointed that they prefer familiar, conventional décor. However, the Baron refuses to impose his taste on the employees, and there is no room to add to the collection in his own apartment without ruining the sense of spaciousness and airiness that creates the proper atmosphere for contemplation.

After a delicious lunch, we have coffee in the library. I wonder where the Baron sleeps, since I have seen no sign of a bedroom in the apartment. When I inquire, he touches a switch behind what looks like a shelf of leather-bound books. A secret door opens, Agatha Christie–style. Behind the door is the simplest of bedrooms, of modest proportions and almost monastic spareness. On the walls are a few small works, including a Kandinsky gouache. "I got the idea from an old mystery movie," the Baron confides. Clearly the secret door is the only bit of whimsy in the otherwise thoroughly serious environment. □

Editor: Gaetana Enders



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LAPS OF LUXURY

A quick bite at some of New York's newest restaurants

By Alexander Cockburn



STEPHEN KELEMEN

"No humane exertions, no formal reasoning, can sever happiness from the fact that the ravishing dress is worn by only one, and not by twenty thousand." THEODOR ADORNO, *Minima Moralia*

The essence of luxury is the sense, whether illusory or not, that one's pleasures are unique; of egalitarianism that they can be shared by all. This is as true of food as of Adorno's ravishing dress, and in our own Gilded Age where there are now a million millionaires in the United States it is a source of endless joy to see how the rich are persuaded, or persuade themselves, that they are eating better than anyone else.

Each age, as Ezra Pound remarked, demands an image of its own accelerated grimace. Gastronomic luxury can be defined in terms of amplitude—the mighty repasts of the Edwardians; of freshness—the twitching shrimp of Japanese sashimi; of rarity—the special annual treat of "Astrakhan lamb" in Stanley Ellin's story, where the lamb turned out to be human flesh. The simplest way of all to suggest that the diner is sitting in luxury's lap is of course to charge him a preposterous price for the privilege. But if a recent bout of upscale eating in some of Manhattan's newer restaurants confirmed that some people will eat anything provided it costs enough, the experience also suggested that tides are turning: a French chef no longer has to come out of his kitchen heavily disguised as a dietician or an American nativist. The long detour from the old classical French cuisine, through minceur, sushi, California, has produced some reinvigorated classical cooking. *Les bons vieux temps* are sidling back, and at their best they are better.

Another word for the good old days is nostalgia, which is evidently the motive force behind the reduplication of Maxim's on Madison Avenue. This is an attempt to import the *belle époque* by means of a studious reconstruction of the famous old French restaurant, but it is not a success. The grand staircase that inclines one up to the restaurant establishes an idiom of the bogus, as palpable as a cigar gripped between the teeth of a con man. At lunch, the bar, riotous with Art Nouveau *bric-à-brac,* was entirely empty and over the premises there hung that ominous air common to restaurants where the inmates are aware that possibly fatal calculations have been made.

The food was undistinguished. Those who love sweetbreads are doomed to constant disappointment and the ones at Maxim's proved to be no exception to this virtually invariable rule: a sweetbread is born to be braised, not encased in a shroud of bread crumbs and sautéed. My companion's scallops came with the crescent of pink roe always discarded by North American shuckers and it turned out they had flown across the Atlantic, but the poor things were tired and tasteless from the journey. The service was professional and, one could say, even luxurious in the sense that the waiter's black coat gave off a slight aroma of perspiration, as if to emphasize that the customers belonged to a higher, more cleanly state. "You can just smell the poverty!" cried Evelyn Waugh, as he accepted an admirer's invitation and entered the second-class



80 Proof Brandy. E&J Distillers, Modesto, California. © 1986

dining room of a transatlantic liner. The aroma gave him the pleasure of feeling different, luxuriously unique. To be fair, friends visiting Maxim's for dinner report a happier experience: perhaps the spirit of Toulouse Lautrec, emblematic of Maxim's, does not smile till the hours of darkness.

The next day found me at another echo of old Europe, Le Bernardin, a splendid advertisement of how the culinary experiences of the last decade have led to a renaissance of the classical approach. This offshoot of the fish restaurant in Paris of the same name is lodged in the new Equitable Life building on 51st Street, just off Sixth Avenue. In this case food luxuriates in the marinade of real estate and its handmaiden, architecture. A meal in such a building, accoutred with restored Thomas Hart Benton mural, vast Lichtenstein, imports from the Whitney, comes to the table already underpinned with well-heeled culture. The dining room itself has a high wooden ceiling, slightly betrayed by the thick carpets and deep leather chairs, which impose a clubman's portentousness on a magnificent space.

But inappropriate though the surroundings may have been, the fish itself was excellent. Pity the poor *poisson* whose hour of fashionable glory has come. How can any *lotte* feel secure now that the word is out and the nets are down? As *lotte* or monkfish it now boldly graces restaurant tables. At Le Bernardin it was "roasted"—a word which seems to be *de rigueur* on knowing menus—with savoy cabbage. The salmon with sorrel, in the manner of Troisgros, was similarly well cooked. The sauces at Le Bernardin were all spectacular and for once one felt that the fishy Japanese challenge had received a successful riposte. The raw fish salad, unmistakably Gallic, could successfully look any plate of sashimi in the eye. The service was distinguished and the bill profuse.

Hardly had rosy-fingered dawn once more touched the horizon before I was back in the same building again,

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this time at Palio, an Italian restaurant grandly decorated with Sienese banners and reminiscences of Hoffmann. The entrance to Palio is a coup. The bar is at ground level, a horseshoe in a high room decorated with enormous frescoes by Chia of the horse race at Siena on all four walls, giving one a sense of geographic and historic occasion

> Salt cod has been shinning up the social ladder in the Reagan years with almost the same agility as monkfish

during the elevator ride up to the main dining room. I went with my brother and a trouserful of cash and when it was all over and we waddled beaming into 51st Street we agreed that luxury in these unreliable times is having everything go according to plan.

Our plan was to have a fine Italian meal. The chef's plan was to provide the best in regional Italian cooking. The management's plan was to supervise the marriage of these two desires. Everything worked out fine. My brother had pasta—*trenette* if my memory serves—followed by salmon. I had salt cod, followed by oxtail stew.

Salt cod, or bacalao, has been shinning up the social ladder in the Reagan years with almost the same agility as monkfish. Both cheap foods, now given the kiss of fashion, as if to stress, evidence notwithstanding, that anyone and anything can make it in the roaring eighties. The salt cod at Palio was flaked and mixed with slivers of crisp fried potato. The oxtail stew with polenta was equally as good, with the luxurious refinement of some long-suffering soul in the kitchen having boned the tail. The noise level was subdued, with the pleased murmur of businessmen securely strapped into their golden parachutes, certain of the sound judgment of the Senate Finance Committee.

Nostalgia came knocking once more with Harry Cipriani—a translation of Harry's Bar in Venice which trundles back the old memories. Cipriani is in



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the Sherry-Netherland, seething with varying forms of fashionable wild life. The room has the *sine qua non* of the fashion set: a throng shouting at the top of its voice in a room as brightly lit as an operating table. Peering around from the bar I could see that the diners all looked strangely foreshortened, as though sawn off at the ankles. And in a sense they were. Seeking to compensate for the restaurant's small-size dimensions the designer has lowered the chairs and the tables, so everyone sits with splayed shins, as if milking a cow.

The Bellinis flew to our heads. The waiters flew between the low tables. Time flew by

Still glowing from Palio, I had salt cod again, this time more in the manner of a French *brandade* and followed it with ravioli and kidneys with a risotto excessively stewed in butter. Liver in the Venetian style got good reviews. The Bellinis flew to our heads. The waiters flew between the low tables. Time flew by. The noise rolled from wall to wall like surf. Outside, the silence was like a cool hand on the senses.

And now all that remained was a visit to Aurora, offspring of Joe Baum who co-produced The Four Seasons. This is luxury redefined as "luxury," taking the form of a large expense, exercised against a backdrop of uneasy décor and uncertain food. The belons were good, but it's hard to wreck a sound belon. We ate roast pigeon with garlic sauce and broiled tuna with fennel and green tomatoes against a fantasy backdrop of bubbles designed by Milton Glaser. Neither dish was inspired and some peas tasted as if they had been frozen. The banquette was grossly comfortable and the atmosphere one of arriviste good-time blowout, with couples eating their way to Armageddon on hemispheric banquettes. A couple embraced fervently as the restaurant emptied toward midnight and the businessmen headed toward bed, awaiting the next surge of the Dow. □



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SUMMER LIGHTENING

From bare polished floors to pale pink awnings: some of the appealing ways of stripping and cooling a house for warm weather

By Mark Hampton



Summer curtains of unlined cotton, slipcovers of simple ticking, rug of straw matting transform a room.

People who love interior decorating usually love clothes as well, and one of the great things about loving clothes is the seasonal ritual of change. When is velvet no longer to be worn? When can you wear a linen suit? On which day do you don a straw hat? And then there is the serious problem of furs! The whole preoccupation with form (forget the content) and how we adjust to the changing seasons is tremendously interesting in the realms of both dress and interior decoration. The summer garb of a house can be deliciously appealing, and what's more it can satisfy a wide range of desires, some of them nostalgic, some of them fashionable, and some of them connected with being spoiled and easily bored—something prairie women, for instance, could not think about. In the same way that it is refreshing to put away heavy winter woolens, getting a room ready for summer can be the source of enormous pleasure. In addition to the visual delight, there is a practical side to the routine of summer slipcovers and bare floors, namely the fact that giving things a breather from wear and tear lengthens their life-span considerably. This is not to be confused, by the way, with the closing of a room in summertime. I always feel sorry for those poor men whose wives and children hie off to the seashore on the first of June and leave them in an apartment full of dust covers, bare floors, and drawn window shades. That is not what I mean by getting a room ready for warm weather.

The issue of the heat is another significant element in the history of summer décor. In the days before air conditioning, it was enormously important to invent ways not only to *be* cool but also to help make you *think* you were cool. The subconscious language of decoration is loaded with symbols that carry visual messages extending far beyond the realm of mere prettiness. Now many of us count on an unending supply of refrigerated air to keep us comfortable, but the desire for a seasonal change in decoration

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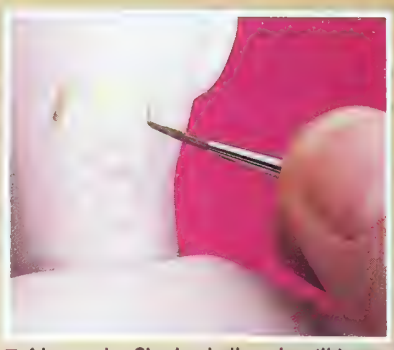
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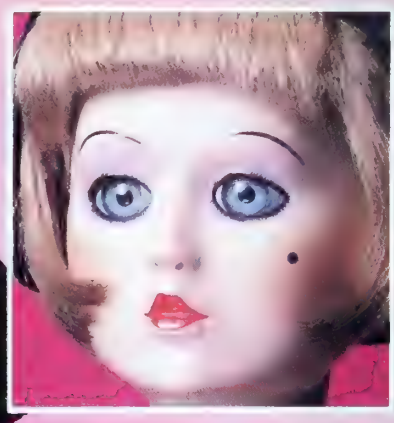
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continues to be felt. My favorite memory that involves this desire for change is of a house in Indianapolis that was well known locally for its garden and its decoration. In April, pale pink awnings went up on the outside. In the heat of July they were changed to green and white stripes. Very chic, I always thought.

A friend of mine who lives in a New York apartment and has no country house regards the summer as a time to transform her living room to an entirely different environment. The heavy curtains all come down and bamboo blinds are hung in place of the sheer undercurtains. The carpet is rolled up and exchanged for a much smaller straw rug, which leaves a very wide border of polished floor all around. The pleated silk lampshades are replaced by white opaque paper ones decorated with old-fashioned cutouts of leaves and flowers, and all the tabletops are cleared off leaving space for the summer collection of white salt-glaze earthenware and blanc de chine objects that are arranged in a rather spare way. Then come the slipcovers. For the last fifteen or twenty years, they have been one version or another of beige and white ticking trimmed with black piping. There are several baskets and wire cachepots that are kept filled with blooming plants. These plants provide a lot of color and they can be anything the lady of the house chooses because there is no other color in the room. This kind of summer switchover is a lot of work. It also requires a good-sized storeroom or a large attic. Somewhere, a tremendous amount of stuff has to be very carefully put away. The effect is so lovely, however, that it is considered worth all the trouble. When you think about it, a lot of people go to just as much effort with their Christmas decorations, and those things don't stay in place for three and a half months.

Twenty-odd years ago, Mrs. Parish's drawing room on 79th Street was treated in a similar way. The first time I ever saw her apartment, the large antique French carpet had been sent off for its annual bout of restoration and the floor had been given an even higher shine than usual (if that was possible). Every single piece of furniture had disappeared under beautifully detailed slipcovers, including all the little French and English chairs. It was late in the afternoon on a very hot June day and I found it fascinating to try to envision what might be under all the summer cotton. The atmosphere was so fresh and cool that it was difficult to imagine the transformation that was inevitable come the end of September.

Another room I remember from that same time was an enormous, tall drawing room in a double-width Manhattan town house that even had slipcovers for the heavy silk overcurtains and valances. At first you might have thought that the room was never used during the summer months, but the beautiful trims on these funny-looking bags that were slipped over the window hangings matched the trim on the slipcovers, making it clear that these were more than dust covers. Those who ran this household knew that such elaborate curtains and valances should certainly not be taken down and rehung every year; all that handling would be terribly hard on them. That grand room also had a chandelier and I always thought it should have been tied up in a gauzy bag. In a scene in *September Affair,* a movie I saw years ago, Joseph Cotten and Joan Fontaine were looking for a villa to rent in Italy, and the part of the scene that I remember best is their walking into a darkened room, opening the shutters, and seeing everything, including the chandelier, covered in white muslin. In the next scene, they had rented the house and put the room back in order, but it was never as beautiful as it had been in its cool ghostlike white.

There are, of course, dozens of ways to give a room some sort of summery mood, many of which allow you to use things you love but could otherwise never find a place for. By taking up the carpet, you can experiment with small hooked rugs or little flowery needlepoint rugs that are often too small to work in a regular scheme. Another very simple approach is to rearrange the furniture, placing stronger emphasis on being near windows and light and focusing less on the fireplace. There

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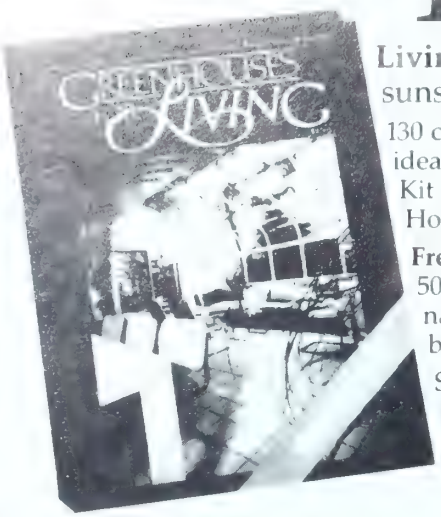


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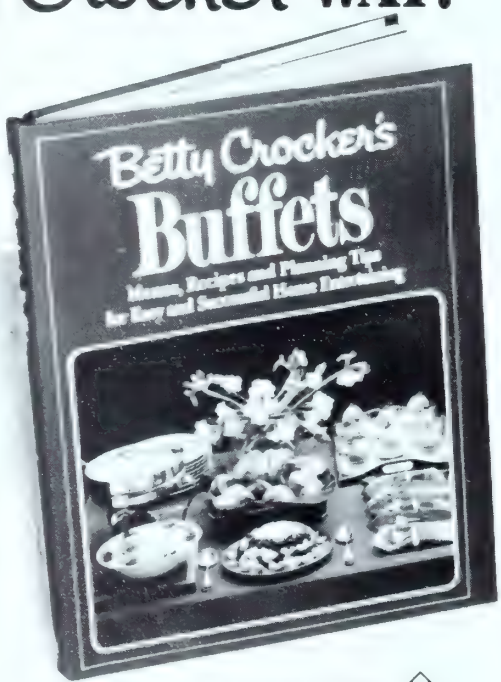
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are obviously many rooms that do not lend themselves to this routine; it is, however, often worth a try. Furthermore, if you are using slipcovers the relationship of the different materials that cover the furniture the rest of the year becomes irrelevant: you don't have to worry about getting the scheme off-balance with all the pattern at one end, for example. You can de-winterize fireplaces by filling them with waxy green leaves of some description—magnolia perhaps, or rhododendron. I also love the pleated paper fans that are made to put in fireplace openings during the hot months of the year. If you are really lucky, you might even find one of the charming painted boards that were designed to block the opening completely.

Another area of summer decoration is flower arranging. White flowers look ravishing and cool in summer rooms where they might look bland in the winter. I adore the kind of simple, old-fashioned flowers that you find in buckets at the farmers' markets that spring up along the roadside after the Fourth of July. Many of these elements of summer decoration have, as a sort of natural by-product, a tone of informality that is very pleasing and that seems to convey a casual mood, as if to say, "Don't worry about your bare feet or your shirtsleeves—just come on in and make yourself comfortable."

This relaxed atmosphere is also, thank goodness, fairly economical. The whole point is to avoid a stuffy, overly rich aura of formality. That is why old wicker, either painted or varnished, can suddenly fit into a decorating scheme that would never permit it in the winter. Charming, starched organdy tie-back curtains are certainly not extravagant (though I suppose it depends on who does the ironing). In a 1954 article about the mill outside of Paris where the Duke and Duchess of Windsor spent weekends and summers, there was a photograph of a room filled with beautiful French and English furniture, and in front of each of the tall windows standing on the polished floor was a sawn-off tree trunk about three feet tall with a large clay pot of geraniums sitting on top of it. If that isn't simple, summery, and casual, I don't know what is. And that is what an open, light-filled summer room should be. □



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But what is Freedom? Rightly understood,
A universal licence to be good.

Liberty, *Hartley Coleridge (1796–1849)*





FLOWERS UPON FLOWERS

Oscar de la Renta's Connecticut house and garden

BY CHARLOTTE CURTIS PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICK HALES


THE ALHAMBRA
SKIN TO SKIN



From the driveway it is a simple, unpretentious house, and it sits in its gray-frame splendor in a well-edited woodland atop a Connecticut mountain with vast lawns and gardens sweeping down at the back, and Oscar de la Renta loves it.

"It's my real home," he says with a certain passion. "It's my escape from everything else."

In Mr. de la Renta's case, everything else includes a spacious and informal hacienda in his native Santo Domingo, a New York place, a trend-setting and always demanding multimillion-dollar dress business, scores of devoted friends here and abroad, and a nonstop social life. Since the day he and his late wife, Françoise de la Renta, bought the house in 1972, it was indeed their real home. And they were strict about it.

"We promised each other that we would go there every Friday and stay until early Monday," he said, and they meant it. They were not in town on weekends. And if on that infrequent occasion they had overnight visitors, the guests were invited to arrive Saturday morning and

Josef Reiner's *Portrait of a Gentleman,* reflected in the living-room mirror, *opposite.* On the French 18th-century mantel, an English Regency mirror is flanked by 19th-century Russian ormolu-and-crystal palm trees. *Above:* An armillary sphere stands by the flower-rimmed swimming pool. *Preceding pages, left:* Rear view of the de la Renta country house. *Preceding pages, right:* Early-19th-century inlaid-wood Moroccan table serves a cozy sitting area in the living room. *Flower Still Life* by Giovanni Bienvetu. Fabric on walls and furniture from Lee Jofa.



[illegible] Hardly. No-
[illegible]
[illegible] more glamorous than the de la Rentas. But beneath those glamorous exteriors, and they were glamorous indeed, there was a bright woman who liked solitude enough to read, garden, and decorate for pleasure, and a thoroughly gregarious man who has never tired of perfecting the aesthetics of his various households and slaving in his gardens.

Go with him of a Friday afternoon in the heat of summer, and see him arrive, step out of the car, and run—yes, run—not for the cool comfort of the house but for his gardens. "I can't wait," he says. He hurries because the gardens roam over acres and acres, and he wants to see every last flower and tree before the sun disappears over the mountains.

He laughs. "I can't help myself," he said. "I see a weed and pull it. Then another weed. Whatever. Two hours later I find myself still weeding in a business suit."

The trouble with gardens, as with nature itself, is that in the end, they are going to do what they are going to do, and no amount of discipline, gentle persuasion, or labor can make them perform exactly as their creators and keepers would wish. Mr. de la Renta understands that and tries not to mind. "I am fabulously im-



The living room: in the foreground, a terra-cotta model for a fountain by Clodion; gaming table by Jacob; in the center of the room, a Russian blond-wood table; at left, two Italian neoclassical chairs. Placed over matting are 19th-century English needlepoint rugs.


GOODBYE BABY & AMEN

Roosevelt Longworth) are out early on Saturday mornings, once again striving to create and maintain something more than a moment's perfection.

"You do learn to accept," he says philosophically. "The garden is always better two days before you want to show it to friends or two days after." The house is his legal residence, but he travels so much he has sometimes missed its special glory. There is little chance of his living the fifty to one hundred years it will take to see his young trees at full maturity. Still, he planted for the future as well as the present, and the garden blooms continuously from May to October.

The late Russell Page took one look at the land and said there could be no garden in the classic sense. A garden is a room, he told them, just as he told all his illustrious clients. But the hillside was too steep. The sky was too big and beautiful. And so the ever-imaginative Mr. Page landscaped to frame the view, laying out the structural guide with which the de la Rentas began.

Today, the herbaceous borders, the double aisle of crab-apple trees, the yew hedging, the stately blue delphinium, "the almost white garden" around the swimming pool and most of the house are virtually pure de la Renta, and certainly among the most beautiful on the East Coast. Walk up the

D… irises, and … ten the formal … ered on an English fo… Beyond the li… 19th-century fig… ting the s… the ro…







hillside and into what is now his house (through a French door, perhaps, with blond faux bois and trompe-l'oeil green fretwork where the draperies used to be), and the impression is of yet another garden: flowered chintz upon chintz, flowered rugs, flowered walls, flowered pillows, flowered paintings, and all manner of freshly cut bouquets.

This, of course, is the voluptuously romantic, richly overstated "cozy opulence" of the English country style at the height of the nineteenth century. The sofas and armchairs are outrageously comfortable. The atmosphere is purposely busy, busy with books, sculpture, porcelains, needlepoint, stereo equipment, and bibelots of one sort or another. Mr. de la Renta added more Russian furniture after his wife's death. He rearranged a piece or two. And he elongated the big, all-purpose downstairs living room by expanding and changing the dining area so its artfully painted walls look to be made of stone.

One room? Yes, the downstairs is one seventy-foot room. "We wanted to

Faux-marbre columns define the dining room, *opposite,* decorated with trompe-l'oeil trellises, both by artist Patrick Boivin. Late-19th-century American chairs surround the dining table. *Above:* In the foreground of the living room, a Napoleon III needlepoint stool and at right, a small Moroccan table. Behind the sofa covered in Rose Cumming fabric, a pair of blue-and-white Chinese porcelain lamps wear green silk shades, which appear throughout the house. In the far corner, a book stand stores the catalogues relating to some of the furnishings of the house. On wall, *Animals,* painted by Stephen Taylor, 1833.





live in one room and one room only—a place to dine, to read, to watch television, to listen to music, to talk," he said. And a room in which to entertain, especially at lunch, though dinners for six or eight are not unknown. Yet when he's in a particularly expansive mood and the weather cooperates, he delights in informal lunch parties down around the pool.

"We bought this house when we didn't have much money," he said. "We bought the first double couches for a hundred dollars and hung the place with twelve blue sheets from Macy's basement. We upgraded as we could afford it. Eventually, we turned the stables into the pool house." Always with the music of Mozart, Chopin, or opera in the background and often with classic movies to see again and again on Saturday nights. "We knew it would be a lifetime project," he said, and it is. That it works, and of course it does, is a tribute to both the de la Rentas' sense of style and exceptional devotion to the details. □ *Editor: Carolyn Sollis*

Bedroom, *above,* is centered around a French Empire bed. Cushion on 19th-century Italian Regency chair is covered in Brunschwig fabric. *Opposite top:* A guest room decorated by Oscar de la Renta's friend and frequent consultant Vincent Fourcade has fabrics from Clarence House, 19th-century American furnishings and paintings. *Opposite:* The woodland hosta garden. *Overleaf left:* Patrick Boivin's painted trellis, inspired by Pavlosk Palace near Leningrad, in a wicker-filled corner of the dining room. *Overleaf right:* A double perennial border is planted to provide four months of bloom. Gazebo is surrounded by roses.











THE STRENGTH OF TRADITION

Designer Mariette Himes Gomez and architects R. M. Kliment and Frances Halsband enhance the intrinsic charm of an American seaside cottage

BY SUZANNE STEPHENS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN HALL

People may occasionally wonder what it is that architects actually do in renovating a house that interior designers and builders can't accomplish on their own. Where lies the margin between "reorganizing" interior spaces and knocking out exterior walls? The owners of this remodeled 1930s clapboard cottage, a collaboration between two architects and one interior designer, were to see just how each member of the renovation team fit in.

Upon finding the property on Long Island Sound, the owners, a couple whose children were grown, decided instantly to buy it: the view was stunning, there was a proper degree of privacy, and the location was within reasonable commuting distance of New York, where they both work and live during the week.

The only problem was

Decks with balustrades, *above,* and gabled vestibule were added to front of remodeled cottage. *Opposite:* A door with fanlight dramatizes entry to topmost deck.







the house itself. Its remodeling was the work of a local builder whose "finishing" touches had nearly undone the vernacular character of the house: a big picture window cut across one side of the cottage, the master bath was slathered in marble, and the living-room ceiling had Sheetrock inserted between its dark wood beams. The wood floor was dark as well, and spaces generally felt low and cramped. The house was hardly comfortable as a frequent meeting ground for family members and friends, many of whom are athletic and seem to be "wet all the time."

The couple turned to Mariette Himes Gomez, a New York interior designer whose work is marked by its emphasis on the natural and understated. She felt the motley house needed a "point of view" that should be formed with the help of an architect, and to review the situation, she introduced the owners to R.M. Kliment and Frances Halsband, two architects she had collaborated with on a similar project.

Though the clients knew their cottage had its problems, in the beginning they were definite about not needing a "reconstructed house." Kliment and Halsband, however, soon concluded that something just short of that was required. With "a lot of study," they were able to persuade the clients to take the long view. Fairly soon the architects were busy knocking out the front of the house,

(Text continued on page 155)

The entry porch, *opposite,* a prow-shaped appendage jutting out from the rear corner of the house, also marks the entrance to the private garden and waterfront area. *Above:* The elevation facing the Sound features a symmetrical hierarchy of bay windows, porches, decks, all oriented to the view.

The light floors, *above*, set off the sturdy shapes of the dark English ladder-back chair, French farm table, and grandmother clock in the living room, as well as the light, curved lines of the Aalto armchairs in the sunroom. *Right:* In the living room, a mix of sofas by Charles Pfister, a Riart rocker, a painting by Jim Sullivan, a popcorn-weave rug, a Mies coffee table, and an English miniature chest of drawers.





Casement windows with transoms wrap each corner room facing the water, including dining room, *above,* where Gae Aulenti chairs are positioned around Joseph d'Urso granite-topped tables. *Left:* The side of the house overlooking the garden and pool reveals the gradually pitched roof of the original house, onto which classically inspired accretions are carefully positioned.

The master bath, *above,* which has a view of the water, was resurfaced in simple tile. *Right:* The light and view available to the master bedroom led clients and the designer to keep the furnishings simple—English Windsor chair, French fruitwood farm table, American painted stepped-back cabinet. *Opposite:* The lines of the fanlight in the bedroom window are airily echoed in the spare black iron bedstead adapted for the clients by the designer. The painting to the left of the ample Palladian-style window is by Robert Dash.







A COLLECTIVE PASSION

The New York apartment of Jim and Julie Dale is a joyful map of their collecting instincts

BY MARY CANTWELL PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES DIRAND

On a Victorian desk, *opposite,* a Tiffany dragonfly lamp, fiber sculptures by Jo Ellen Trilling, one commemorating Jim Dale's performance in last season's revival of *Joe Egg*. *Above: Julie's Coat* by Sharron Hedges, one of Julie Dale's gallery artists, centers English fireplace tiles tiered over sofa. Seagull sculpture in foreground by Mario Rivoli. *Below:* Jim and Julie Dale.





Tea set on the terrace, *above,* is by the late-19th-century Hungarian Vilmos Zsolnay. The Dales' collection of mostly English tiles dates roughly from 1850 to 1900; the oldest are by William De Morgan. *Opposite top:* Jim Dale's Victorian room harbors a treasure of toys, games, objects; antique American and Scandinavian ice skates hang above sofa, which is plumped with beadwork pillows, circa 1880. Indian paisley wool shawls cover furniture. *Opposite:* A sumptuous French antique silk spread covers the bed in master bedroom; the vestment above it is an Italian dalmatic, circa 1710. Rug is 19th-century French needlepoint.

Some rooms are as unreadable as some faces. They may be pleasant, even beautiful, but all one can tell about the people who live in them is that they had the sense to choose a very good decorator.

Other rooms, however, are maps, if one can follow them, of their owners' psyches. Jim and Julie Dale's apartment is in that category, and reading it is easy. The Dales love to talk about their home, often simultaneously.

Jim Dale has been an actor for 34 years, the first seven of which were spent doing the rounds of British music halls. *Scapino,* in 1975, made him famous on Broadway, not just for his acting, singing, and dancing but for his remarkable athleticism. During *Scapino,* he was a mass of bruises; after *Barnum,* for which he won a Tony Award in 1980, he was worn to a nubbin. His highly praised Bri in last year's revival of Peter Nichols's *Joe Egg* required no gymnastics; even so, Mr. Dale's nervous energy is such as to make an audience—and, for that matter, anyone who meets him—suspect that a cartwheel is just around the corner.

When speaking of the Dales' collection of Victorian and Pre-Raphaelite artifacts, Mr. Dale is apt to say things like, "Look where a thumb has worn a place on this plane! There's a tingling from it," and, on comparing the bluebird cutouts on a chair by E.A. Taylor to the bluebirds in a C.F.A. Voysey rug, "They were all mates!" Mrs. Dale, on the other hand, projects serenity. Her hair is long and dark, her voice is soft and low, and she uses words like "sensuality. . . voluptuousness. . . humanity. . . romance."

Jim Dale met the former Julie Schafler when he went into her gallery of wearable art, Julie: Artisans' Gallery, on upper Madison Avenue. He cherished what he calls his "junk," bits and pieces of Victoriana he'd picked up in Portobello Market during twenty years of Saturdays, and he'd brought a lot of it with him when he left London for New York. (That Mr. Dale, who was born in a small industrial town in the Midlands and as close to poor as makes no difference, should have espoused the coziest, most middle-class era in decorative art is probably no accident.) Julie Dale, who went to Mount Holyoke and got an M.F.A. at New York University, liked whatever spoke of its maker's hand. Of course they married and discovered the English Arts and Crafts movement. All unions should be so inevitable.

The first time Jim and Julie went to London together he took her to the shop where he'd bought much of his Victorian tat. The proprietor showed them the basement. "It was full of Voysey [a late-nineteenth-century architect], Burne-Jones, and Pugin [designer of the Houses of Parliament]," Julie says, "and I promptly jumped out of my skin. I didn't realize this was stuff available to actually live with." Small wonder. The works of William Morris, Burne-Jones, Pugin, and "their mates" are so integral a part of the Victoria and Albert Museum as to make it unimaginable that any exist outside it.

The Dales started buying, mostly in London and Bath with the occasional foray down New York's Bleecker Street, and became passionate collectors. No, better than that, scholars. They know *(Text continued on page 168)*







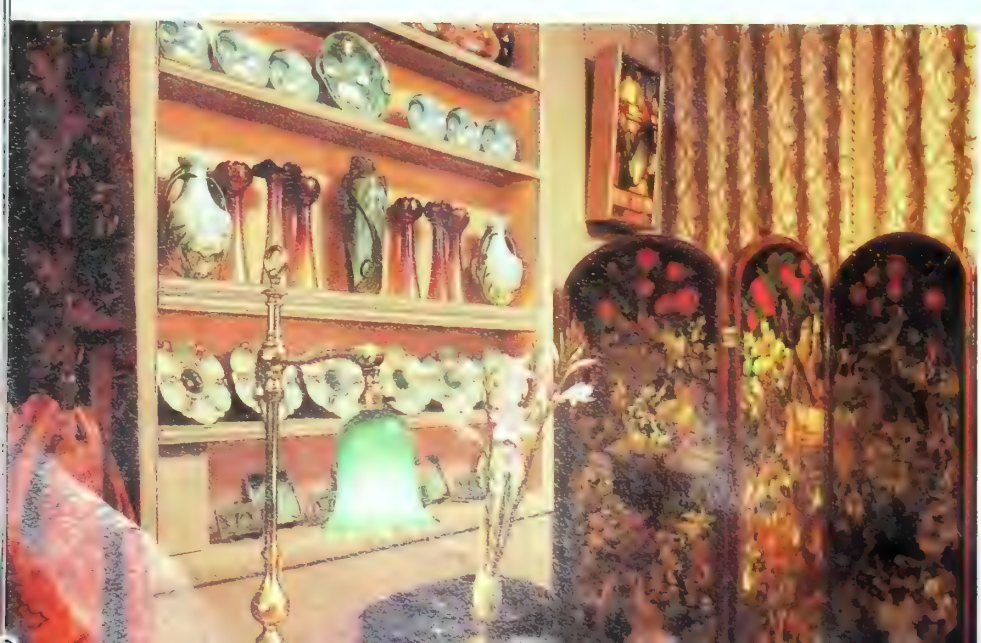


The living room is a cozy gallery of English design; carpet was designed by C.F.A. Voysey. Original William Morris velvet curtains frame the fireplace, fitted with a cast-iron balustrade designed by Hector Guimard for the Paris Métro. Walter Cave designed the chairs on either side. Painting is *Abend* by Otto Saltau. In foreground, a campaign rocking chair by Peter Cooper, circa 1865. English Aesthetic sideboard by Bruce Talbert, circa 1870, holds Liberty pewter vases by Archibald Knox. Tiffany chandelier.





In foyer, *above,* carpet by Voysey, majolica jardinieres by Bermantoff, harpist's chair by E.A. Taylor, *Trout—Magnolia Kimono* by Marika Contompasis, *Snake Jacket* by Arlene Stimmel, both Julie Dale gallery artists. *Counterclockwise from left:* Part of the Victorian room's collection of toys and games amassed by Jim Dale, more English tiles; Austrian and English majolica, English Victorian decoupage screen, Morton & Co. draperies along walls; cabinet by Wylie Lochhead, filled with pottery by Vilmos Zsolnay. On top, a Hector Guimard jardiniere.









In master bedroom, *above,* an embroidered silk spread hangs over memorabilia and small objects, including an early-18th-century little gold dress for a religious sculpture. *Clockwise from right:* Jim Dale has collected and been given antique clowns, which he loves for their "wonderful expressions"; glass domes in the master bedroom protect cake decorations of sugar and of wax, set below an early-18th-century French apron in silk threaded with gold and silver; Austrian Art Nouveau vases, two by the firm of Teplitz, one by Reinholt Hanke.





Reggie Gives a Party

By Brooke Astor

New York, 1928 evoked in a chapter from Mrs. Astor's new novel, *The Last Blossom on the Plum Tree:* a before-the-crash world of yachts, town houses, speakeasies, and dancing till dawn



Reggie lived in his family's vast brownstone house on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 52nd Street. He had his own suite of rooms there, but because his mother was taking the cure at Saratoga Springs and his father was off on his yacht, he had the house to himself.

As Emily was led through the square front hall by a footman in handsome livery, she remembered thinking when she had been there years ago with Ben that it was not exactly a place where one could have a good time. The huge malachite vase in the middle of the hall (Reggie had told her once that it had come from the Demidoff Palace in Leningrad) was funereal, but when she was ushered into the library, all had changed. The red brocade curtains, the huge cane chaise longue by the fireplace piled with red velvet cushions, the great deep sofas, the immense silver vases standing on the floor filled with American beauty roses, and the silk-shaded lamps, created a warm glow. The look was supposed to be French, but it was really American in spite of Lord Duveen. The tables were crowded with huge silver-framed photographs signed boldly with signatures that went from Royals, through Serenes, and right down to Dukes and Marquises—some still alive—others long dead. Emily remembered Reggie's mother, Mrs. Breevort Beekman, sighing and saying, "Dear Dom Pedro. He meant so well." Mrs. Beekman loved them all—British, European, and Middle European, but Reggie was an Anglophile. For him there was no royalty but the British; and no real sport except in the British Isles. His suits were made at Anderson-Sheppard, his shoes at Peal, and his shirts were from Turnbull & Asser in Jermyn Street. He knew the nicknames of all the English dukes. In London he belonged to as many clubs as possible from White's and Brooks's, to Boodle's, the Turf, and the Beefsteak; and as the one European gesture, he belonged to the Travellers Club in Paris. In spite of all this, "Deep down where it counts," as a friend of his once said, Reggie was American. It was hard to imagine why, except for his affection for his timid and withdrawn father who spent three quarters of his time on his yacht, and who cared nothing for all this worship of alien customs. He was in his wife's shadow at home, but on the *Dragon,* dressed in club regalia, he was totally relaxed and walked as a man, not as a neglected and rejected husband. Once, when Reggie was quite young, he had taken him to a dinner of twelve at a charming house on Riverside Drive. A beautiful young lady dripping with jewels was the hostess and the other guests were yacht-club members—each accompanied by a dazzling, pretty, and very, very refined young lady.

The food was delicious and served by footmen, one to every other chair. Reggie thought it attractive, but a little dull—too much like home, only even more boring. However, what stuck in his mind was what his father had said in the car on the way home. He was just lighting a cigar (no cigar smoking was allowed in *that* house) and Reggie thought for the first time that his father looked happy. "My boy," said his father, "remember this evening. Such a house as you have just seen may be a thing of the past. If they continue the income tax and the

FROM THE FORTHCOMING BOOK *THE LAST BLOSSOM ON THE PLUM TREE* BY BROOKE ASTOR. COPYRIGHT © 1986 BROOKE ASTOR TO BE PUBLISHED BY RANDOM HOUSE, INC

gift tax, the whole thing will be smoked out." Reggie thought this cryptic at the time, but later realized what his father meant. These very refined young ladies were the mistresses of the yachtsmen. It had, at first, horrified Reggie, but as time went on he was proud of his father. It showed that he was not just a henpecked husband, but a person with spunk and dignity. This episode they never mentioned again, but it had served its purpose. Reggie felt that no duke could have behaved better.

When Emily came into the library, Reggie, who was standing in front of the fireplace, came over at once to give her a kiss. "So happy to have you here, dear Emily," he said, giving her hand a special squeeze which she felt meant that the last time she had been there it had been with Ben. Molly, who was lying on the chaise longue, a champagne glass in her hand said, "Darling Emily, do have some champagne quickly and drink to my success. I'm going to be the Virgin Mary. Isn't it the tops?"

"Molly won over six other contenders," volunteered Reggie. "She is terrific. Molly, show Emily what you did."

As Emily took her champagne from the footman's tray Molly got up, stood against the rose-red curtain, wrapped a scarf over her head, cast down her eyes, and raised her hands in prayer. She looked exquisitely beautiful, but, thought Emily, very dumb. "Do you have to say anything?" asked Emily, sipping her champagne and trying to look impressed.

Molly shook her head. "Nothing," she said. "Not a word, and I get paid three guineas a week for six weeks and my fare over and back. Isn't that marvelous! I am sure George will be furious, but after all, I am starting a career. I might end up in Hollywood with my own swimming pool and my own hairdresser."

"It's a jolly good start," said Reggie. "And I think Franz Kramer must have fallen for Molly because he is coming to dinner tonight."

"I wouldn't be so sure. He's bringing a girl friend," said Molly, making a face, "we never saw her in London or Paris."

"Oh," interposed Reggie. "I forgot to tell you, Emily, that Carlo Pontevecchio is coming too. Kramer wanted to take us to Jack and Charlie's, but I thought it would be more relaxing to dine here. We might go on to the Savoy or the Cotton Club or El Morocco."

"Perhaps all three," said Molly. "After all this *is* my first trip to New York and you told me about those marvelous, what did you call them, flapjacks, at Child's for an early breakfast. I am all set for making a night of it."

Emily was about to say "Count me out of some of that" when Franz Kramer and a Miss "Somebody" (the footman garbled her name) were announced and walked in.

Franz Kramer was a small dark-haired man on the plump side with a completely round face pierced with darting eyes.

Molly jumped up and, as he kissed her hand, she said, "Franz, you have changed my life. I am so keen to start at once."

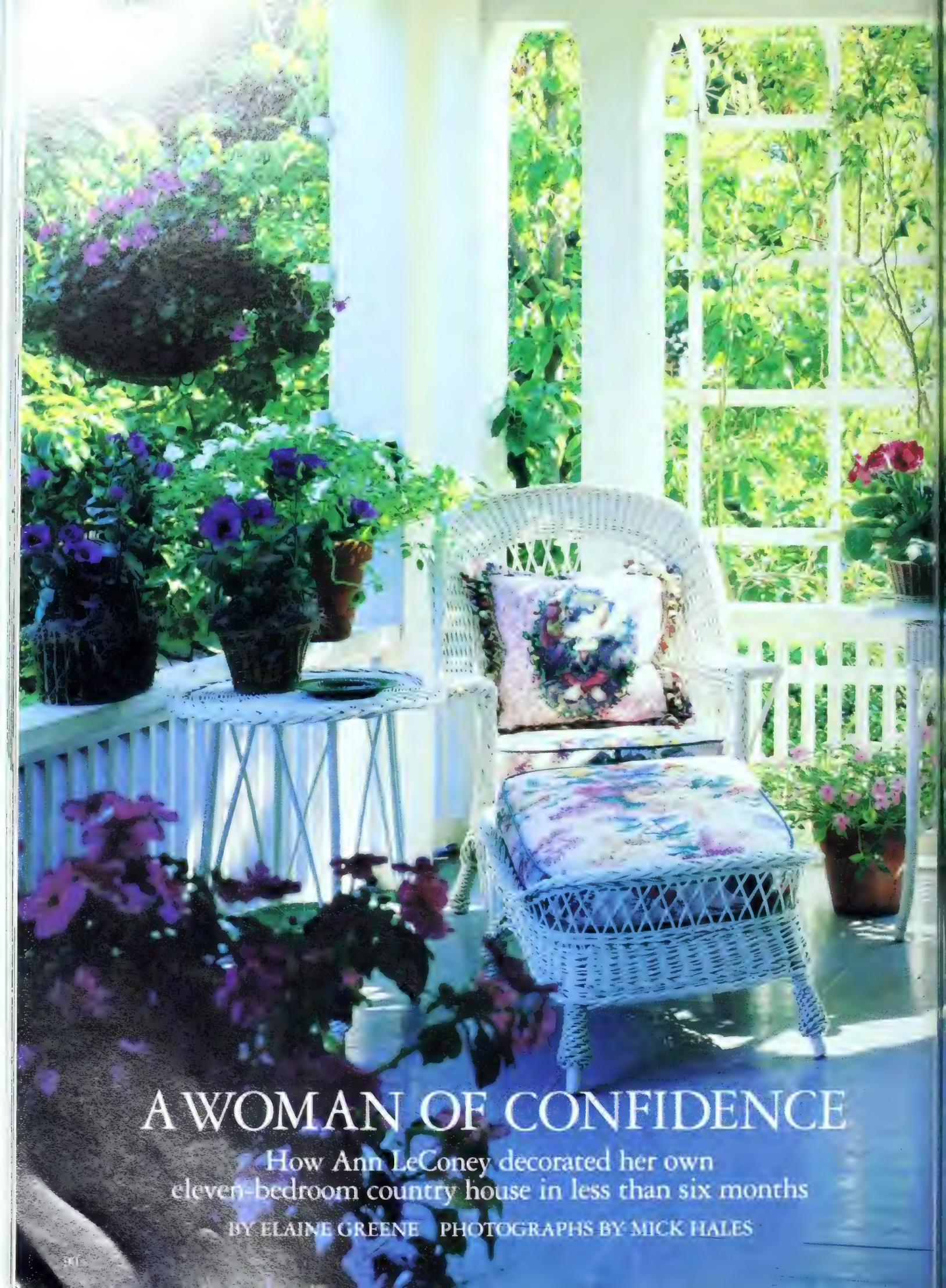
"Not until autumn," he answered, "but we will start rehearsing in Austria in August."

Molly clapped her hands. "How divine. I can miss the grouse season."

During this exchange, Reggie had spoken to the

(Text continued on page 163)





A WOMAN OF CONFIDENCE

How Ann LeConey decorated her own eleven-bedroom country house in less than six months

BY ELAINE GREENE PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICK HALES



The original porch, furnished with old wicker pieces bought locally, is a favorite gathering place for the LeConeys, their three children, and both generations' frequent guests. Chintz from Rose Cumming.





Some of the things decorator Ann LeConey remembers about growing up in a family with five children in Rumson, New Jersey: how she collected stamps and spent long hours arranging the colorful bits of art from all over the world, how she was apprentice to her amateur-carpenter father with her own set of tools, and, most of all, how she "ran things." As a middle child, she found herself balancing the demands of the elder two and the younger two—you can see her keeping peace the same way among her three small sons—and she is obviously a born executive. Thus is the child mother to the woman. Who but a born executive could have furnished and redecorated an eleven-bedroom country house between March and August of the same year?

Ann LeConey and her husband, Michael, an investment banker, bought the early-twentieth-century shingle house in the fall of 1983. Part of a well-established summer community, the rambling building overlooks a golf course and a large body of water beyond. It contains three full floors, and because it was the couple's first country house they owned no furniture for it. How does an efficient, Anglophile decorator solve such a problem, especially in 1983 when the pound cost little more than a dollar? She goes to London and buys enough furniture to fill a ship's container, including 25 Staffordshire figurines to mount as lamps, a dozen chests of drawers, two pine mantelpieces, a dozen Brighton-style bamboo end tables, four painted chests, plus assorted wardrobes, pine tables, and kitchen chairs.

While she waited for the container to arrive, Ann LeConey was busy ordering beds, fabric, rugs, and wallpa-

For the foyer's nail-hole-pocked floor, formerly hidden by linoleum, *above,* Ann LeConey devised a painted design that disguises the damage. She added crown molding, marbleized it, and worked with Robert Warshaw on the design of the wallpaper frieze. *Right:* Living room's dog figures are a personal favorite; many are Staffordshire. Cowtan & Tout curtain fabric; Brunschwig cotton damask.


The Making of the Royal Pavilion, Brighton





A third-floor dormer bedroom, *above,* one of three, received as much attention as any major room. Wallpaper, border, and valance fabric from Cowtan & Tout. Mrs. LeConey has collected quilts for years, so she was ready for seventeen new beds. *Left:* Ann LeConey's sitting room adjoins the master bedroom, *opposite.* Carpeting by Rosecore. Bedroom's painted doors, pillows, and fake Stubbs dog portrait are by Robert Warshaw. Mrs. LeConey took a Cowtan & Tout double-leaf border and framed it with a Clarence House rope border. Wallpaper is from Louis Bowen. Flowered chintz on bed by Brunschwig. Trimmings throughout the house by Standard Trimming.





per and designing a few structural changes—one to open the kitchen to a big family room, another to admit more light and views into the dining room. Bringing in a feeling of light was also a decorating goal on the lower floor, which gets little direct sun. Changing the dark oak floor finish to a pale pickled tone helped achieve this, as did light-colored glazed walls.

In March the local carpenters and wall painters and her highly skilled crew of painters from the city set to work. By August the furnishings were in place against the new backgrounds. Paint finishes are an important part of the LeConey battery of decorative effects. If you stand in the entrance hall, for example, you can see three different faux-marbre finishes on the wood moldings and a fourth on the floor. Coping with the original stucco finishes on bedroom walls, Mrs. LeConey and her special painters devised a way to comb-paint when ordinary combs would not work: they cut teeth into rubber squeegees. Decorative artist Robert Warshaw spends a good part of his time painting on LeConey jobs, and for her country house he produced several trompe-l'oeil screens and doors, numerous pillows, and one frankly fake Stubbs painting. He also painted a few dozen paper lampshades, which Ann LeConey herself finished with leftover scraps of braid and fringe. This final job she did, in a characteristic burst of decorating energy, during two late nights just before her in-laws arrived for their first visit. □ *Editor: Carolyn Sollis*



The LeConey family, *above,* from left: Morgan, Bart, Clay, Michael, and Ann. *Right:* One of the architectural changes was the substitution of French doors for a small window in the living room, which lies in the shadow of the porch and foyer. Beyond the doors, a big deck is in the works. It will connect to the boys' playroom. Also new: furniturelike radiator covers.


THE VILLAS
OF TUSCANY

PRINCIPLES



FOR GARDEN PLEASURE



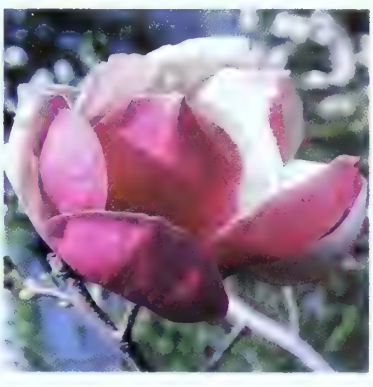
An adventurous and thoughtful gardener shares the personal ten commandments he has followed in creating his own garden at Vico Morcote in Switzerland

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY SIR PETER SMITHERS

The garden shall be a source of pleasure to the owner and his friends, not a burden and an anxiety

It must therefore be planted so as to reduce labor to an absolute minimum, and the amount of work must diminish as the owner grows older

Any plants like palms or conifers that would contradict the nature of the surrounding deciduous forest should be rigidly excluded



Across the lake are great oak and sweet chestnut forests: deciduous trees in a self-sustaining community of plants. In the garden is a self-sustaining miniature forest of deciduous magnolias. *Detail:* The new improved magnolia 'Garnet'.



Small open-air room near house where tidiness is maintained, *above*. *Detail below:* Aroids grow happily on forest floor. *Opposite, top left:* Orchids need not be for hothouses—*Cypripedium pubescens* in the garden. *Top right:* Summer in the magnolia forest. *Below:* Carefully chosen weed-free planting.

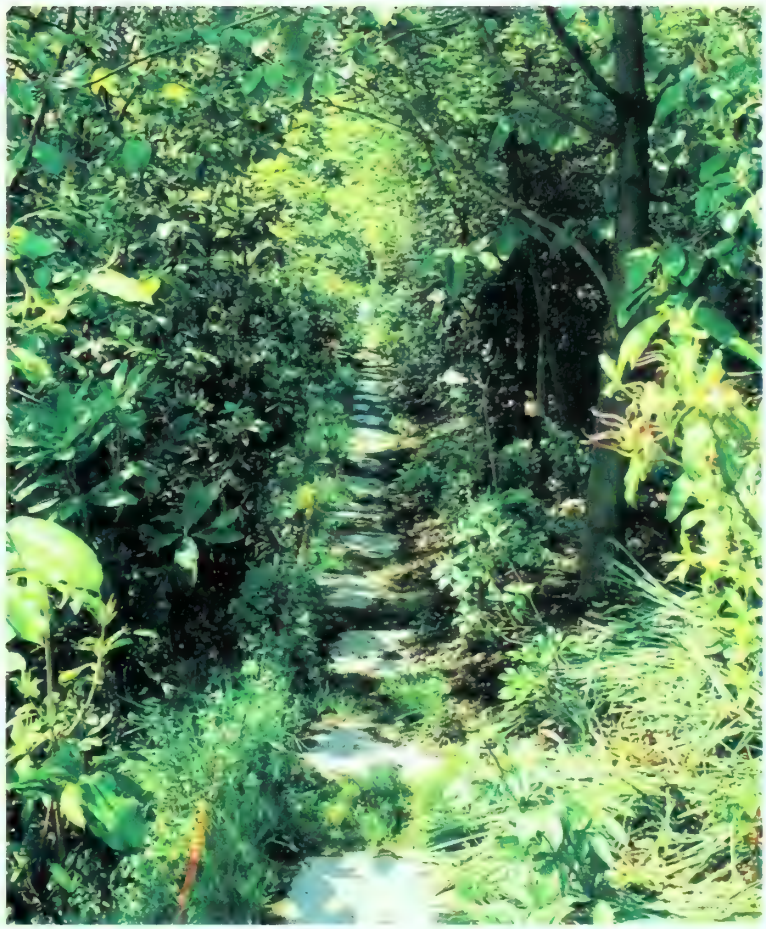
All plants in the garden must be of a permanent kind: no annuals, biennials, or plants requiring lifting in winter or special attention

The planting must be dense so that the plants live in a self-sustaining community with one another, with little space for weeds to grow and little need for support



My tutor at Magdalen College, Oxford, "Mister" McFarlane, was a medievalist, the leading authority in his time on the fifteenth century in England. Magdalen was a fifteenth-century foundation, perpendicular Gothic in spirit. Mr. McFarlane, though quite young, was an Oxford don of the old school. A superb scholar of international renown, he never deigned to undertake a doctorate. When I took a D.Phil. myself, he reproached me bitterly. Doctorates were for people who had to try to bolster their indifferent abilities with a row of letters. I never saw this brilliant man turn his hand to any kind of work except with a pen. Mr. McFarlane, to my surprise, purchased an old gamekeeper's cottage in an ancient oak wood not far from Oxford, with four acres of forest around it. The last thing in the world he wanted was a garden, let alone the work associated with it. Unaltered nature might come right up to the walls of the old stone building, just as it did to those of a baron's castle. If told that he had a garden he would have denied it indignantly. Yet in the cycle of the year he was surrounded by anemones, primroses, hyacinths, hellebores, digitalis, lonicera, oxalis, ferns, a couple of orchid species, and countless other delights. In spring there was the beauty of the young oak foliage, in autumn the colors of the hazelnuts, in winter the elegant silver framework of the ancient trees. There was no weeding because this was a community of plants, a long established balanced system in which no growing thing was ou of place. There were no "weeds." Th native plants dealt with any intruders There was no fertilizing, because th leaves fell and rotted and were recycle to become part of the tree once more There was no pruning because the oak grew naturally into a canopy and be neath them grew plants accustomed t live in their shade. There was no spray ing against insects because the nativ plants lived in a system in which plant and animals were balanced in symbio sis. Mr. McFarlane understood and de lighted in the beauty with which he wa surrounded at all seasons of the year. I did not occur to him that he had a mod est but beautiful garden in which th plants themselves did the garden work He did not know it, because it wa





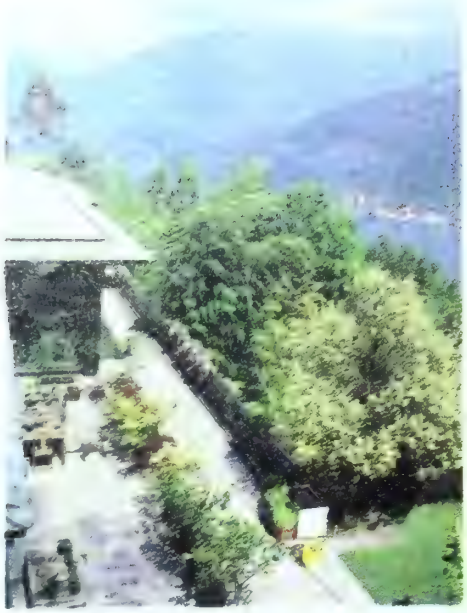
The plantings will be varying compositions according to the lie of the land with no repetition. The visitor should be surprised at every turn of the path with a new plant community different from what he has seen so far

At all levels planting distances are such as to form a canopy



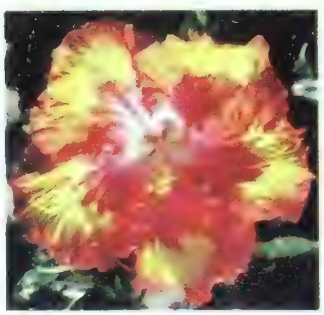
No plant is added to the garden if there is in existence an obtainable superior form

Difficult plants, if not successful after a fair trial, should be abandoned for easier subjects of which there are plenty



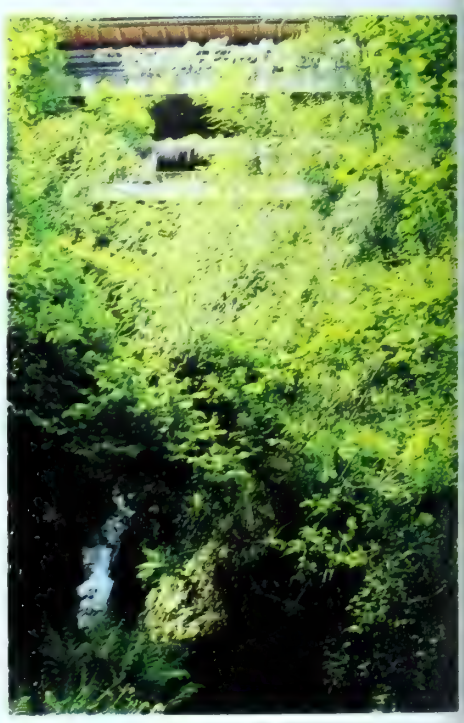
House, *left,* seems to float upon vegetation below. *Below:* Wisterias of fifteen kinds, giant bamboos, azaleas embrace the house. *Detail:* New Hibiscus hybrid from collection grown in pots summers on terrace, winters in greenhouse. *Bottom:* Mountain stream tumbles through garden. *Opposite:* Pathway winding through the jungle of exotic plants from five continents is barely visible.





not "artificial" and because it was labor-free! If he had decided to "make a garden," he would no doubt have cleared an area around the house for the purpose, and what would have happened? Digging, planting, hoeing, fertilizing, spraying, pruning, and weeding, weeding, weeding. Aching back, sore feet, and little time to contemplate and enjoy a result which might well be less beautiful than the unspoiled oak forest.

In Sutherland, in the extreme north of Scotland, there is a subarctic climate. My family spent a summer holiday there, fishing for salmon trout. It was a little house on the moor at the end of five miles of narrow gravel road. There was no other dwelling within two hours' walk. Not a tree in sight: nothing but the desolate beauty of the moorland and the mountains. But all around was wonderful subarctic flora. Erica, calluna, parnassia, gentiana, vaccinium, orchids, pinguicula, sphagnum, and many other mosses, beautiful lichens, ferns. The owner from whom we rented the house, if asked "is there a garden?" would certainly have replied that there was not. The moorland came right up to the walls. But a limpid mountain stream gurgled past the windows and there was a superb flora, a procession of subarctic beauties until the last heather blossoms would turn from purple to silver, and all would be buried once again under the protecting mantle of the snow. There was no garden work because every plant on the moor was a paid-up member of a stable and balanced ecological system, to which it made and from which it received an appropriate contri- *(Text continued on page 150)*





No plant is ever sold or exchanged. All plants are available to serious gardeners, stock and labor permitting. The pleasure of owning a fine plant is not complete until it has been given to friends

GRAND FINALE

The art and design of Vienna 1900 bade farewell to a proud tradition and embraced the anxieties of the modern age

BY MARTIN FILLER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERICH LESSING



Extreme stylization of nature was a hallmark of turn-of-the-century Viennese style. *Above:* Decorative glasses, 12¼ inches high, by Koloman Moser, circa 1900. *Right:* Gustav Klimt's *Farm Garden With Sunflowers,* oil on canvas, circa 1905–06.







The prevailing conception of modern art, architecture, and design promulgated by New York's Museum of Modern Art since the 1930s has in recent years come to seem far less diverse than Modernism actually was. MOMA has traditionally posited Cubism as the central achievement of twentieth-century painting and has favored a purist, reductivist approach to building and design, but that was far from the full story. To a certain extent this imbalance in favor of Paris is understandable in the light of history: the political upheavals of the middle third of this century cast the art of Germany, Austria, and Central Europe into an eclipse. Now, however, an exhibition at The Museum of Modern Art from July 3 to October 22 provides a long-overdue corrective to that institution's pronounced Francophile bias in painting and especially its orthodox, machine-aesthetic interpretation of modern architecture and design. "Vienna 1900: Art, Architecture, and Design," directed by adjunct curator Kirk Varnedoe, fully confirms the growing conviction that the capital of Austria at the turn of the century was a supreme creative center of the modern era.

The museum began planning for "Vienna 1900" as far back as 1975, when it felt the time had come to reexamine that extraordinary period, long appreciated here for its attainments in many fields, but less so in the visual arts. Consider the cast of characters: the closing years of the nineteenth century and the opening years of the twentieth in Vienna witnessed the astounding concatenation of Sigmund Freud and Adolf Hitler,

Four central figures in the life of Vienna at the turn of the century. *Top left:* Franz Josef I, Emperor of Austria from 1848 to 1916. *Above:* Gustav Mahler (1860–1911), revolutionary composer, conductor, and music director of the Vienna Opera, in a silhouette by Hans Schliessmann, 1901. *Opposite left:* Sigmund Freud (1856–1939), explorer of the unconscious, father of psychoanalysis, and author of *The Interpretation of Dreams*. *Opposite right:* Gustav Klimt (1862–1918), society portraitist, painter of allegorical murals, and first president of the Vienna Secession. *Above center:* Silver casket with enamel figural panels and repoussé borders encrusted with semiprecious stones, by Koloman Moser, circa 1905–06. *Opposite center:* Reconstruction of aluminum and glass façade of *Die Zeit* telegraph office, 1902, by Otto Wagner, dean of the Viennese architectural avant-garde.



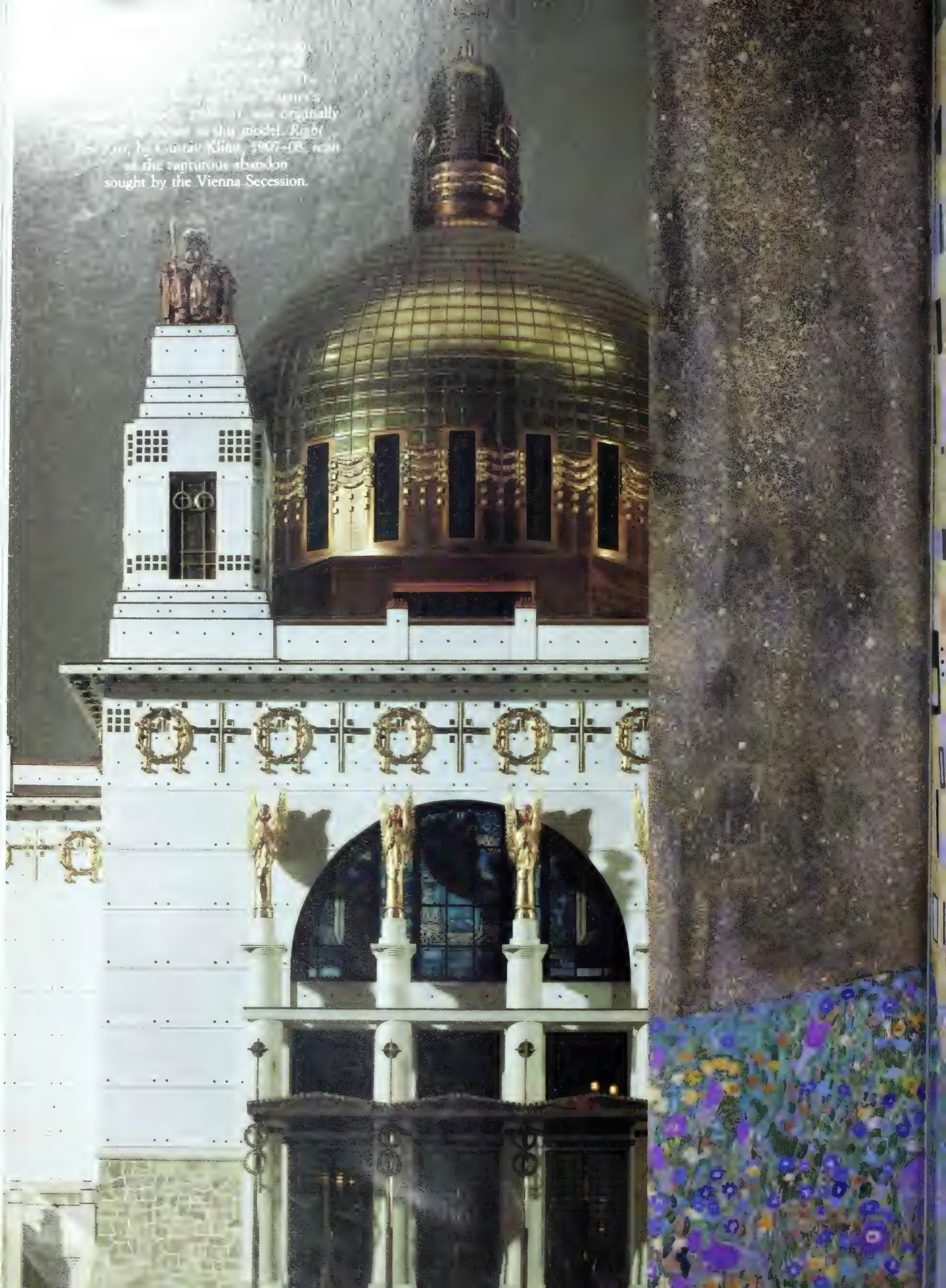




who altered the course of contemporary civilization more than any other men (with the possible exception of their German contemporary Albert Einstein). There were also the philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein; Theodor Herzl, founder of Zionism; the writers Hugo von Hoffmannsthal, Arthur Schnitzler, Karl Kraus, and Robert Musil; the composers Johannes Brahms, Johann Strauss, Franz Lehár, Anton Bruckner, Gustav Mahler, Hugo Wolf, Arnold Schoenberg, Alban Berg, and Anton von Webern; the painters Gustav Klimt, Egon Schiele, and Oskar Kokoschka; the architects Otto Wagner, Camillo Sitte, Josef Maria Olbrich, Adolf Loos, Josef Hoffmann, and Koloman Moser. Others, such as the German composer and conductor Richard Strauss and the Swiss painter Ferdinand Hodler, were based elsewhere but were intimately connected with the artistic life of the city. Many countries have gone for centuries without witnessing the galaxy of geniuses that shone in the Austrian capital within the span of but a few decades.

As Varnedoe correctly warns in his excellent catalogue (MOMA, $45; $22.50 paper), this incomparable coincidence can become "a dream dreamed within another: that of a modern avant-garde not homeless, but integrated into a real community. Klimt and Wagner and Loos thus became tablemates of Freud and Mahler and Wittgenstein at an imaginary coffeehouse for a shining moment in the city that was 'the cradle of modernity.' " But there were indeed intriguing interconnections and overlappings among the artistic elite of that relatively

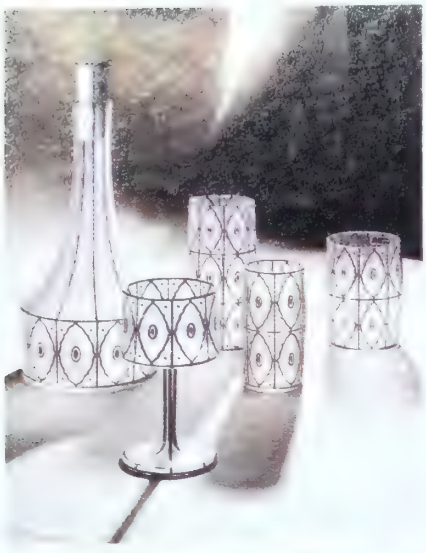
Its concerted outpouring of genius in many fields gave fin-de-siècle Vienna the power of a Mahler symphony played at full crescendo



originally
this model, *Kuss*
by Gustav Klimt, 1907–08, was
the sumptuous abandon
sought by the Vienna Secession.



Cultural confrontation is clear in the rift between emotionally penetrating art and luxury objects of sybaritic refinement













small city. Mahler, whose edgy, introspective compositions epitomize the *Angstneurose* of the modern condition, sought Freud's help because his moments of greatest inspiration were invariably interrupted by the annoying ditties that would pop into his head. (As Mahler's biographer Henry-Louis de La Grange writes, "These intrusions, which so shocked his contemporaries, are now considered one of the most striking and daring features of his art.") The strange and fascinating painter Richard Gerstl, still virtually unknown in this country, committed suicide after an affair with the wife of Schoenberg. And then, of course, there was the omnipresent culture climber Alma Schindler, who bewitched *inter alia* Klimt and Kokoschka, and in succession married Mahler, the architect Walter Gropius, and the poet Franz Werfel.

The Viennese art vanguard, far from being the vast company some admirers now imagine it *(Text continued on page 158)*

Two radically different views of the domestic scene. *Opposite: The Artist's Room in Neulengbach,* a 1911 oil by Egon Schiele strongly influenced by van Gogh's famous painting of his room at Arles. *Top row, from left:* Carafe and glasses by Josef Hoffmann, circa 1910; silver hatpin, Hoffmann, circa 1909; silver plate vase by Koloman Moser, 1904–05. *Bottom row:* Hoffmann's silver jardiniere with semiprecious stones, after 1905, and flat silver service for Fritz and Lilly Waerndorfer, 1904–08; brass vase by Moser, 1903–04.



ROMANTIC ROULOTTE

Around the Camargue from Jean-Pierre Demerey's gypsy caravan

BY CHRISTINA DE LIAGRE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICOLAS BRUHANT

Like a funeral pyre, this kind of gypsy wagon was customarily burned with the owner at his death," says Jean-Pierre Demery, whose *verdine* (from *vert,* their traditional color) is one of fifteen remaining in all of France.

When Jean-Pierre is not running the family business—Souleiado, the French Provençal fabric house in Tarascon, south of Avignon—with his 71-year-old father, Charles Demery, he likes to roll down south to the Camargue in his gypsy *roulotte,* which he has outfitted in a rainbow-splash of French country fabrics. Now as trim and tidy as a ship's cabin after many hours of restoration work in his backyard, this elaborately carved antique mobile home built in 1920 features a double bunk bed beneath which is another sleeping compartment, situated behind doors, designed for the gypsy brood. So far Jean-Pierre's four-year-old son, Jean-Victor, has it all to himself, though company is on the way. On either side of the front door there are built-in twin buffets, which look just about big enough to store the essentials—a bottle of wine, a bunch of grapes, and a deck of tarot cards.

Just 45 minutes away, the Camargue is a land of cowboys, wild horses, and bulls. It has been gypsy territory for years. The desire to go caravaning is perhaps best explained by the famous remarks of an old gypsy chief: "I don't understand how one can love a home. When you wake up at night, you don't hear the wind, you don't see the moon; for the moon is the sun for gypsies."

Like all good Frenchmen, Jean-Pierre has a nose for history, yet memory fails when it comes to recalling just how he acquired his *verdine*. That remains a well-kept secret between Demery and the gypsies. It all started twenty years ago. So whenever he feels the need to roam he puts his 1955 Bentley in harness and hitches up his gypsy wagon for the fifty-kilometer trek down to the Camargue. As it happens he is always in good company, for the road is still well traveled by gypsies who come from the world over for an annual pilgrimage to Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer to honor Sara, their patron saint. □

Editor: Marie-Paule Pellé





Built 65 years ago, this gypsy wagon, owned by Jean-Pierre Demery, is a model known as "Pont du Château." He has two others, which he is restoring. Demery uses the horsepower of his 1955 Bentley, two-toned in champagne and black, to get his wagon on the road.



Like a funeral pyre, this kind of gypsy wagon was customarily burned with the owner at his death





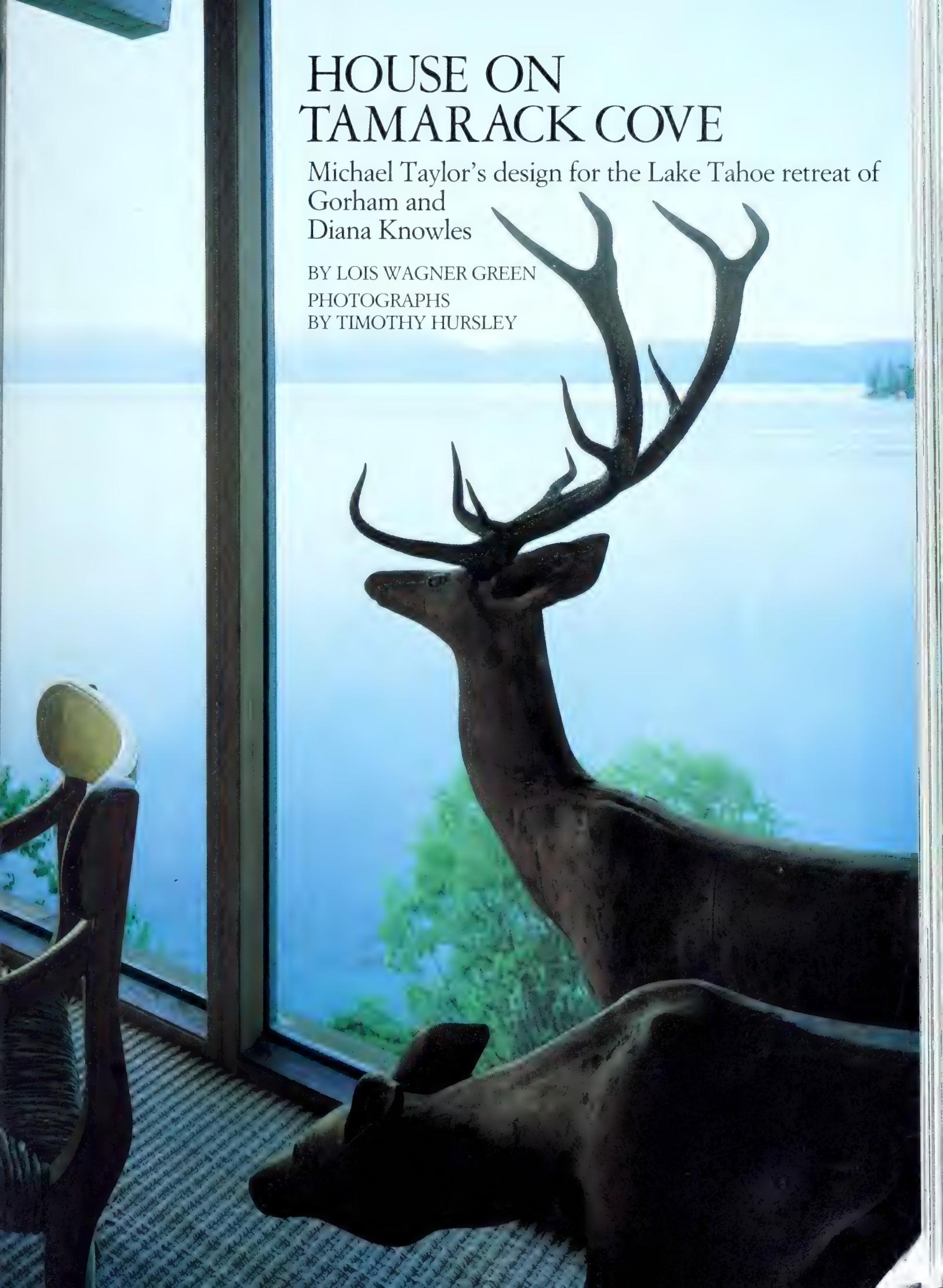
Cupboard below master bed, *opposite,* is where gypsy children slept. *Clockwise from top left:* A faience water pitcher; an 18th-century painting hangs beside a small wood cupboard; a side window with elaborate marquetry; above steps to the front door is pink *boule de surveillance*—it reflects 180 degrees—used by 18th-century shopkeepers to keep an eye on customers, from Hervé Baume, Avignon.







Silhouetted against Lake Tahoe, 18th-century Japanese wood deer graze near Michael Taylor's round ash dining table for twelve, with a centerpiece lazy Susan, under a deer horn chandelier.



HOUSE ON TAMARACK COVE

Michael Taylor's design for the Lake Tahoe retreat of Gorham and Diana Knowles

BY LOIS WAGNER GREEN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIMOTHY HURSLEY





For two thousand summers the Washo Indians camped around the Nevada and California shores of Lake Tahoe, leaving only the occasional arrowhead to suggest their seasonal presence. In the 150 years since the white man came upon this phantasmagoria of blue/green/gray/black water set into the granite ranges of the Sierra Nevada, Tahoe's rare beauty has almost been its undoing.

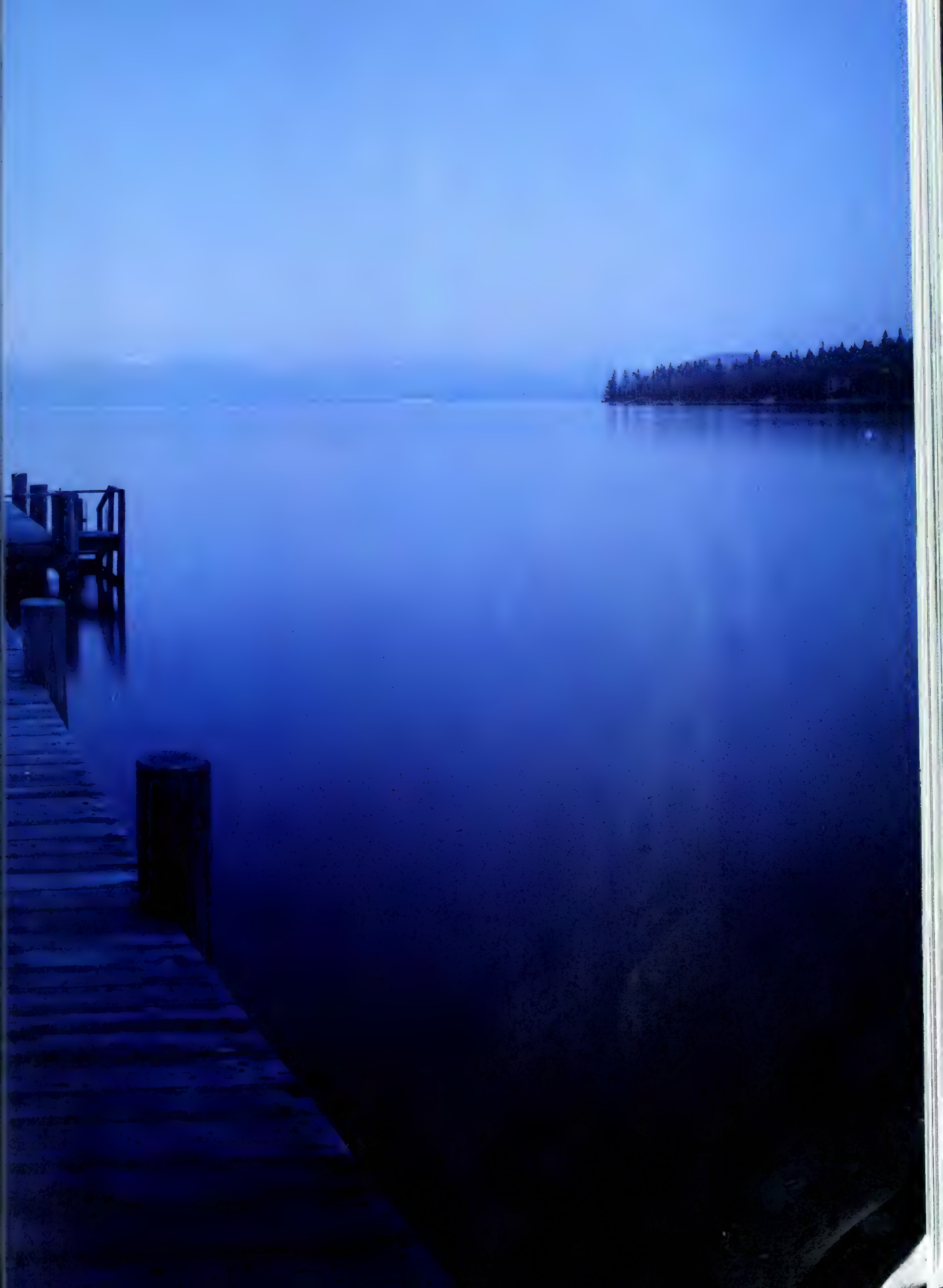
Tahoe survived the early plundering of its timber (the coniferous forests and groves we see today on hills and shore are all second growth), but since the 1960 Olympic Winter Games at Squaw Valley informed a wider world of its splendors, the pell-mell sprawl of development has brought Tahoe up to the brink of environmental havoc.

Yet from the property that Gorham and Diana Dollar Knowles acquired several years ago at Homewood, midway on the 22-mile length of the lake on the California side, none of the above seems to apply. Studded with firs and pines, sloping steeply down to a sheltered cove, their new place at "the lake" (which can only mean Tahoe to those from "the city," which can only mean San Francisco) is a pristine miracle of survival recalling an arcadia that disappeared.

On walls of cedar siding in the living room hang a twig construction by Charles Arnoldi and a pair of 19th-century Austrian metal-and-horn deer heads. Raw-rock coffee table stands before a sofa sumptuously upholstered in handwoven chenille. Michael Taylor designed all the upholstered pieces and benches for the room. Beyond is the library.



At the end of Gorham and Diana Knowles's pier is moored a 1930 wood-hull Garwood speedboat, a girlhood gift from Mrs. Knowles's father.





For the Knowles family it is a matter of total recall. Both Mr. and Mrs. Knowles are native San Franciscans who summered at the lake with their families as long as they can remember. Gorham Knowles's family had a house on this same western stretch of the lake. Diana Knowles's family spent each summer at its six-thousand-acre enclave at the north end of the lake—now known as Dollar Point—from 1927, back when there was still a railroad providing overnight transport from San Francisco to Tahoe, two hundred miles northeast. It was an idyllic time when lake steamers with mail and visitors made ports of call at campgrounds and family docks, and the new two-lane paved roads linking the various lake colonies were assumed to be more than adequate forever.

A 1930 wood-hull Garwood speedboat named *Tamarack,* now docked at the end of the Knowleses' pier, is redolent of those halcyon years before Tahoe was ringed with freeways and its slopes stacked with condominiums. "Diana's father *(Text continued on page 168)*

Michael Taylor designed all the furniture in the library, *above.* Tabletops are stone mill wheels. Over fireplace, a ceremonial Indian skirt from Santa Fe. *Opposite:* Native-stone terrace is an alfresco base camp between house and cove. Teakwood furniture is from Thailand.





SOPHISTICATED PURSUIT

A fox-hunting decorator fixes up a farmhouse

BY CHRISTOPHER HEMPHILL
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERNST BEADLE





Inspired by Elizabethan examples in Stratford-upon-Avon, a knot garden, *left,* thrives beside John Maurer's house in Roxbury, Connecticut. *Above:* A living-room corner, with Schumacher-fabric swags at windows.

Another view of the living room, *below,* shows walnut paneling not original to the house but of its precise period. *Right:* Old floorboards were removed, waterblasted, and relaid. The 19th-century hooked rugs have unusual linen backings. A Connecticut tea table, circa 1720, bears its original finish.





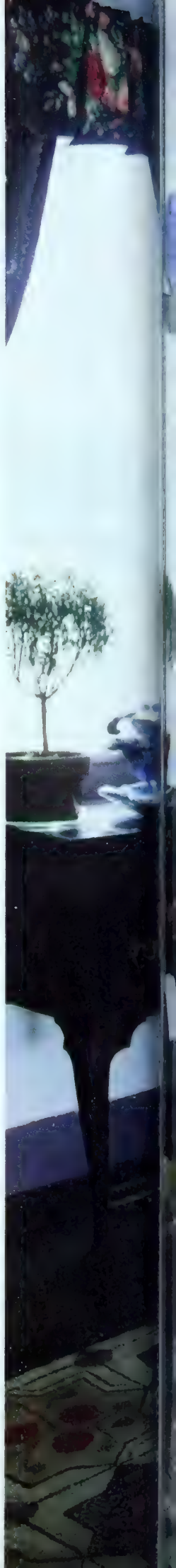
Many a city-dweller has had the same dream. As a designer John Maurer worked for years among "lots of glitz"; a house in the country—in his case the area around Roxbury, Connecticut—provided a refuge from all that. His dream was to escape permanently. "Everyone talks about it—all the weekenders," he says. "But one day I said to myself, 'Either you're going to talk about it for the rest of your life or you're going to do it.' I realized I'd rather fox hunt on Tuesday than go to the D & D building."

If the Decoration & Design building he refers to stands for the life he has left behind in New York, fox hunting, under the auspices of the Fairfield County Hunt, represents the life he has found. Indeed, the hunt was the area's chief attraction for him when he first moved here eighteen years ago. Since



A pencil-post Shaker bed hung with lace, *below,* furnishes the master bedroom. *Right:* The dining room was left unelectrified "to force the use of candles." Staffordshire china sets a circa-1750 Connecticut gate-leg table in the style of William and Mary and fills an actual English William and Mary "Welsh" cupboard. A Canton plate stands alone on a plate rack. Curtains, Clarence House.





then, an influx of new residents has driven up real-estate values dramatically, and Maurer has ridden the market's crest, fixing up and "trading up" houses twice. Now, in his new Connecticut-based career, he has taken to buying houses and fixing them up for others. For himself, however, he wants nothing more than what he calls his "cozy cottage."

Tall, he has a slight stoop that may have come from adapting himself to the proportions of this, his third house. Built in 1720, it had changed hands only once before, in the nineteenth century. The generations of farmers who had lived here never had the means to make major alterations. A few taps at the Masonite walls revealed old plaster behind, and the original wide floorboards lay beneath the linoleum. So *(Text continued on page 160)*





PERFECTION IN MINIATURE

Designer Jack Seglic makes much of food merchant Joel Dean's tiny East Hampton cottage

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
MARY HARTY AND PETER DEROSA



The deep backyard, *opposite,* was one of the reasons the house was bought. To the right, a wide, three-season border now thrives; an existing arbor was retained. *Above:* Wildflowers and choice objects find these rooms a perfect setting.

In the world of chanterelle mushrooms and herbed goat cheese, Joel Dean is a folk hero, if yuppies can be called folk. His Dean & DeLuca food and housewares market in Manhattan's SoHo helped gentrify that once-crumbling neighborhood and established a merchandising and display style—crowded Victorian food hall built from high-tech components—that is still being cloned by competitors. Then Dean & DeLuca cloned itself in a second store in East Hampton (a new edition of this branch should be open by the Fourth of July) and Joel Dean decided to establish a Long Island pied-à-terre.

He asked an old friend and business associate, Jack Seglic, to help him find and decorate a house. Seglic began his professional life as an artist, but a second talent emerged when he designed the SoHo Dean & DeLuca in 1977. He has since designed other stores, a few residences, and the faculty club at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons. What interests Jack Seglic is "molding spaces," whether it means breaking up large areas into manageable units or making small rooms seem unconfining.

The Joel Dean cottage, which adds up to just 20 by 27 feet of downstairs living space under a half-story bedroom, gave Jack Seglic a chance to make the most of minimal square footage. The 1927 house was so dilapidated when the men first saw it that other potential buyers had turned right around. (A neighbor says that her house was a bargain "because of the wreck next door.") Dean and Seglic recognized the handsome proportions and the remnants of original details; also, the cottage was just the right size to be an easily maintained, no-guests retreat for a single man with a hectic job—as weekend party time approaches and the last of the green-peppercorn pâté and chocolate mousse cake has been snapped up, the tension in the store spreads like a stock-market panic. Afterward Joel Dean likes to go home and read. Jack Seglic says, "I designed a house where he could read in every

Flowers and books supply most of the living-room color. Jack Seglic painting and drawings



Window "curtains" of pleated butcher paper on wooden dowels last about two years





To the street, the house presents a polite and private face, *above*. Original enclosed porch had a front window; openings are now on the side. *Opposite:* Joel Dean stores kitchenware in the back entry, all of it stocked in his stores. Tongue-and-groove wainscoting on wall is original and shows remains of many paint jobs; ceiling is new. Striped canvas from Quadrille on porch cushions.

room and several parts of the garden."

Jack Seglic's description of what he did sounds simple: "I took it all apart and remade it as it originally was." But the job was not nearly as simple as it might have been. Every surface, inside and outside, was meticulously executed. The wall paint, for example, is a warm white where the north light hits it and a cool white under the light from the south; the window trim is pale buff and the door trim is pale gray—"to relieve the eye, to give an illusion of space and movement," says Seglic. "No one actually notices the differences."

The downstairs is essentially two rooms: a kitchen-dining room and a living room. The black-and-white Kentile floor, similar to a scrap found there, flows throughout. A new stainless steel restaurant-chef's counter runs the length of the kitchen's longest wall, but the old twenties gas stove remains. Joel Dean finds it more sensitively calibrated than any new one, and besides, Jack Seglic was fond of the stove as "a symbol of cooking." Symbols of home life are as important in his decorating as symbols of food and equipment are in the stores.

The dining furniture, designed by De Stijl architect J.J.P. Oud and reproduced now by Ecart, typifies the taste for early-twentieth-century design that Dean and Seglic share. In the narrow living room, which had been two tiny rooms before, comfortable muslin-clad sofas mirror each other and a Carlos Riart rocker from Knoll International faces a Scandinavian wood stove that can heat the entire house. An enclosed front porch flanks this room, and with the original front window removed and side slot windows added, it functions as a barrier against street sounds and flashing car lights. It is yet another thoughtful feature of a house designed to read in, quietly. □ *By Elaine Greene. Editor: Babs Simpson*










CELEBRATING THE



First two columns—Hancock Village, Massachusetts, *clockwise from top left:* laundry and machine shop; sisters' workshop, foreground; wing of famous round barn; Trustees' House, where business was conducted with outsiders, remodeled in 1895 to present a more worldly image; horse barn; view through silos to cupola of round barn. Third column—Pleasant Hill, Kentucky, *from top:* Shakers quarried limestone—"Kentucky Marble"—for Centre Family Dwelling, the most imposing building, visible behind Water House; the traditional white Meeting House; fence changes from rail to picket in front of important buildings like Centre Family Dwelling.

SHAKER VISION

The communities of Hancock Village, Massachusetts, and Pleasant Hill, Kentucky, exemplify the purity and variety of Shaker design captured in a major museum exhibition and several new books

BY GUY DAVENPORT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES DIRAND

A Shaker ordinance specifies that "when we clasp our hands, our right thumbs and fingers should be above our left, as uniformity is comely." This admonition, and a thousand others, the Shakers carried in their heads; only late in their history, and reluctantly, did they write them down. Nor did the Spartans commit their rules to writing. A rule should be alive in one's head. A Spartan rule was to keep silent until you had framed what you had to say in the fewest possible words. In The War Rule of the Essenes at Qumran we read that the swords (spiritual swords, like Blake's, that would not sleep in his hand "till we have built Jerusalem/In England's green & pleasant Land") to be brandished by the Children of Light against the Children of Darkness at Armageddon "shall be made of pure iron refined by the smelter and polished like a mirror, the work of a craftsman; toward the point of both sides of the blade shall be embossed figured ears of wheat in pure gold."

Sparta, Essenes, Shakers; and there are others who made their communities a disciplined harmony. The state, Lycurgus said, should be "a work of philosophy," like his own Sparta. Of all the American experiments in communal life—the Amish, Owenites, New Harmonians, Oneidans, Icarians, and many others—the Shakers stand out. Many of their beautiful farms still survive with the round barns and severely elegant meeting houses. Their cabinets and tables and chairs are indestructible. They achieved an integrity of style comparable to, and rivaling, that of many great movements in the fine arts. One can say Louis XVI, De Stijl, Art Nouveau, Shaker.

By hindsight we can see that the Shakers were architectural pioneers a good century and a half ahead of the times. Practically everything we call modern is implicit in Shaker design. Dutch and Danish simplicity has followed but never surpassed the Shakers. When the Bauhaus and its master Walter Gropius announced that art as ornament and adjunct must disappear by being resolved into the total design of rooms and buildings (an idea the Bauhaus took from the Russian Constructivists and others), the Shakers had been there before them. Mother Ann Lee's rule that "every force evolves a form" was a text we are more familiar with in the theories of Le Corbusier and Mies van der Rohe.



Micajah Burnett, principal architect for Pleasant Hill, fashioned graceful arches for the doorways and passages in the Centre Family House, *above* and *below*. Chair rails and pinboards ease the lofty height of the rooms. *Opposite:* Burnett's romantic triumph is the twin spiral staircase in the Trustees' Office. Three flights of gracefully winding stairs are supported only at the bottom, top, and the landings.



It was on a winter day in Kentucky over twenty years ago that I heard Thomas Merton say that "the peculiar grace of a Shaker chair is due to the fact that it was made by someone capable of believing that an angel might come and sit on it." He was at the time writing his introduction to Edward Deming and Faith Andrews's *Religion in Wood* (1966), the last of the Andrewses' authoritative series of books on Shaker doctrine, history, and artifacts. The remark was made of a Shaker chair that Tom had in his hermit's cabin in the woods around the Trappist monastery of Gethsemani. Ralph Eugene Meatyard, the photographer, Jonathan Williams, the poet, and I were spending a bright, sharply cold morning with him. He had served us a frugal lunch of salted peanuts, goat cheese, and bourbon (from a bottle under his bed).

That an angel might sit in a Shaker chair no Shaker ever doubted. They saw angels around deathbeds, they heard angels singing and wrote down the music and words. They shared the angels' freedom of movement. A Shaker reported rising from his rocking chair, spinning in the air "for the space of half an hour, like a top," zipping out over a nearby pond to spin some more, and returning to his chair, holier and happier. Two Shaker sisters once went to the *(Text continued on page 146)*



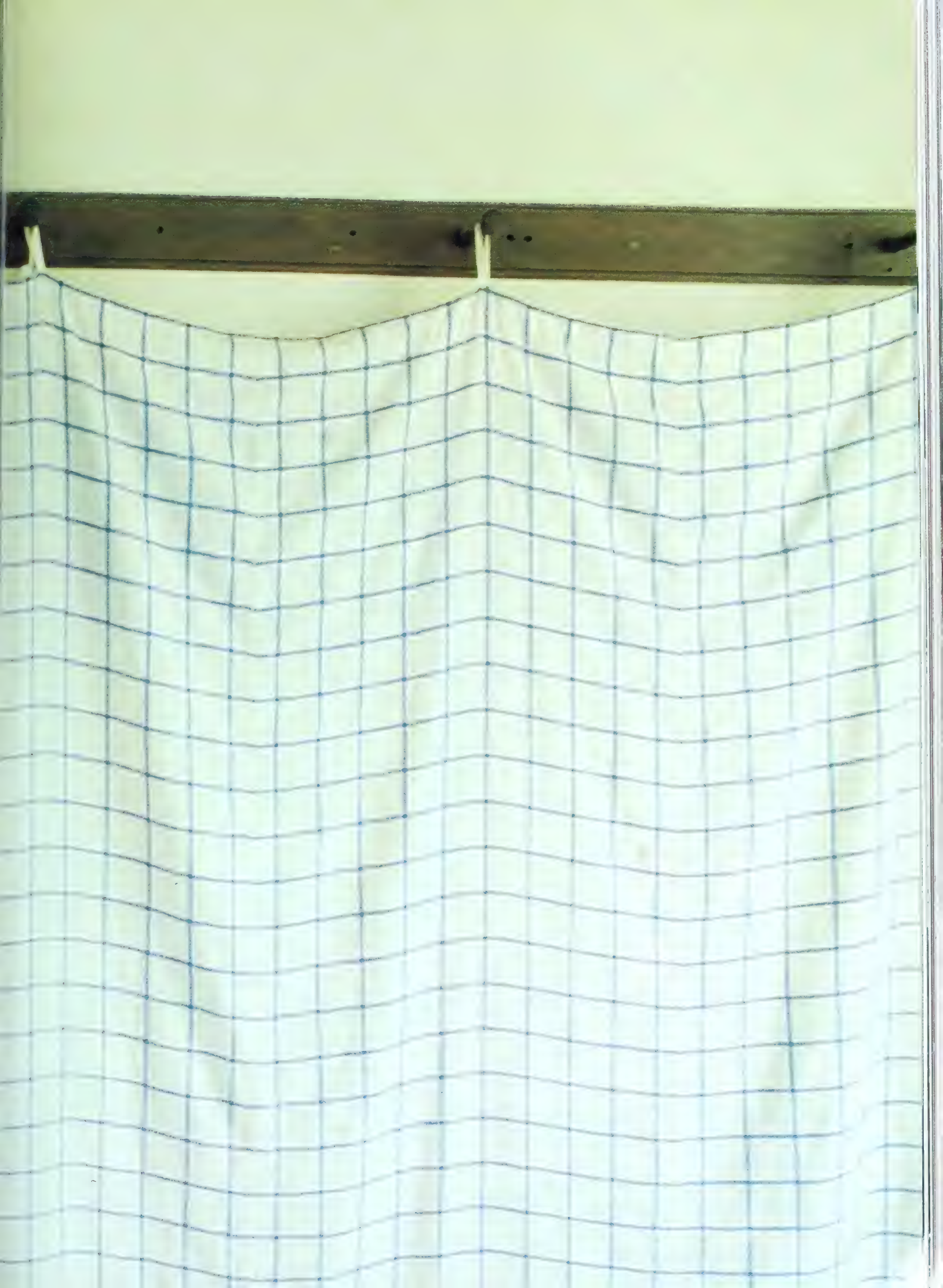


The Shakers' Millennial Laws called for interior woodwork "of a blueish shade," *above*, and dictated that "varnish, if used in dwelling houses, may be used only to the movables therein" such as the chair, *opposite*.





Of the five thousand pegs in the Brick Dwelling at Hancock, five in one of the sisters' retiring rooms are testament to the Shaker belief that "If possible, everything should be made in such a manner that it may be easily hung." It is thought that the Shakers used fabric—such as piece on right—for insulation.





...double secretary with ...colored wash came from the Centre ...ry in Lebanon, New York, just over the ...ill from Hancock. The dualism of this piece in the Elders' Room reflects the organization of the Shaker community: the two female or male elders who served as the spiritual leaders would have worked side by side at the desk.



(Continued from page 138) moon, they said, in rocking chairs, and brought back two songs that you can find in the Andrewses' *The Gift to Be Simple*.

There are many recordings of Shaker songs, but I have heard none with an authentic ring to them. The best-known Shaker tune is the one Aaron Copland worked into *Appalachian Spring* (1944). Modern singers are wrong to imitate his glossy bel canto reading. We have James Fenimore Cooper's word for it that Shakers sang through their noses, and their spelling is proof enough that Shaker diction was thoroughly "country" (*bile* for *boil*, *sartin* for *certain*, and so on). Ann Lee was illiterate, and her recorded witness to the reality of the Devil should stand as our guide to the Shaker voice: "I've seed him! He's big as a bar!"

They were Quakers, at first. Ann Lees, or Leese, born in the factory slums of Manchester in 1736, spent her childhood working at the looms, eighteen hours a day, for a few pennies. Looms are loud, cotton lint adheres in the lungs, and the work, which is mainly one of watching to see that thread has not broken from the spindles, is tedious and boring. What is a Shaker meeting house, with its majestic lines of tall windows, but a cotton factory with the looms removed? The Shakers invented space, beautifully long empty rooms full of light. And where looms might be, there were dancing Shakers, keeping time with clapping hands, dancing in complicated figures, dancing and shouting for hours and hours, singing songs such as:

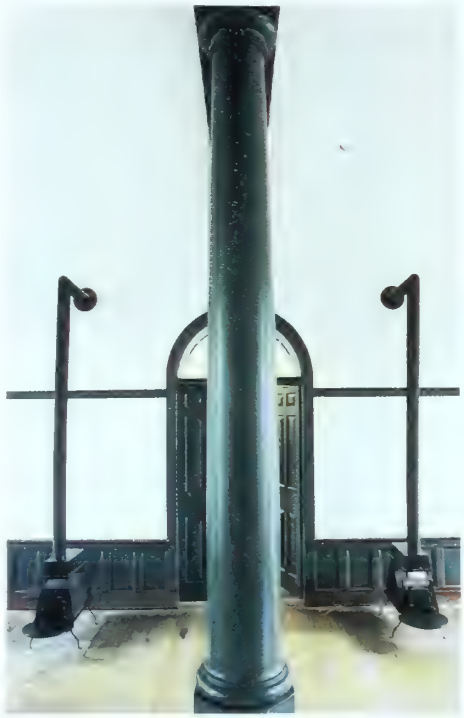
Love the inward, new creation,
Love the glory that it brings;
Love to lay a good foundation
In the line of outward things.

(God, patting his and her foot—the Shaker god was both male and female—must have signaled the Angels of Architecture and Celestial Design to come and listen, and make notes.)

Love a life of true devotion,
Love your lead in outward care;
Love to see all hands in motion,
Love to take your equal share.

(Marx and Engels studied the Shakers.)

Lovely love and its reward.



Shakers favored simple cast-iron wood stoves over inefficient, dirty fireplaces.

Love repays the lovely lover,
And in lovely ranks above
Lovely love shall live forever
Loving lovely lovéd love.

Such seraphic ecstasy came from a woman who bore four children that died soon after birth. She was in a long labor with the fourth when she had the vision that spirit must denounce sex. She believed that she was a prophet who was to lead a few fervent souls toward God. She may well have come to believe that she was a reincarnation. Jesus had been masculine, a wanderer without a home, a teacher. Mother Ann would be the feminine, creative force. She would gather her followers onto farms and a perfect life in harmony with the seasons and all the ineluctible human needs. Mother Ann did not live to see a Shaker community. She saw the beginning of one at Watervliet in New York. After her death in 1784, the communities proliferated from Maine to Kentucky, at first under the Eldership of Joseph Meacham, and then, in their golden period, under the long (thirty years) leadership of Lucy Wright. A Shaker community was a hive of industry. Although some work, such as carpentry, was for men and some, such as cooking, for women only, most of the work was rotated. done time about. A community that made everything it used, from buildings to thimbles, kept busy. But work was also their play and their worship. No one worked alone. The Shaker sense of being brothers and sisters created a context of family, which was enforced by their literal isolation. They saw the outside world only to do business with it. We have to think of the seclusion and independence of monastic orders to see another such complete cooperation in sharing life and work. As they liked to say, "How can we help being happy?"

The tone and quaintness of Shaker life has attracted many historians. Dolores Hayden's *Seven American Utopias* (M.I.T. Press, 1976) is the best concise account. This year several books and a traveling museum show seem to point to reawakened interest in the Shakers. Priscilla J. Brewer's *Shaker Communities, Shaker Lives* (University Press of New England, 1986) is a sociological study that avoids the usual awe of Shaker simplicity and near-perfection to take a realistic view of the often harsh actualities (one learns, for instance, that the odd Shaker infant found a way into their chaste world, and that there were many disillusioned defectors). Gerard C. Wertkins's *The Four Seasons of Shaker Life* concentrates on the Sabbathday Lake community in Maine, with photographs by Ann Chwatsky. But the most prominent of this year's attention to the Shakers is the exhibit that opened in May at the Whitney Museum of American Art, and its magnificent catalogue by June Sprigg. Any doubt remaining about the genius of Shaker design will be evaporated by this show, the most extensive one ever devoted to all their arts.

Furniture and tools evolve just like living organisms; the caveman's sharpened stick became, in time, the fork. It was implicit in the cut of Shaker belief that a fork should be a fork and nothing else. They therefore rethought tools and furniture strictly as useful objects, and what we perceive as character and dignity in Shaker design is simply their triumphant demonstration that form is good sense. They



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[illegible] bloom into a blade; this is a translation in the language of form and function. Fingers translated into wood gives us the peg—an invention adapted and much used by the Shakers. The push and pull of a saw can be made a continuous force if the saw is translated into a circle—another Shaker invention. Shaker windows were on pivots, so that inside and outside were equally easy to clean.

The severe beauty of Shaker cabinets with their cunning nests of drawers derives from their genius for organizing space. Storage and retrieval, ease of accessibility, room to work—if work is redemption, it is as much an act of worship as prayer or dancing in praise of the Lord.

Every Shaker artifact can therefore be seen as the most useful form for a wheelbarrow or chair or sewing table or as proof that beauty and usefulness are the same thing. Shaker puritanism did not include the table. They ate well, and drank judiciously. They were talented inventors of recipes, especially of desserts. A pecan and molasses pie still made at the Pleasant Hill community in Kentucky lingers sweetly in my memory. And they ate lots. A Shaker diary records a meal taken to workers in the fields at noon: "bread and butter, pye, strawberry sauce, fried potatoes, fresh meat, stewed beans, and green tea sweetened with loaf sugar."

They reinvented the world. They invented a new kind of light, a new kind of space. One of the debates of the eighteenth century was what human nature might be under its crust of civilization, under the varnish of culture and manners. Rousseau had an answer, Thomas Jefferson had an answer. One of the most intriguing answers was that of Charles Fourier, who was born in Besançon two years before the Shakers arrived in New York. He grew up to write twelve sturdy volumes designing a New Harmony for mankind, an experiment in radical sociology that began to run parallel to that of the Shakers. Fourierism (Horace Greeley founded the New York *Tribune* to promote Fourier's ideas) was Shakerism for intellectuals. Brook Farm was Fourierist, and such place names as Phalanx, New Jersey, and New Harmony, Indiana, attest to the movement's history. Except for one detail, Fourier and Mother Ann Lee were of the same mind; they both saw that mankind must return to the tribe, or extended family, and that it was to exist on a farm. Everyone lived in one enormous dormitory. Everyone shared all work; everyone agreed, though with constant revisions and refinements, to a disciplined way of life that would be most harmonious for them, and lead to the greatest happiness. But when, of an evening, the Shakers danced or had "a union" (a conversational party), Fourier's Harmonians had an orgy of eating, dancing, and sexual high jinks, all planned by a Philosopher of the Passions. There is a strange sense in which the Shakers' total abstinence from the flesh and Fourier's total indulgence serve the same purpose. Each creates a psychological medium in which frictionless cooperation reaches a maximum possibility. It is also wonderfully telling that the modern world has no place for either.

Freud and Marx stole ideas from Fourier by the handful, and all modern designers look to the Shakers as their forerunners. Both the Shakers and Fourier declined the industrial revolution just as it was beginning. Mother Ann knew her mind and heart when she fled Blake's "dark satanic mills"in Manchester for the green valleys of the Ohio and the Susquehanna.

One Harmony would beget a second one, through emulation by the envious. This is precisely the Shaker mode of reproduction; several of their hymns rejoice that the world will eventually all become Shakers, by wanting to be as happy as they are.

And where they had business with the world—selling furniture, tools, livestock, cloth, oval boxes (much prized)—the world was indeed impressed. The one Shaker product that spread farthest was seeds. They were the first to offer garden and orchard seeds in colorful, printed packets. Fourier, for whom the center of human life was the garden, and whose Harmonies were to raise horticulture to the level of Paradise itself, would have approved of the symbolism of a childless people (the Harmony offered chastity as one of the orgiastic modes) who were best known for their seeds.

Just around the corner from my house in Lexington, Kentucky, there stood for well over fifty years a pear tree and an apple tree which had grown around each other in a double spiral. In the twenty years I have walked past them daily, they have always got into my thoughts, and always benignly. They were a husband and wife, as in Ovid's poem in which an inseparable couple become trees side by side in an eternal existence. They generated in my imagination a curiosity about the myths our culture has told itself about apples and pears. Apple is the symbol of the Fall, pear of Redemption. Apple is the world, pear Heaven. Apple is tragic. A golden one given first as a false wedding gift and later presented by a shepherd to a goddess began the Trojan War and all that Homer recorded in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. An apple that fell at Newton's feet also fell on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and is right now embedded in thousands of bombs mounted in the heads of rockets, glowing with elemental fire that is, like Adam and Eve's apple, an innocent detail of creation if untouched, and all the evil of which man is capable if plucked.

The day before yesterday this intertwined apple and pear were in full bloom. In every season these trees have been lovely, in autumn with their fruit, in winter a naked grace, in summer a round green puzzle of two kinds of leaves; but in spring they have always been a glory of white, something like what I expect an angel to look like when I see one. But I shall not see these trees again. Some developer has bought the property and cut down the embracing apple and pear, in full bloom, with a power saw, the whining growl of which is surely the language of devils at their business, which is to cancel creation.

It is very probable that my murdered apple and pear grew from Shaker seeds in neat paper packets. If so, the symbolism of these old trees, themselves a living symbol of love and harmony parallels the flourishing and decline of the Shakers. In their idealism and in their skilled practicality they have left us a heritage of moral splendor. □

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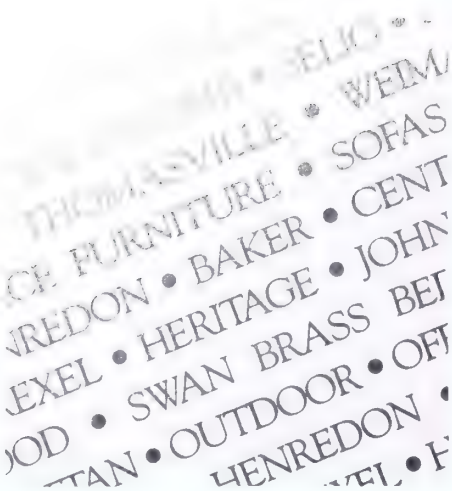
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PRINCIPLES FOR GARDEN PLEASURE

(Continued from page 102) bution.

I am not about to suggest that we gardeners pack our bags and settle down upon a subarctic moorland, or even in an undisturbed oak forest. But wherever vegetation exists, from the lushness of the wet tropics to the sparse beauty of the cactus desert, there is or once was a natural community of plants, and universal principles apply to its operation. If we wish to spare ourselves, in increasing degree as we grow older, the aches and pains and frustrations of maintaining a "garden," we must so arrange matters that, as in nature, the plants themselves do most of the work. This can only be done by designing and planting our garden so that it becomes a balanced plant community, even though artificially created from exotic plant material.

We are simulating nature, and therefore we must respect the limitations imposed by the particular conditions of our local environment. We must begin by studying thoroughly our local weather conditions. Maximum/minimum registering thermometers in different parts of the garden. Where does the wind come from? What is the rainfall and how distributed? How much sunshine and how distributed through the year? Next comes the soil. What are its mechanical characteristics?

Now comes a look at the local wild plants. They have subsisted for thousands of years under conditions somewhat like those which will prevail in our garden. They will give us a good idea of what will fit comfortably into the conditions of weather and soil under which our work of community-building will take place.

Of course our selection of plant material will not be confined to local native plants. For three centuries the great plant collectors have made available to us the incredible wealth of the world's flora, brought from every conceivable climate. Our problem is to choose material from these and from countless hybrids and selections made in gardens and nurseries. We must rely to some extent on books. But gardening books should be treated with the greatest reserve. When I was a schoolboy, and would regale our old Yorkshire head gardener, Lonsdale, with what I had just read in a book, he invariably replied "Ee Master Peter, ai doant maak nowt 'o bewks." He was partly right. No gardening book written in a library by somebody who never got their hands dirty in the garden is much use to us. But a more important reason to treat books with reserve is that what is true of a plant under conditions slightly different from ours may be quite misleading. I once asked a distinguished authority on rhododendrons about the hardiness of a plant of the Maddenii series. His scathing—and correct—reply was "Every plant is hardy until I have killed it myself."

The last step then is to look at our neighbors' gardens. In particular we must look for plants in them which have survived for many years. The rare daphne in the next garden which looks splendid after five years, has probably not yet met the extreme winter or summer which occurs now and then. The magnolia which has been there for twenty years can tell us more, and if a michelia has been there for fifty we can draw conclusions superior to those in a whole shelf of books.

A plant community is not a static thing. It must first be created, and the period of growth until it matures is one of abnormality. This may last five to twenty years according to the nature of the plants. Once it is mature it is stable indeed, but it is a cycling stability, with plants growing, maturing, and dying. Everything is in constant though balanced movement. Gardening is indeed an art, and perhaps the most difficult of all the arts. It is an art in four dimensions, the fourth dimension being time/motion. For that reason it cannot be collected or auctioned or locked away. It exists only in a particular place at a moment of time. But like every art its successful exercise depends upon a knowledge and understanding of the materials. Here indeed, the gardener can do much with books, particularly those of the plant collectors who met their plants in the wild, and of the great masters of practical gardening. Nurserymen's catalogues are a necessary supplemental reading. But the art of gardening and thus of garden design cannot be learned exclusively in a library. That understanding of the plant material, which is necessary for the practice of the art, must also come from intimate association with it. It acquisition is in itself a joy. After many years of gardening (I began at age four) my most valuable piece of understand

ing is an awareness of the vastness of what remains to be learned, the certainty that there is always a new mistake waiting to be made. Do I talk with my plants? Yes indeed, but it is not an orthodox sort of chat. I must understand, at a glance if possible, their language. "I need water," "I need sun," "I have wet feet," "I feel very well, thank you, leave me alone." The most important part of the gardener's body is not his brain, nor his hand, but his eyes. If I have seen, perhaps I can understand and then I must reply. My reply comes not in English—perhaps my plant came from Tibet and my Tibetan is shaky—but in the form of action. This is the dialogue of the garden.

I found myself the owner of a couple of acres of long-abandoned vine terraces on a mountainside on the southern slope of the Alps. The weeds and grasses had taken over long ago, and except for a couple of native euonymus, there was not a single tree or shrub of value on the property. Could I, starting from nothing, using the finest available horticultural material from all over the world, establish a balanced community of magnificent plants, which when mature would do the garden work themselves?

The first step was to look at the statistics. Plenty of rain, well distributed through the year, and plenty of sunshine. In fact twice the rain and twice the sun of an average English climate. Fairly mild winter temperatures and rather hot summer days, with cool nights. A light sharply drained soil just on the acid side of neutral, but not very much of it. All this should mean excellent ripening of the wood and little damage from frost. Clearly a considerable range of plants could be accommodated provided that they were not deep-rooting trees. There seemed to be dangerously violent winds during summer thunderstorms. Planting would have to take account of this in the early years, before my trees and shrubs supported one another.

The next step was to observe the vegetation in the forests on the mountain across the lake. The trees were oak, sweet chestnut, and wild cherry. Beneath them grew several species of hellebore including niger, anemones, primroses, hepaticas, cyclamen, orchids, euphorbias, polygonatum, lonicera, many different ferns, *Muscari comosum,* gentians, and other delights. To all intents and purposes there was a garden there already. These plants gave clues as to those which could be used to build my community.

Next came a look at gardens in the neighborhood to see what grew best in them. Outstanding were magnolias, though poor varieties, wisterias—also poor varieties—and camellias. Azaleas grew magnificently and so did some rhododendrons. Ferns were everywhere. I decided to base my main collections on these plants. I have been reading nurserymen's catalogues since the age of ten. I knew more or less where to find my material around the world. This was very important.

A firm decision would have to be taken to exclude all plants which

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caused labor. Nothing would be planted which had to be lifted, planted annually, covered in winter, or otherwise helped to deal with our conditions. Once established, our plants must be able to live with our local conditions without help from me. A plant which proved reluctant to grow would be allowed to die or given away to somebody more enamored of work than I am. The exclusion of many favorite things was part of the price to be paid for reducing work to a minimum. That our selection was more or less right is proved by the fact that most of our principal collections regenerate naturally—magnolias, camellias, wisterias, *Paeonia suffruticosa, Daphne Bholua,* and innumerable ferns—from seed without my intervention. They are becoming wild plants of Canton Ticino. They are suitable community members.

Next came the important question of how to prevent the growth of weeds during the early years before the community could look after itself. Hand weeding must be reduced to a minimum and the extensive use of chemicals must be avoided if possible. The answer was, in theory, a simple one. Fill every available space with a plant of our own choosing before a weed could take over. This meant the establishment in every part of the garden of total ground cover, leaving so far as possible no empty space.

But it was not necessary, or possible, and certainly not desirable to have the same community everywhere. Our mountainside offered many different microclimates within a space of a couple of acres. In one place we could have sun-loving plants of low stature, ericas, cistus, daphnes, labiates. In others a dense cover of deciduous summer-flowering shrubs, or of deciduous azaleas, of evergreen azaleas, or of many varieties of ferns. The most important system, and the most complex because there would be three different levels of existence, would be the magnolia forest. The magnolias would be planted at a spacing which would allow them to develop fully and yet to grow together to form a closed forest canopy. This was only possible because it would grow upon a steep slope below the house. We would look down upon



On the terrace, a collection of nerines, hybridized with the aid of a computer.

them from above. If we had stood in the middle of a plain it would only have been visible from a helicopter. Among the magnolias we planted what was to become a second level of vegetation. This consisted of camellias and rhododendrons. The magnolias would grow over the heads of the second level, and as the shade increased, it would be possible to establish plants of the forest floor: adonis, cyclamen, roscoea, muscari, terrestrial orchids, anemones, sternbergias, scillas, hellebores, in fact innumerable small plants. When the community was mature they would be shaded from the hottest sun in summer by the leaves of the magnolias. In winter and spring they would get plenty of light. But for the moment we were sunbaked, and it would be necessary to fill the ground with sun-loving plants: herbaceous peonies, dianthus, ericas, anything that would keep out the weeds. These would gradually fade away as the shade deepened.

In planning all of this there was a difficult choice to be made. Should the plants be planted at the proper distance to enable each to attain its full development when it joined up finally with its neighbors? If so, it would be ten or fifteen years before we obtained our complete ground coverage, and in the meanwhile we would have to battle with weeds. Or should we plant at closer distances and gradually cut out plants as they became too crowded? The first choice would mean a very slow approach to the minimum-labor state. The second would mean a fat profit for the nurserymen. The answer was to plant the major plants such as magnolias, at their permanent development distance, but to plant the ground-cover plants densely. It was not the job of the magnolias to keep down the weeds. That could be done by the small ground-cover plants and by the intermediate level of camellias, azaleas, or deciduous shrubs. As the magnolias grew, the garden would change in character from a sunbaked hillside to a shaded woodland. Certain plants would gradually die out and shade-lovers would prosper. This was a development which was foreseen and which is still taking place. I grieve for the gradual loss of a fine collection of herbaceous peonies, and of a magnificent collection of Japanese iris, once the gift of that great horticulturist Dr. Shuichi Hirao. The iris were given away to a friend who now enjoys them but the peonies had to die slowly in place. This is all part of the price I must pay for my minimum-labor garden. Of course I could have created a self-sustaining community of sun-loving herbaceous plants—there are native species of peony on the Monte Generoso which I see from my house—but there was no space left to permit this.

Finally there was an important personal choice to be made. I did not wish the plant community to come right up to the walls of the house, as it had done in Mr. McFarlane's woodland. Around the house must be an area of conventional gardening, an open-air living space, a series of outdoor rooms where nature would be conquered, controlled, and manicured, where friends, not all of whom would be gardeners, could stroll at ease, glass in hand. Here conventional gardening would prevail. Lawn, for example, would require mowing and feeding. The definition of this area, where "gardening" must be done in the accepted sense of the word, is an important decision not only in aesthetics but because its size will have an important effect upon the amount of labor needed for the garden as a whole. In my case the area defined itself. As this was to be a dwelling for old age, I had specified to the architect that it should be built upon a flat terrace with no steps either within or outside the house. It must be possible to walk on the level within the house, and onto and throughout the terrace. It must even be possible, if necessary, to do this in a wheelchair, while looking down upon the plantings below. Of course this manicured part of the gar

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PRINCIPLES FOR GARDEN PLEASURE

den would be filled with innumerable treasures, occupying every space before a weed could get there. Just the kind of plantings which could be enjoyed from a wheelchair.

When the garden was planned I was 56 years old. Now I am 71. There would hardly be time to try the experiment all over again. How far has it succeeded? Surprisingly, things have worked out very much as they were intended to do. My garden register, now transferred to a computer, tells me that in the last fifteen years more than fourteen thousand items have been procured and planted in the garden, sometimes one specimen only, sometimes, as with small bulbs, a thousand. Many have been overgrown, some have failed, some have been discarded. Probably about ten thousand kinds remain to do the work. Certainly it has been expensive, but the great expense of a garden is not plants but labor. For the first two seasons, it was necessary to use a contractor to do the planting under my direction. For the next four years after that, a whole-time gardener was required. Since then, a half-time gardener has been enough. Each year the weeding is less, the tying-up is less, the feeding is less, and the only plants added are some newest tidbits. A certain amount of cutting out is still necessary. Here and there a plant which has disappointed is cut out and replaced by something better. There is a minimum of tidying, and that only for aesthetic not for cultural reasons. After a big storm some damage must be repaired but even that is much reduced because plants that grow in community support one another. The most dangerous of all animals in a garden is a gardener, including in that term the owner. It is safer and much cheaper in the long run to let the plants do the work themselves.

As I grow older, the work in the garden thus steadily diminishes, and I have more leisure to observe and enjoy the plants. Of course there are always a thousand things which can be done when the spirit moves. But we are now at a point where, should it be necessary, we could abandon entirely all of our garden below the main terrace and leave it to look after itself. There would be some casualties, as there are in the great forests across the lake. But we would still look down upon the blooming of the magnolia woodland, a spectacle of unparalleled magnificence. When out of flower the foliage of the magnolias is of marvelous beauty, and a shower of rain upon it sets up a roar like that of rain in the tropical forest. Beneath them we would still find innumerable treasures, great and small. With many other communities and the multitude of plant material, there is some novelty to catch the eye every day of the year. Visitors to the garden returning after a couple of weeks, regularly make the same comment: "But it is a different garden from what I saw two weeks ago!" It is true. But the change has been wrought by the plants themselves, not by me. Like the great forests across the lake, the plants which have been established form a self-sustaining community, cycling with the seasons. They can do perfectly well without weeding, feeding, pruning, or spraying. They are a valid ecological system. They do not need me anymore. Every year I have more leisure to enjoy them.

The art of gardening consists in uniting the knowledge, understanding, and love of plants, with an equal understanding of the local environment and a modicum of aesthetic sensibility. To succeed in this, it is necessary to define clear principles on which the garden is based and to adhere to them through a period of years. I have tried to describe the origin and nature of the principles which govern my garden. Principles are of universal application, and these principles can be applied to every garden everywhere. As for me, as always in this fallible world, I have only succeeded in adhering to my principles for most of the time. □

THE STRENGTH OF TRADITION

(Continued from page 75) which faces the water, and the side of the house that overlooks the pool. Before Gomez could continue her performance, the architects had to set the stage.

Their design scheme reorganizes the interior to bring views of the water inside and, in turn, to draw the inhabitants toward the outdoors. Views are framed and spaces differentiated in a traditional manner that contrasts markedly with the kind of modernist approach typical of many recent renovations. Instead of spaces flowing seamlessly from inside to out through sliding glass walls, or outdoor areas being demarcated by open decks bounded only by a minimum of railing, highly articulated bay windows wrap the house's major public rooms facing the water and the lawn, tall Palladian-style windows admit more light and views to the second and third floors, and capacious porches and decks enclosed by railings with tightly spaced balusters abound. One might suspect that all these stylistically classical features would obstruct the views and keep the inhabitants feeling locked within their interior world; in fact, the punctuated sequence of spaces, which begins at the door and vestibule and then moves through the house back to the outdoors, focuses attention on the view as it constantly expands before one's gaze. The architectural elements are rendered with delicacy and flatness that recall the spareness of earlier Colonial and Georgian domestic architecture, especially since much of the detailing—molding, trimwork, pilasters, etc.—is adapted from these latter-day examples.

Those details are also all part of a composition that relies on the proportions, shapes, and spacing to make the entire "architectural screen" cohere. A prow-shaped porch both signals the door into the house and frames a view to the garden and the Long Island Sound beyond. The proportions of the lawnside opening of the porch are echoed in the bay windows facing the lawn and then again on the waterfront

...arch. The fanlight over the tall bedroom window on the garden side of the house is repeated over the door in the third-story deck—and the more gently curved fanlight-type arch of the entry porch is echoed in the grander porch that faces the water.

These architectural elaborations of certain themes border on the obsessive but do indeed transform the house. As Kliment reasons, the scheme is "one part an exercise in pure conceptual logic, and one part just making more of what's there." The "what's there" in this house is still almost visible behind the new elements but is united with them by shell-gray paint. Vertical siding in the new portions is distinguished from the horizontal lines of the original clapboard shell and at the same time emphasizes the upward lift of the double porches and gable peak on the waterfront façade. This stitching of new architecture onto old in a craftsman-like manner, pointing up the distinction between the two, has come to be a trademark of Kliment and Halsband's work. (In this case, both architect and client note that the conception was aided very much by the attentiveness and sensitivity of the contractor.)

Inside, Mariette Gomez and the architects created an ambience that would reinforce the architectural character of the spaces. They exposed the beaded-board ceiling between the living-room beams and painted the whole surface a warm white. The floors were pickled—that is, bleached, rubbed with gray-colored paint, and sealed with polyurethane. The hearth was stripped of some of its stone, to lighten up the darkest part of the living room; the sunroom and the dining-room ceilings were covered in wood slats and painted a light sky blue. A new kitchen was installed, and additional work upstairs included putting in a new (plainer) bath, lifting the ceiling in the bedroom, and opening the entire front of the second story to a deck and porch. Gomez combined the client's collection of Early American and old English and French farmhouse furniture with simple modern pieces by Alvar Aalto, Mies van der Rohe, Joseph D'Urso, and Gae Aulenti. The client's collection of contemporary art was carefully placed throughout the house, always deferring to the dominant work of art—the actual seascape outside.

Although the clients closely observed and participated in all the phases of the design, the architects found them surprisingly loose about the whole process. (One of the clients is involved in finance, and the other in professional consulting, cause enough for any architect to fear the possibility of constant questioning about the budget and extensive advice on all forms of problem-solving.) The clients knew what they wanted in general—"a peaceful serene place where we can relax and do some work"—and left it to the architects and interior designer to realize it. For their part the clients, who had had some dealings with architects before, were very relieved to find that Kliment and Halsband passed their critical test. As one of the couple puts it, "An architect should be flexible and sensitive enough to understand client needs, while having the self-confidence to prevent the client from taking steps that may be hurtful to the overall project." In other words, the architect should make it clear to the client what he or she can do. And it looks as if Kliment and Halsband indeed accomplished that task quite handsomely, with the necessary finishing touches by Mariette Himes Gomez. □ *Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron*

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cated to its own concerns and those of a tiny, liberal, upper-middle-class coterie in the Hohe Warte and Hietzing suburbs of the otherwise quite conservative city. Its output was largely in the domestic sphere rather than the civic domain. From 1860 to 1900, Vienna underwent an unprecedented architectural transformation, with a new parliament, city hall, opera house, university, museums, theaters, churches, and railway stations constructed in a variety of revivalist styles. By the turn of the century, there were very few plum municipal commissions left. Several went to Otto Wagner, hero of the younger generation: his Post Office Savings Bank and Church of St. Leopold at the state insane asylum on the Steinhof were among the most important urban monuments of the new spirit. (As the psychologist Bruno Bettelheim observed, "No other city in the world would call on its greatest artists to create the most beautiful, the most modern building for the exclusive use of the mentally sick.")

Unlike the works of writers and composers, more easily accessible to the general public, the costly experimental efforts of the avant-garde required private patronage; the only innovation was that the piper was being paid by doctors, lawyers, and industrialists, rather than the nobility. In sheer numbers, those artists probably affected as few people as their counterparts in the Florentine Renaissance.

How can we account for the growing aura that surrounds its artifacts today? For one thing, fin-de-siècle Vienna virtually deified the artist, and the present-day attitude toward art as a kind of secular religion can be traced almost directly back to it. Secondly, it was also the place where the avant-garde was institutionalized and elevated as never before. The Secession—the key breakaway art group of the period—walked out of the Academy, but soon turned into an academy of another sort, based on the idea that the innovative artist is most authentically in tune with the creative spirit. A final, unintentional result was that the anti-establishment quickly became an establishment of its own; indeed, in 1905 the Klimt Group seceded from



Wiener Keramik vase and flowerpots by Michael Powolny, circa 1910.

the Secession.

Today, turn-of-the-century Viennese architecture and design are a major source of inspiration to architects as varied in their approaches as the Americans Michael Graves and Richard Meier, the Japanese Arata Isozaki, and the Austrian Hans Hollein. They have found in the oeuvre of the Secession and its closely related crafts outlet, the Wiener Werkstätte, a historical alternative to the "objective," technologically oriented Modernism of the later Bauhaus and the International Style. A virtual publishing industry has sprung up on the topic that threatens to become the Bloomsbury of art history. Collectors vie for the elegant furniture and exquisite decorative objects of Hoffmann and Moser, now fetching record prices. And for those who cannot afford the originals, contemporary designers including Graves, Meier, and Gwathmey Siegel are turning out chairs, tables, dinnerware, and even tea services owing a considerable debt to Wiener Werkstätte sources.

There are good reasons for this affinity: the material sumptuousness, decorative richness, symbolic complexity, narrative specificity, and mythological fixation of turn-of-the-century Viennese art and architecture were largely discarded by mainstream Modernism. Thus Vienna has become the paradigm—though often an overly literal one—for those who are seeking to supplant Late Modernism with a psychically more fulfilling expression, original in form but informed by the lessons of history and bolstered by the authority of precedent.

It was those very qualities that led progressive Modernists like Le Corbusier and the architects of the Bauhaus to view the Secession and the Wiener Werkstätte as hopelessly old-fashioned. But even in the Viennese vanguard's heyday there were observers who saw not the dawn of a new artistic age, but the twilight of an old one. No one was more outspoken or uncompromising than Adolf Loos, arch-antagonist of Josef Hoffmann and his fellow "Stylists" among the Wiener Werkstätte. Loos had no use for the "total design" fetish that linked the Viennese variant of Jugendstil with the rest of Art Nouveau. "Whoever goes to [Beethoven's] Ninth Symphony," he wrote, "and then sits down to design a wallpaper pattern is either a rogue or a degenerate." And the decorative obsessions of his colleagues he found equally out of tune with modern life. As he scathingly wrote of the floric schemes of one of his contemporaries: "Imagine the moment of birth and death, the screams of an injured son, mother's death-rattle, the last thoughts of a dying daughter—and then imagine all this going on in one of Olbrich's bedrooms!"

But there was also an intense new interest in the inner life, epitomized by the work of Freud and his followers and rapidly reflected in art. It is that which gives the period as a whole such a compellingly contemporary quality in the eyes of so many today. The basic conflict between surrendering to the pleasure principle and pursuing unflinching self-analysis reminds one of current tendencies in art, marked by measures of both indulgence and insight. That same duality was present in Viennese painting, typified on one extreme by the glittering though shallow works of Gustav Klimt and on the other by the raw and tortured vision of Egon Schiele: they were dream and nightmare of the same moment. Klimt, academically trained and tied to the establishment, gave legitimacy to the Secession when he became its founding president in 1897. Around that time his style changed from the floaty neo-baroque of his early allegorical murals to a studied primitivism that called on a number of unusual sources including the Early Christian mosaics of Ravenna, the metalwork of the ancient Scythians, and the dress designs of his mistress Emilie Flöge, an avant-garde couturiere. The irresistible glamour of his canvases, especially the richly gilded ones he painted between 1903 and 1910, is akin to the sublimely lurid orchestration of Richar

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GRAND FINALE

Klimt's *Judith* of 1905, in which a flamboyant appetite for Oriental splendor verges on the borderline of kitsch.

Schiele, on the other hand, sounded the clamorous, dissonant chord of twentieth-century consciousness, and his pictures still echo with his painful unease, spiritual and physical, amid the uncertainties of the modern world. Whereas Klimt's figures are awash in late-romantic rapture, Schiele's gnarled, restless lovers are caught in the pitiless light of a new day. Though often overtly erotic in their subject matter, very rarely are they sensual. Just as Freud saw our sexuality as the most inescapable expression of our inner selves, so Schiele's men and women seem like marionettes caught in the strings of their own libidos, far too violently contorted by forces beyond their control to be truly arousing.

Schiele and Klimt are well represented in the MOMA exhibition, and the substantial number of their works never before seen in this country are enough to make the show a significant occasion. Particularly noteworthy are a group of Schiele's watercolors at their most unsettling, and a cliff-hanger that will turn out to be either the show's biggest surprise or its greatest letdown: Klimt's most famous image, *The Kiss,* permission for which to travel will be decided upon by Austrian officials only days before the opening.

Considerably less satisfactory is the coverage of the third major painter of the period and place in question: Oskar Kokoschka. Falling somewhere between Klimt and Schiele, Kokoschka on occasion could approach the swooning lyricism of the former (as in *The Bride of the Wind*—also called *The Tempest*—his allegorical self-portrait with Alma Mahler) and at other times achieve the brutal directness of the latter (as in his febrile portrait of Adolf Loos). Alas, an unforeseen scheduling conflict with London's Tate Gallery, site of a major Kokoschka retrospective this summer, has cut down the number of the artist's works at MOMA. But "Vienna 1900" will be a revelation, especially for a younger generation to whom the vast majority of the material will be unfamiliar.

"Vienna 1900" focuses on the two crucial decades from 1898 to 1918, bracketed on one end by the first exhibition of the Secession and the conclusion of World War I and the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian Empire on the other. It draws largely on "Dream and Reality: Vienna 1870–1930," held in that city last year. Conceived and organized by the historian Robert Waissenberger and designed by Hans Hollein, it was an interdisciplinary survey not only of art, architecture, urban planning, and design, but also of music, literature, theater, film, and science, with history and politics serving as the connective tissue. Its attempt to weave together all the various strands of a complex period into a coherent social and cultural fabric was correctly motivated but only partially successful, primarily because such major themes as literature and music cannot, by their very nature, be experienced as well in a gallery setting as painting, sculpture, and the decorative arts.

In Paris, the show—altered and greatly augmented by Gérard Regnier—appeared this past winter at the Centre Georges Pompidou as "The Joyous Apocalypse," covering the years 1880 to 1938. It concluded with a riveting finale that the Vienna version timidly stopped short of by ending eight years before the Nazi takeover. In the first gallery, Johann Strauss's *Blue Danube Waltz* could be heard faintly in the background; in the next room it faded away. Not until the very last gallery did it return, this time too loud for comfort. It served as a sickeningly ironic accompaniment to projected images of Hitler's triumphant entry into Vienna in 1938, interspersed with portraits of the major figures dispersed or wiped out by the Nazis, and *Wiener Kultur* with them.

For all the breathtaking craftsmanship and committed artistry on display in "Vienna 1900," the residual feeling one leaves with is that of dazzling evanescence, of a golden sunset shimmering on water. Inscribed over the portal of Olbrich's Secession building in Vienna is the famous motto, "To the age its art, To art its freedom," declaring its members' essential belief in originality and independence. Less well-known is the inscription on a stained-glass window in that same temple to the creative spirit: "The artist shows his world of beauty, born to him, that never was before nor ever will be again."

The world of beauty recalled in this show reminds us that the works on display are but tiny pieces of a vast, shattered mosaic. As delightful and revealing as they are individually, they necessarily fall far short of the great *Gesamtkunstwerk*—the total work of art—that was the city itself. The uncommon interdependence of all the arts that made Vienna so special likewise makes its surviving artifacts seem all the more isolated and sadly emblematic of the fragmentation of our age. Created in the early hours of this century, they are prophetic of its future course, representing a fond farewell to dying traditions as well as an uneasy augury of irrevocable change. □

SOPHISTICATED PURSUIT

(Continued from page 128) warped were the latter, however, that they had to be removed, waterblasted, and then relaid. To provide room for insulation, a new roof was built out over the existing one. In all, the structural work took over a year, costing, Maurer estimates, twice what a new house would have—not that he ever considered that alternative. "I love the crooked corners of old houses," he says. "They even smell old."

Despite his respect for the original structure of the house, Maurer sought to avoid a pedantically "correct" décor. True, there are good American pieces here—like a tea table in the living room and a gate-leg table in the dining room—that happen to be of the precise period and locality as the house. In general, however, the Puritanical strictures of unalloyed eighteenth-century Americana have been ignored, while visual non sequiturs—involving a telling mix of times and places—have been encouraged. A bit of Beatrix Potter here, a bit of John



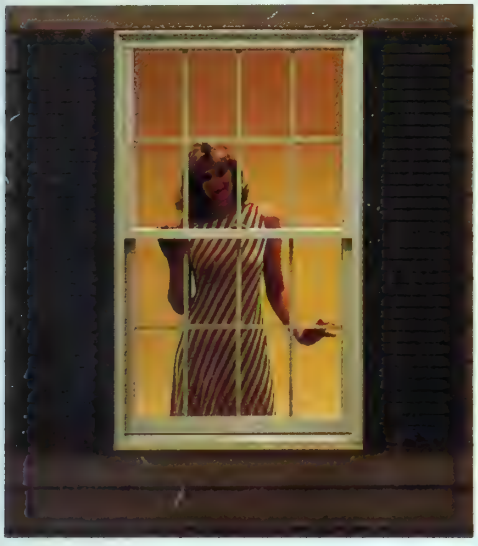
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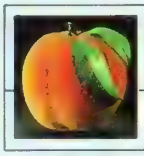


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[illegible] Antique needlework pelipulls used to give the impression of greater height to low ceilings) . . . all suggest a more than passing acquaintance with Albion.

In fact, Maurer will tell you, he is English on his mother's side, and he visited the British Isles every summer as a child. His interest in fox hunting comes from a grandfather who raised thoroughbreds in County Cork; perhaps the earliest inspiration for this house was a cottage belonging to his great-grandmother in Stratford-upon-Avon. The famous Elizabethan knot gardens there made a particularly deep impression on him, which he has finally been able to re-create in Roxbury. Out of fashion by 1720 in England, this wonderfully artificial arrangement of lavender, santolina, and box might well have been found in the Colonies at this point—but probably not beside so simple a farmhouse.

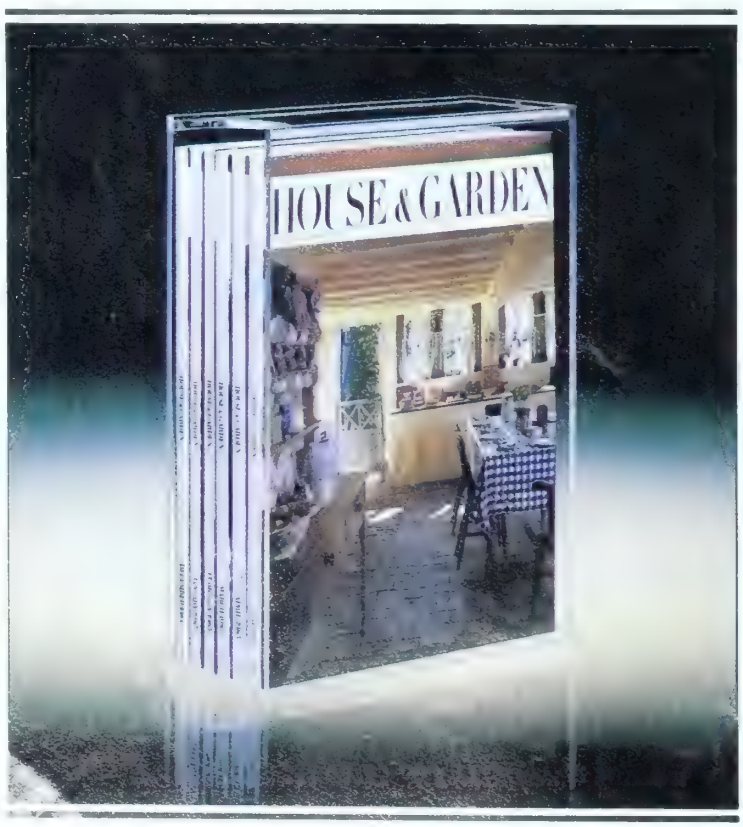
"The original garden," Maurer allows, "must have been less formal and more practical." Similarly, within, although the walnut paneling in both the living and dining rooms is of the exact period as the house, its high style might make you question its authenticity. "Do you want a romantic story or the truth?" Maurer asks. "The romance, of course, would have been that I found it underneath everything. Actually, there were only typical nothing farmhouse mantelpieces. The truth is that I bought the paneling from a dealer who specializes in old lumber."

For all these fancy touches, there is no sense here of gilding the lily. What seems most particularly English about this house is the legerdemain with which Maurer has simultaneously ennobled the humble and humbled the noble. In the dining room he has combined the unpretentious Staffordshire he loves with a fine Canton plate; in the living room two Canton jars, placed on Adamesque brackets "much too good to be here," complement smart Federal-style curtains, some Victorian near-kitsch, and a simple antique bootblack's box "that's nothing. But I think it all works well together.

"And you just love it, don't you?" Maurer asks, now addressing a pair of bearded collies with whom he shares the house. Their breed guarantees the dog hairs that are a final, requisite component of the look he has evoked here. "They're *encouraged* to climb all over everything," he says.

Apart from the dogs, his greatest passion is the hunt that brought him here in the first place. "I'm five minutes from the stables," he points out. "I love it not just for the sport of it but for the pageantry. Everybody's all gussied up and flying across the fields and in the fall the leaves are turning. Then in the wintertime when you go out it's still dark. There are mornings when the mist is coming out of the earth and a sunbeam will come through the trees . . . it's incredible. You'd never see anything like it if you weren't out on a horse at that time of day. At times like that, New York seems *very* far away." □ *Editor: Kaaren Parker Gray*

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(*Continued from page 89*)lady with Kramer and introduced her first to Emily, then to Molly, mumbling her name, which he knew no better than the footman. She was about thirty, slim, with dark hair parted in the middle and rolled into a bun in back. Her eyes were heavily darkened with kohl and her expression seemed to say that she was there against her will. Listlessly, she shook hands and drifted over to look at the photograph-laden tables. Obviously she resented Molly, who was looking specially beautiful in a white and pink beaded dress with a headband to match. She was in a mood to spoil the evening. Carlo Pontevecchio arrived just then, and so did the caviar.

Reggie, although he sized Miss X up as being one of those disagreeable anti-American Europeans, nevertheless played the part of a good host. He brought her a glass of champagne himself and, as she only seemed interested in the photographs, led her from table to table explaining who they were. "My mother is very gregarious," he explained, trying to play down such a deluge of royals. "She has friends everywhere."

"Ah, so," said the young lady, picking up a photo and looking at it carefully. "These are all the daughters of the Tsar, these girls in the sailor suits."

"Yes. My mother went to Russia once years ago on my father's yacht."

"Poor things," said Miss X, putting the photo back. "They got so little help from you people. I am Russian. I cannot bear to look at such a picture. It makes me too sad."

"Goodness," thought Reggie, "what an evening we are in for," so he ordered some more champagne for the others and a double martini for himself. Franz was chatting away with Molly who by now had assumed her original theatrical pose while attempting to use her gold swizzle stick to take the bubbles out of the champagne. Carlo and Emily had seated themselves on a huge red pouf near the fireplace. Thus it was up to Reggie to amuse Miss X. "It must be pretty tough on you," he said, "thinking back on all those good old days." He knew that he was not much of a conversationalist except with his own pals, but he did his best.

Miss X opened a great silver box on the table and took out a cigarette. She put it between her lips and waited for Reggie to light it, then inhaled the smoke deeply. "Holy Russia," she said. "To leave it is like leaving one's mother. One is lost. What point is there to life? Death is better."

Reggie was alarmed. "Shall we join the others?" he suggested.

She smiled. "Why not? Franz is a fool, but he can make me laugh sometimes. I can see that you recognize him as a fool, but also that you do not like me."

"Oh, come now," said Reggie. "That's not fair. We have only just met and I am delighted that you are here tonight."

She smiled again. "We will join the others, but what is the use? After seeing that photograph of those martyred girls I am sick. Yes . . . " and she rolled her kohl-rimmed eyes at Reggie. "Yes, sick. Holy Russia is dead."

Franz Kramer happened to look toward them at that moment and called to her saying something very rapidly and loudly in Russian. She answered him with a word or two, then took Reggie's arm. "We go dancing after dinner?" she queried. "A tango I like very much. We dance that, yes?"

Reggie felt like saying no, but his good manners, which were his greatest protection, simply made him smile and say, "Perhaps, yes."

Dinner was announced and they followed the butler and two footmen across the vast hall to the family dining room which was smaller and more simply furnished than the "State" dining room. It was a French room paneled in gray with overmantels attributed to Boucher—cupids playing gaily with knowing looks on their faces. The table could stretch to hold eighteen or twenty, though it was tonight reduced to seven, and therefore seemed like a toy in the room. The service plates were silver gilt, as were the knives and forks, and the white orchids in the middle of the table filled a silver gilt swan. The conversation was at first general, which

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was Emily's idea because Reggie touched her with his foot under the table when they sat down and murmured something about a "crashing bore." She did the best she could but Franz wanted to talk to Molly, thereby leaving Carlo alone and so she ended up talking to Carlo, thus leaving Reggie to Olga and his wine.

Emily and Carlo resumed their general conversation of the morning—politics, travel, books, people; but there was a difference. They were friends now, and perhaps something more. They both knew it, and enjoyed it. Emily was not sure of her next step, but it was a game that during the last few years without Ben she had learned to play well. Carlo was not a newcomer to the sport either; so they talked and talked and what they said meant very little. It was their eyes that spoke.

Reggie broke the spell by kicking Emily under the table again. "Turn and talk to me," he whispered. "You have been talking to Carlo for two courses. You must talk to me whether you like it or not."

"What about Mr. Kramer's friend?" asked Emily in a low voice.

"Frightful," whispered Reggie. "She hates America, thinks we are all barbarians, no better than the Bolsheviks. She's a fearful snob, too, talking about Prince this and Duke that. I have a feeling that she didn't know any of them."

"Hush," said Emily. "She and Mr. Kramer have stopped talking and are looking at us. We are all going to the Ziegfeld Roof after dinner, aren't we, Reggie?" she said in a loud voice. "Or is it some other place?"

"I don't know," answered Reggie. "I thought that the Ritz roof might be nice. No drinking there, but we can drop in at the place on West 52nd Street first for some coffee and a drink, then the Ritz. Then the Cotton Club or the Savoy. I'll keep the car, and we can have some wine in the cooler."

Molly heard him and clapped her hands. "That's a good start," she exclaimed. "It is just what I imagined New York to be, but I want to see Harlem most of all."

Carlo interposed that what he, like Molly, really wanted to do was to hear some authentic Negro jazz. He had been told that it was extraordinary and that to go to the Cotton Club or the Savoy in Harlem was an experience never to be forgotten. It seemed a good idea to Reggie and Emily, who thought it would really change the tempo of the evening. So after dinner they went first to the speakeasy on 52nd Street for coffee and drinks at Molly's insistence.

Usually, one had to have a meal, but Reggie was well-known there, so they accepted him gladly after he had rung the basement bell and they had approved him through the peephole. Emily had never been in a speakeasy and was surprised to find it a perfectly



correct, ordinary restaurant inside and absolutely jammed with people drinking every imaginable drink from sherry, vodka, and gin, to old brandy. The crowd was varied and full of people whose faces she recognized—Kay Francis, Heywood Broun, Brooks Atkinson, a few publishers (Reggie pointed them out to Molly)—the rest were mostly lawyers, bankers, and rich suburbanites out for a night on the town.

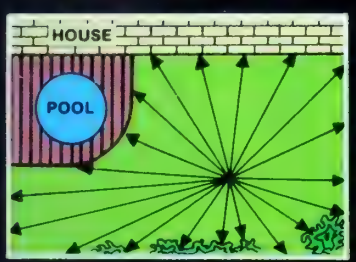
Soon after that they left and went to the Ritz roof, but found it dull, so they departed quickly and went up to the Cotton Club in Harlem to hear Duke Ellington. It was jammed with people, the men dressed in sedate business suits or dinner jackets, and several in white tie and tails. The trumpets and saxophones were doing improvised solos. The piano players were jumping on their piano stools and the dancers were swaying and stomping, alive and vibrating, infectious. No drink was really needed here. The music called, sweet and hot, and the bodies on the dance floor responded. Molly took to it eagerly, dragging Reggie with her, and so did Carlo and Emily; but Franz and his girl friend found it difficult to start. The chemistry between them seemed to have evaporated. This was not Franz's idea of what the evening should be; so, breaking in on Molly and Reggie, he said, "I understand that in America, one does something called a 'cut-in.' That means a change of partners, yes? We change, all right? I have Molly. You take Olga." Molly, only too glad to be with her future boss, blew Reggie a kiss, then threw herself at Franz doing a mad step of her own as he seized her around the waist. Reggie found Olga in his arms, surprisingly supple and sinuous, just as the mood of the orchestra changed. It was melancholy. It was a wail of despair and frustration. The dancers were locked in each other's arms slowly swaying as the lights turned low. The music seemed hardly to breathe and the dancers barely moved. Reggie and Olga stood in one spot holding each other close, swaying back and forth. Reggie was a good dancer, full of rhythm and by now full of drink; so he held Olga tightly and swayed, as the saxophones and clarinets sobbed. As he did so, he felt her coming to life in his arms. She pressed against him, her legs tight against his, her eyes shut. She was as smooth and soft in his arms as wax. As their faces were almost touching, he ventured a light kiss on her cheek. She did not open her eyes, only pressed a little closer. Reggie gave her a more spirited nuzzling kiss upon which she opened her eyes and shook her head. "Too fast," she murmured. "First time. No good."

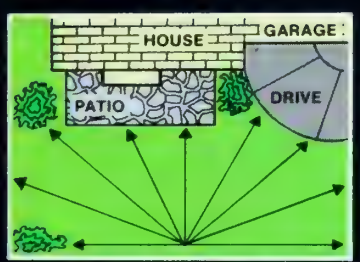
Emily, who was swaying not far away with Carlo, had seen the whole scene and was irritated. "Reggie is a sitting duck," she thought, "for that Russian. He'll think she's exotic," and Emily suspected that the whole thing was a put-up job. Franz Kramer had

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probably brought her over from Austria for just such a purpose because he thought that he would get a fat commission if he could marry her off to Reggie. Or, if Reggie's mother made too much of a row, perhaps it might be arranged that Reggie could set her up in an apartment.

Emily was truly fond of Reggie; his naïveté was part of his charm, but she saw trouble ahead with this pretentious Russian. She glanced over to see where Molly was and found her clasped tightly in the arms of Franz Kramer, but she was looking at Reggie with an expression of such despair on her young face that Emily felt if Franz had not been holding her so tight, she would have fallen to the ground. Her marriage to George Chatwood had been called the "love match of the year," but the glamour had soon worn off for Molly. She quickly lost interest in country life, shooting parties, and hunt balls. She also did not want a child. George finally seemed not to care what she did or where she went as long as she was there once in a while for one of his shooting or fishing parties. On the surface, they appeared the ideal couple but they began to live separate lives and were both unhappy. On their safari in Kenya, she had told all this to Emily. "Reggie means my whole life to me," she had said. "I am mad about him." Emily was enraged to see Molly's sad little face looking at Reggie with the Russian in his arms.

Carlo, noticing that Emily had grown rigid and was not even in step with him, looked down at her and said, "What is the matter? Are you tired?"

She shook her head, then changed her mind. "Yes, I am tired. It really is getting late. Let's dance over to Reggie and suggest going home."

When they reached Reggie he was nibbling gently on Olga's neck, and Carlo, who saw what had annoyed Emily, immediately came to the conclusion that she was jealous. He slacked his hold on her and said stiffly, "Perhaps *you* had better explain to Reggie that you want to leave."

Emily gave Reggie's arm a shake. "Reggie, let's go home. It is very late and I have a lot to do tomorrow."

Reggie shook his head. He had had enough to drink to make him obstinate, and to lose his usual good manners. He did not want to be pried from the entrancing Olga. "Take the car and send it back," he said over his shoulder. "I'm not going yet."

"Shall I ask Molly?" queried Emily.

"Do anything you like." Reggie was annoyed. "Just take the car, go home, and tell Whitelaw to come back and wait for me here," and he returned to Olga who had never released her hold on him during this exchange, but who now, seeing Emily's face, threw back her head, closed her eyes, and said, "It has been many years since I have been so happy." Whereupon Reggie guided her quickly into the thick of the crowd.

Molly, when Emily approached her, said she could not leave without Reggie. "This music is so hypnotizing," she said bravely, "I couldn't possibly leave it now; could you, Franz?"

"Never," he said emphatically. I never knew I could dance like this. That is, if you call it dancing," and he laughed.

Emily turned to Carlo. "You could stay. I have Reggie's car. I don't mind a bit going by myself."

It was Carlo's turn to laugh. "Who will I dance with? No, I will come with you."

The cars were clogging the street outside but Whitelaw, Reggie's night chauffeur (he had another one for the daytime), was used to Reggie's ways so he was close to the door and seemed delighted to take them home and return.

"The Ritz," said Emily to Whitelaw.

Carlo helped her into the car, and when they were settled in and the glass between them and the chauffeur was firmly shut, Carlo turned to her and said, "So you are in love with Reggie."

Emily was surprised and annoyed. "That's absurd. Whatever made you think that?"

"The way you behaved when you saw him dancing with Mlle. Nitzkoff."

Emily laughed. "You are totally wrong. I want him for my friend Molly. She needs a good, solid, decent man who will be kind and affectionate and nice to [illegible]."

"You consider Reggie such a man? To me, he seems a pleasant fool."

Emily took offense at this remark. "You have only just met him. How can you judge him? If you don't like him, I, in my turn, don't like that Miss Nitzkoff nor Mr. Kramer. I think that they are a pair of adventurers. Anyway, they have spoiled the evening."

Carlo looked at her skeptically. No Italian woman would have been so concerned about another woman's affair. Emily was far too attractive to be without a lover. He looked at her smoking in a very nervous way, putting the cigarette quickly in and out of her mouth.

"I am leaving for Chicago day after tomorrow," he said, "after that a day or two in London, and home."

"And I am going back to Rye," responded Emily.

By this time they had arrived at the Ritz and Whitelaw was opening the door of the car. Carlo jumped out and walked into the Ritz with her. She was so pretty and appealing as he looked down at her to say good-bye that he was sad to see her go up to her suite alone. She deserved something better than that ass Reggie. "Shall I come up with you?" he asked.

She smiled, rather wanly he thought. "Thank you, but my maid is there. I am quite all right."

He kissed her hand in a perfunctory way and said, "Good night."

The elevator door was open and the attendant was standing there. "Good night," she answered as the elevator door shut. It was only when she was in her room that she realized that he had never mentioned lunch the next day. It upset her and that night she slept poorly.

Carlo walked slowly up Park Avenue to the Ambassador. Was he wrong about Reggie? He could not forget how determined she had been to leave the Cotton Club, with or without Reggie. It was a pity because he had not in years met a woman who attracted him so much. He took the bottle of champagne which his valet had bought from the hall porter and which was in a silver bucket in his sitting room, and poured himself a glass. "*E sempre così,*" he thought. "I am an unlucky man." □

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A COLLECTIVE PASSION

(Continued from page 82) who designed what, and when, and they rejoice in their knowledge—not for its own sake; the Dales are not pedants—but because it puts them in closer touch with their possessions' creators. "Look at this chair," Jim says, leaning back in an iron rocker and crossing his legs in a manner inaccessible to most males over twelve years old. "It came from the Great Exhibition in 1851." He'll be thrilled to hear, and a guest can hardly wait to tell him, that a Danish visitor to the Exhibition named Frederick Dithmer bought the same chair. She knows this because there's a picture of the Dithmers' Copenhagen drawing room in Peter Thornton's extraordinary book *Authentic Decor,* and she can hardly wait to tell him about that too.

But that is the way it is when one is calling on the Dales. Their enthusiasm infects the visitor; their anecdotes evoke response. When Jim Dale bemoans the New York dealer he discovered sanding the facets on a Pugin table, the listener moans companionably. When he recalls the great day he and Julie bought a refectory table off the back of a truck, stalling the traffic on King's Road for an hour, one applauds. When Julie calculates the year of stitchery that went into the coat over the couch, one is awed. When both lament the fact they will probably never own a first-class Pre-Raphaelite painting because museums have snared the best, one laments with them.

The Dales, then, are good guides, but theirs is also a place in which it would be fun to wander by oneself. There is *so much* to look at. The William Morris hangings, for instance, and the Voysey rugs and the stained glass i the dining room and the crewelwor panels in the foyer and the hall porter chair that Jim upholstered in red ve vet. (He also wired the Tiffany lamp wallpapered the kitchen cabinet framed the pictures and the tiles, di all the cooking while Julie finished he book *Art to Wear,* and helped need the repairs on the eighteenth-centu dalmatic cloak over their bed.) The there are the old wedding-cake figure and the glass slides and the paisle shawls tossed hither and yon and th Liberty pewter vases and the endle array of majolica plates and . . . s much. "There are so few things in lif that give you innocent pleasure," Ji says happily, "that you should take where you find it." Such a charmin sentiment deserves no argument. □

Editor: Carolyn Soll

HOUSE ON TAMARACK COVE

(Continued from page 122) gave *Tamarack* to her when she was a very young girl," says Gorham Knowles, "and it's been in the water here every summer since." The prized 28-foot classic is still piloted as it always was, to visit friends of a lifetime around the lake. It has also effected a further continuity in lending its name to the new Knowles spread, dubbed Tamarack Cove.

A few years before the Knowleses found their present place, previous owners had gutted the original house on the land and rebuilt it in redwood, retaining the robust native-stone fireplaces and introducing full-height panels of glass angled to vistas of the ever-moving lake and to the tapestries of trees that screen Tamarack Cove on three sides. So seductive are the various prospects from the house, even after a lifetime of Tahoe summers, says Diana Knowles, that "we had to put shutters on the bedroom windows because we were up all night admiring the view."

For [illegible] fresco life they love at the [illegible] children, grandchildren, and [illegible] Knowleses added a red-[illegible] on the living-room level [illegible] unificent spread of a terrace in native granite as varying in tone as Lake Tahoe itself, which overlooks their own secluded four-hundred-foot cove. "And no one can ever take that view away," says Gorham Knowles fervently.

All of this—the nostalgia, the sense of place and passing time, the subtleties of tone and texture on the land and lake—seems distilled in the interiors that Michael Taylor designed for Tamarack Cove.

A California native himself, Michael Taylor is rightly known as the creator of a "California look," his own idiosyncratic vernacular that draws on a world of allusions. With their immediately perceived comfort, Michael Taylor's rooms appear as easy to read as they are to be in. But then the subtexts!

At Tamarack Cove, where colors are taken from the tones of indigenous grasses, tree bark, and sandy coves, there is also an underlying sense of continuity expressed with the strategic period piece or elemental element linking this contemporary house with time past—the nineteenth-century English gate-leg table and carved wood bear hatrack in the entry, for example, or the stone mill wheels that are used both as sculptural objects and tabletops i the library.

There's also continuity of a decora tive sort in the undulating texture o the handwoven wool carpet that is rei erated in the overscale woven reed used for the seats of Taylor's timeles pine benches and stools and also fo the seats of the bleached-oak chair pulled up to Taylor's convivial roun ash dining table.

Of course, it wouldn't be a Michae Taylor interior without the sort of dra matic punch he introduces with th enormous raw rock of a coffee tabl (swung in by crane) set before a sweep ing sofa covered in velvety handwove chenille.

This is the fifth house that Taylor ha done with Diana Knowles, and know ing the family, the designer understoo not only how the house would figure i their full social calendar but also a that Tahoe evoked to them.

Michael Taylor has said in the pas "Some of the most creative things I'v ever done have come from the stimula tion of a client like Diana Knowles. Today, he reiterates: "She's an incred ble woman. We can fly." □

Editor: Dorothea Walke

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August 1986

HOUSE & GARDEN

THE MAGAZINE OF CREATIVE LIVING
Volume 158, Number 8

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The ocean view from the piazza of Richard Jenrette's Roper Mansion in Charleston is interrupted only by Fort Sumter and an occasional passing ship. Story page 128. Photograph by Karen Radkai.

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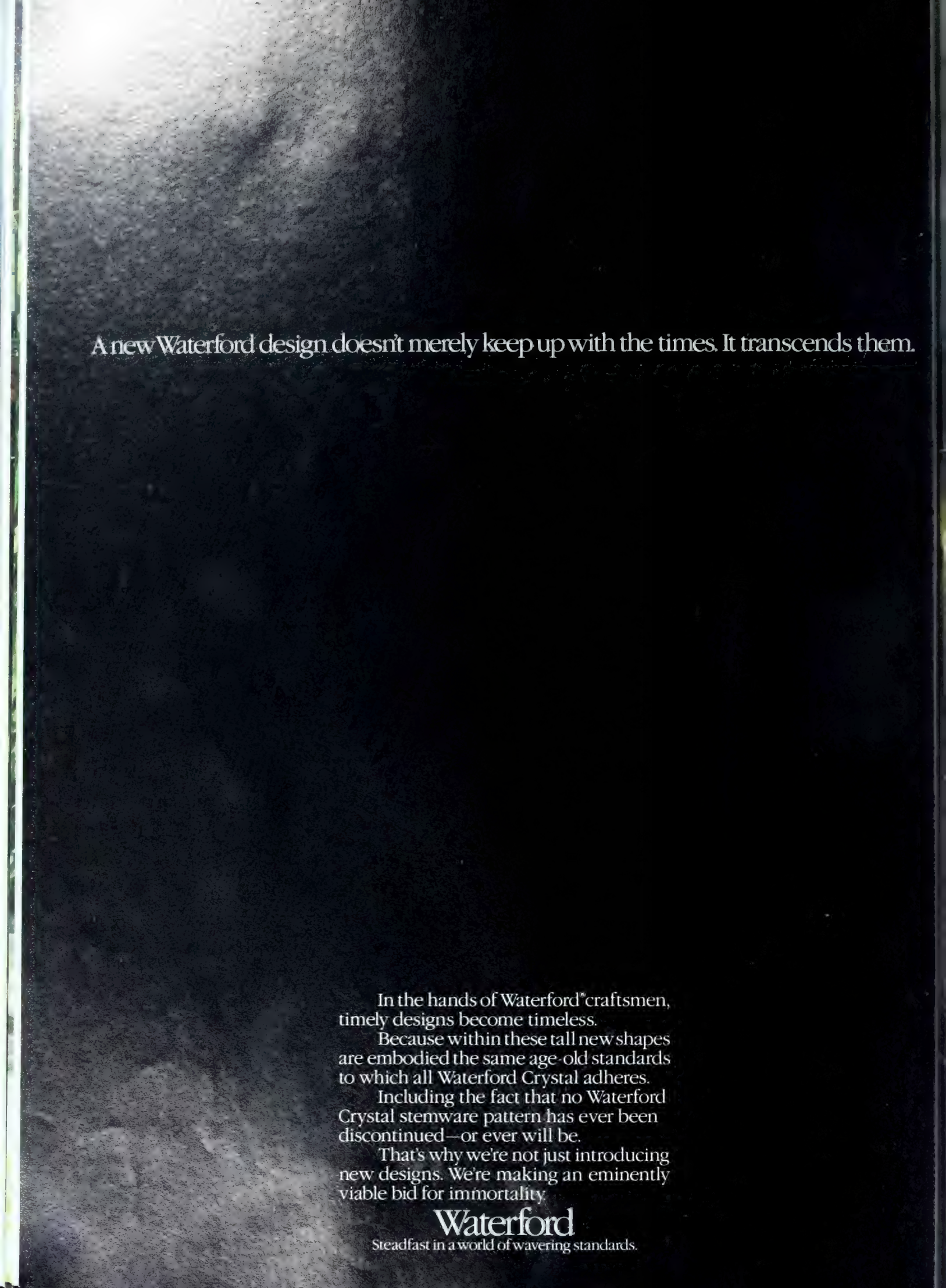
House & Garden (ISSN 0018-6406) is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 9100 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills CA 90212. PRINCIPAL OFFICE: 350 Madison Avenue, New York NY 10017. Robert J. Lapham, President; Eric C. Anderson, Vice President–Treasurer; Pamela van Zandt, Vice President–Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Beverly Hills CA and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions, in U.S. and possessions, $24 for one year, $46 for two years; in Canada, $37 for one year, $72 for two years. Elsewhere, $40 for one year, payable in advance. Single copies, U.S. $4, Canada $4.50. For subscriptions, address changes, and adjustments, write to House & Garden, Box 5202, Boulder CO 80322. Eight weeks are required for change of address. Please give both new address and old as printed on last label. First copy of a new subscription will be mailed within eight weeks after receipt of order. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. For further information about anything appearing in this issue, please write to House & Garden Reader Information, Condé Nast Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York NY 10017. Manuscripts, drawings and other material submitted must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. However, House & Garden cannot be responsible for unsolicited material. Copyright © 1986 by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A. **Postmaster: Send address changes to House & Garden, Box 5202, Boulder CO 80302.**
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DALE C. SONES, 1750 Montgomery St., San Francisco CA 94111
Florida METROPOLITAN PUBLISHERS INC.,
2500 South Dixie Highway, Miami FL 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa FL 33629
Canada METROPOLITAN PUBLISHERS INC., 3 Church St., Toronto, Ont. M5E 1M2
France JOHN H. LIESVELD, JR., 284 boulevard St. Germain, Paris 75007
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Corporate Marketing Director ECKART L. GÜTHE
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AUSTRALIAN VOGUE LIVING 49 Clarence St., Sydney, N.S.W. 2000

HOUSE & GARDEN is published by The Condé Nast Publications Inc.
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ESPRIT SPORT

Richard Steinberg
Podiatrist, Age: 34
Renée Teacher, Age: 33
Jonathan Student, Age: 9
Sarah Student, Age: 6
Chelsea Dog, Age: 3

I have a dog's life. My family adopted me when I was 2, and now I love Central Park and mankind. Richard likes to make life decisions before everyone else is ready. Renée met him when she was 16, and it was instant; she likes the two kids and me because we're giving her a second childhood. Jonathan laughs at anything, and Sarah is feisty but has a loud mouth that gets her in trouble. Someday we'll all be running a comfy inn on a Caribbean island.



Two windows offer strikingly different views: *above,* a cultivated Quebec pool and garden; *below,* the ocean and its natural beach.

Summer for me has always been a time to reestablish a relationship with nature. It probably began in my childhood, for both sets of grandparents had farms in Indiana, and my sisters and I were sent off to spend vacation time at one or the other of those farms. The warm, sunny days there always were delightfully carefree, in part because we knew little that would make us of any real help in the hard work of the farm, and in part because grandparents seldom make the demands on children that parents do.

The remaining portions of my childhood summers were spent at Lake Michigan. My hometown was on its shore, and days were frequently passed at the beach, racing down the dunes, cooling off in the water, or finding peace sitting and drinking in the seeming infinity of the Great Lakes. (For why these lakes need protection, see Sounding Board, page 48.)

Clearly I'm only one of many for whom free time in the summer has meant the country or the beach, as this issue of House & Garden reflects. Our first feature, pages 62–73, reports on a family with two second houses, one in the country and one at the seashore, the latter photographed below, and how the differences between the two heighten the change of pace and place that a second house offers.

Some people find a connection with nature simply by stepping out their door or looking through a window with a garden view. The plantsman's garden seen through the window in the photograph at left provides an exceptional example because of the expansive Canadian landscape of which it is a part. It turns out that the gardens Frank Cabot now so professionally tends in Quebec are on the very same acreage on which he played as a child, page 112.



Elizabeth Hardwick writes about inherited summer traditions in her piece on the puritanical pleasure of a summer in Maine, page 96. "Many summer people have come to Maine as an inheritance," she writes. "Their grandparents built or bought a large shingle 'cottage' somewhere near the water and the generations continued decade after decade since up to Maine is where they have gone and where they go once again."

As this issue gives witness, that turns out to be also true of places as dispersed as estates in Bernardsville, New Jersey (Mrs. Wilson's Attic, page 106); the palazzos of Venice (Glory on High, page 146); and farms in Gloucestershire (English Country Life, page 78).

This thread of family history found in a house or garden is part of the joy of Edgar Kaufmann Jr.'s new book on Fallingwater, the country house Frank Lloyd Wright designed for Edgar Kaufmann Sr., owner of the Pittsburgh department store bearing his name. Completed in 1936 at Bear Run, Pennsylvania, on property that had been previously used as a summer camp for the employees of Kaufmann's, the house has been donated to the Western Pennsylvania Conservancy, which now operates it. The house is open every day except Monday, from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M., beginning the first Tuesday in April and closing in mid-November. The house is also open during weekends in the winter. *Fallingwater: A Frank Lloyd Wright Country House,* from which our excerpt starting on page 140 is taken, is being published this fall by Abbeville Press.

Lou Gropp
Editor-in-Chief

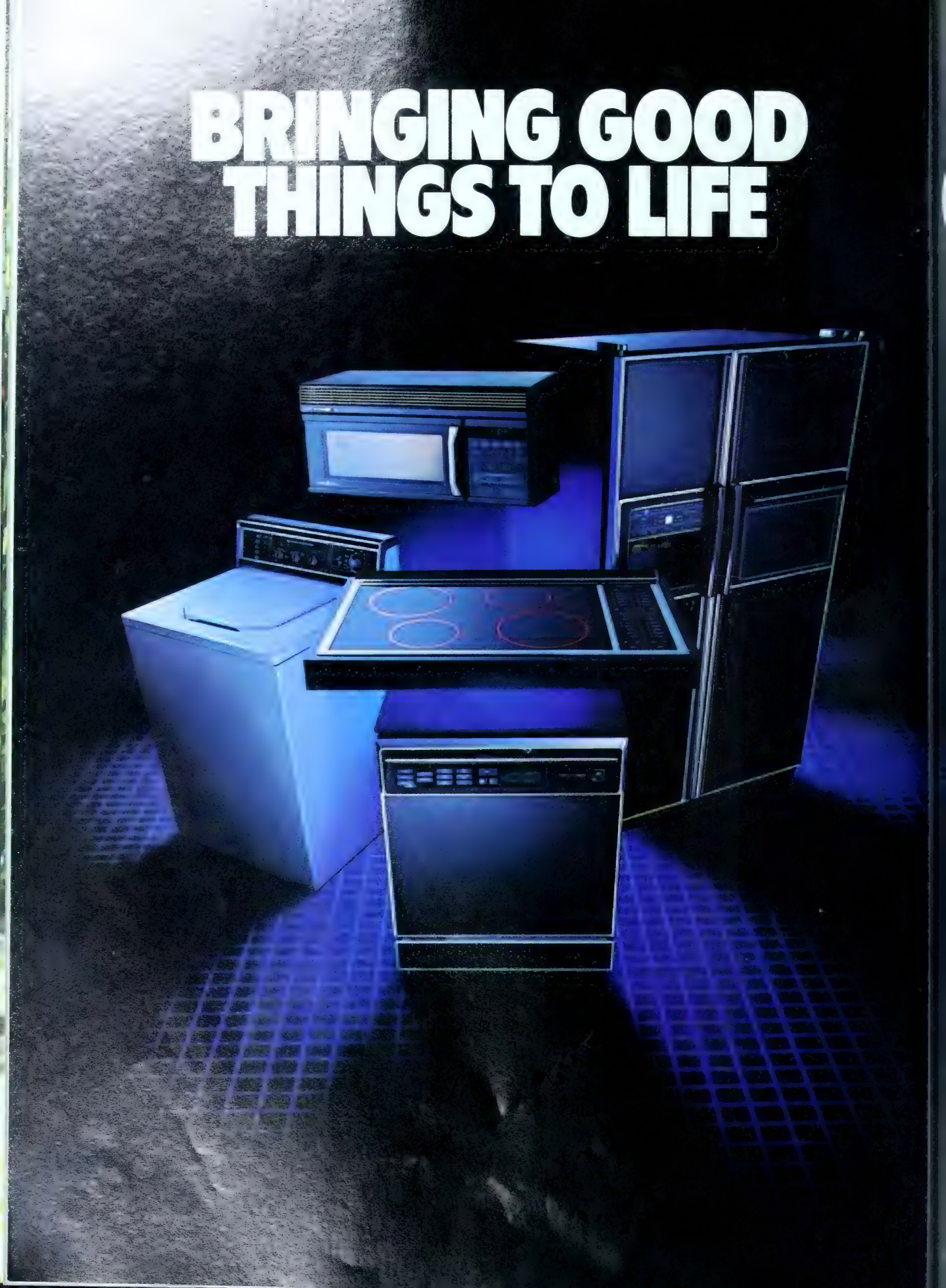
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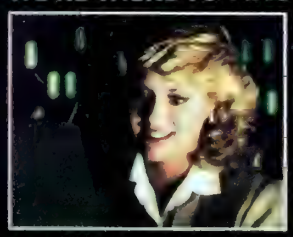
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ALL ABOUT STYLE

By Nancy Richardson



MR. ADAM'S STYLE AND CONTEMPORARY TASTE One of the most delectable projects in the world of current-day decoration as well as that of decorative-arts scholarship is just being completed with the restoration of Robert Adam's drawing room from Lansdowne House at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Since the 1930s this rectangular room with its complex ceiling and wall decoration and the coolly neoclassical Lansdowne dining room at the Metropolitan have represented the best of Adam's decorative style to be seen in America. Adam was working at Lansdowne House in the 1760s. He had recently returned from a lengthy grand tour and firsthand study of ancient and Renaissance architecture. The fashion then, as now, was for literate but not literal interpretations of the past, and Adam had a particularly effective way of looking at the distant past through the lens of a less remote period. The best examples of this skill perhaps were his ceilings. These complex and highly decorative, "grotesque" recombinations of Greek and Roman figures, garlands, arabesques, and architectural elements done in a flattened, linear style owed a great deal to what Raphael had made of the same material in his decoration of the Loggie of the Vatican. He was also influenced by Italian contemporaries like Piranesi whose drawings of classical settings took on the drama of a stage set. Once back in England Adam had to come to terms with the robust Roman-baroque style of neoclassicism exercised so effectively in the 1730s and '40s by Lord Burlington and William Kent, which was the basis of Adam's own early training in Scotland. In this case the coming to terms involved rebellion as well as borrowing. What Adam finally made of all that he had seen and experienced was a style based on an elegant, delicate, almost tongue-in-cheek treatment of motifs and architectural orders scrambled to suit purely decorative ends. It constituted an updated vocabulary of classical ornamentation and he made it the basis for the look of everything he designed, from ceilings to locks and armchairs. As for color, Adam's sense of it in the 1760s was completely un-ancient and un-Renaissance. He preferred bright, light hues—blues, greens, and pinks—with a decidedly rococo feel about

The fashion then, as now, was for literate but not literal interpretations of the past



Robert Adam's design for the drawing-room ceiling at Lansdowne House.

Adam's Lansdowne Drawing Room at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, *opposite*. The restoration of the painted decoration was completed this spring. Detail of Giovanni Battista Cipriani's painting of Neptune, *below*, and Antonio Zucchi's surrounding decoration, *bottom*.





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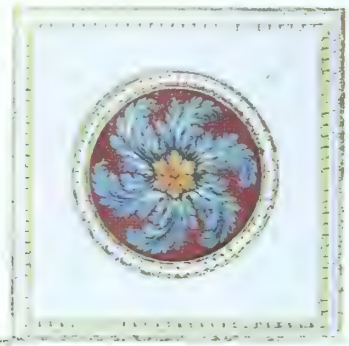
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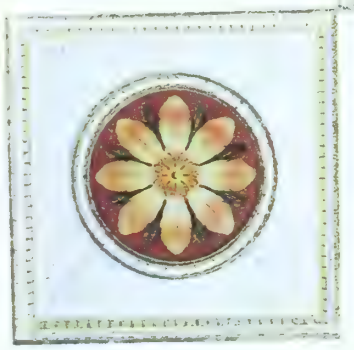
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Some pigments in Adam's original color scheme: vermilion (mercuric sulfide), iron-oxide red (ferric oxide), Prussian blue (ferric ferrocyanide),

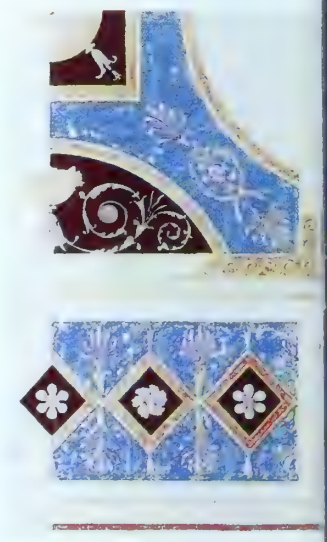




them. Ten years later Adam was experimenting with the more somber palette inspired by Pompeian or "Etruscan" wall paintings, but this was not the inspiration for his work at Lansdowne House. Yet in the 1930s when the several hundred crates from London arrived in Philadelphia, it was thought that the color message of the room was to be taken as presented—a somber essay on the yellowed neutralities of ochre, tan, and brown. In recent years the ceiling deteriorated to a near ruin, the result of a leaky air-conditioning system. The need to restore the room coincided with a growing suspicion among scholars that the colors of the Lansdowne drawing room had more to do with nineteenth- and twentieth-century repainting, accumulations of dirt, and faded or darkened pigments than they did with the original Adam color scheme. After three years of research it is pretty well documented that Adam had the room painted in a light and brilliant range of colors. What the museum's director, Anne d'Harnoncourt, and her team have accomplished in terms of the looks of the room and what the catalogue tells you about the process is a walk-in, how-to course in one of the best chapters in the history of taste. The lessons are positive and negative. We read that Adam's paints were all oil- and lead-based, that the most complicated sections of the design—especially the fan-shaped half-rounds that completed overdoors or recessed decorative niches—were painted on canvas in a studio and applied to the walls directly on wet plaster. Ground colors were a warm white or pale tint. In sections where the design was complex, dark brown, white, and gold were used to anchor, brighten, or set off the "colorful" colors. Apparently there was little use of the high-gloss finishes and "lacquer" colors used today. While there is good documentation for the form of the design, precise color evidence has been elusive. Adam's drawings done for houses contemporary with the Lansdowne project provided clues, as did the chemical analysis of the original layers of paint. This research comes at a moment when curators are alert to correct for the twentieth century's preference for muted colors. It is startling to our eyes that the century so famous for the refinement of its furniture shapes is also the century that loved what to us are loud or garish colors. For reasons of color stability as well as cost the museum has done its restoration with acrylic latex and gouache. Oil paints were not used because they darken and yellow too quickly. Lead paint was not used because of the



The Lansdowne Drawing Room in Philadelphia as it looked in the seventies before being restored.



Rosettes from the end panels of the Lansdowne ceiling, *opposite above*. Adam ceilings went with Adam carpets—this carpet design was done for Shelburne House in 1769, *above*.

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regulations against it. To these eyes the colors of the Lansdowne drawing room miss somewhat because they are not oil where they should be oil, and the large lower panels of a single water-based color are particularly blunt. These solid panels do not seem to go with the airy and contrived ceiling and upper walls. Nevertheless, the room must now look pretty much as Mr. Adam intended it. Which set me to thinking about high-style contemporary drawing rooms in a pale sky blue or stone color or burnt orange produced by decorators like Albert Hadley who have a special gift for mixing paint colors and the technical know-how to achieve depth and surface texture along with it. What about a Hadley ground color mated with the complex Adam-inspired decoration now associated with artist-decorators such as Patrick Boivin and Harry Gremillion? What would the rest of the room look like? Surely it would be a room in which there was some architectural interest. Doors, doorframes, overdoors, chair rails, chimneypieces, and base and ceiling moldings all would be designed in relationship to each other. The furniture would have a formal, architectural relationship to the room. In our era we don't go to Thomas Chippendale to have designs executed in gilded wood, but the proportion of upholstered furniture and its placement can easily follow an Adam-like orderliness. Adam was also skilled at reshaping spaces, dividing one large room into two parts with a "screen" of double columns on each side. In fact the practice of taking out a wall between two rooms and replacing it with columns has passed so readily into a contemporary bag of tricks that Adam's originating role is forgotten. It's his ceilings we remember. But the relationship of the floors to the ceilings we tend to forget. Yet Adam never designed a complicated ceiling without a complicated floor. Sometimes it was in wood or marble, and often it was a densely patterned carpet. Anybody lucky enough to own an Adam carpet should immediately commission a ceiling to go with it. There are over a thousand Adam ceiling designs at the Soane Museum. For more on Robert Adam's work as a decorator look at Dr. Damie Stillman's book on the topic, *Decorative Work of Robert Adam,* at the public library. □



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AROUND THE GARDEN

Summer reading on everything for beds, borders, and ponds

By Henry Mitchell

Since we are heading into the harvest season, there is a goodly crop of recent garden books ready for the savoring, some of general interest and others narrowly focused.

Summer is a golden time for hemerocallis in much of America, and *Daylilies* by the late Dr. A.B. Stout, originally issued in 1934, out of print for decades, is now ready in a new edition with summary chapters by Graham Stuart Thomas, gardens adviser for the British National Trust and by Darrel Apps of Longwood Gardens, in addition to the original text and illustrations. Although the earliest garden hybrids were produced toward the end of the last century, it was this book that provided the great impetus in the cultivation and breeding of the day lily. Chapters on the wild day lilies, on culture, and on general garden use are as valuable now as they were a half-century ago, even though some species in botanical collections were unknown then. With literally thousands of varieties of the day lily growing in gardens today, it is extremely useful to have descriptions of the first hundred-odd garden varieties, many of them simply hybrids between wild species. Such old favorites as 'Apricot','Gold Dust', and 'Sir Michael Foster' are described, and some growers are offering these early varieties for sale once again. Not only are they valuable relics, but some of them have particular merits, such as quite early blooming seasons. These varieties should be carefully preserved, not necessarily in modern gardens, but at least in comprehensive day-lily collections. Few, if any, hardy perennials are as trouble free and reliable as the day lily. Their long blooming season, following irises, peonies, and the first flush of roses, and their relative immunity from disease and insect damage and viruses, as well as their exceptional beauty of form and wide range of color, all commend them to the gardener who has limited time and labor to offer his plants.

Notice must be taken of the rampant interest nowadays in herb gardens. This is partly because they are of easy culture, at least in sunny places, and partly because they bring even to the smallest garden—with perhaps a good bit of brick or cobble, gravel, or stone paving for easy upkeep—an echo of

Above, left to right: A band of lavender-hued thyme in Hampshire; azaleas, live oak, cypress at Orton, North Carolina. *Below:* Delphiniums, hollyhocks, and Madonna lilies in Suffolk.



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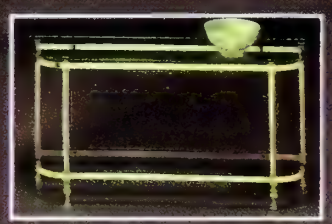
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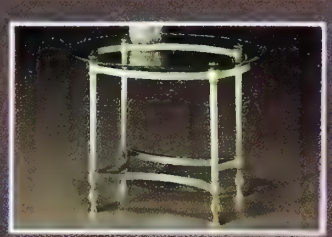
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medieval, even of Greek and Roman, gardens. Herb gardens provide little floral color, but their foliage in soft greens, gray, and bronze is always rich looking, and there is no law against sticking in a few tuberoses, lilies, small roses, erigerons, and so forth for added excitement.

Herbs in the Garden by Allen Paterson, director of the Royal Botanical Gardens at Hamilton, Ontario, gives an overall view of herbs through the ages with notes on the culture of every herb you ever heard of, plus a few more. This is a readable book bespeaking a catholic and sophisticated familiarity with gardens in general, valuable alike to the rank beginner and the gnarled and knotty set. Apart from practical guidance, the book offers such odd news as the shipment of large quantities of lavender, rue, and other herbs from the American Shaker colonies to Liverpool in 1857. One is the better for knowing it.

The greatest help in designing any part of a garden is a clear mental picture of what the thing will look like when completed, and an understanding of how the plants should be arranged to produce the intended effect. *English Herb Gardens* by Roy Cooper, Gordon Taylor, and Clive Boursnell is notable for 58 fine color pictures of herb gardens in varied sites. One can see from the pictures exactly how the gardens were laid out. York Gate, only ten by thirty feet, is a perfect example of a tiny garden full of dignity and style. Besides the readable text describing the gardens there are 42 herbs pictured with cultural notes.

The old herbs are combined with great tumbles of ancient roses in *Herbs: Gardens, Decorations and Recipes* by Emilie Tolley and Chris Mead. Here the pictures are of particular importance, and so are the recipes. You may not have known that sage fritters date from Roman times. For that matter, you may not care. But surely a little more venturesome approach to the kitchen would be worthwhile?

But perhaps we should get on to books of less specialized interest, and prime among them is the splendid effort of Penelope Hobhouse, whose *Color in Your Garden* is as ambitious as it is successful. She sets forth her views on the use of foliage as well as floral color, and there are sections each devoted



One of 540 photographs from Peter Beale's *Classic Roses.*

to only one color, all illustrated with fairly dazzling pictures. There are lists and notes of plants reliable for producing any color you choose at the time of year (within reason) you would like it. Although the book deals with color, it also deals with plant groupings and associations. Here, perhaps for the first time, it will dawn on you that the very thing you wanted (without knowing it) to bed down with your clump of *Senecio* 'Desdemona', is *Scrophularia aquatica variegata.* Scrophularia does not cure scrofula, by the way; not that this is an important defect of the plant nowadays. Possibly no book since Gertrude Jekyll's publications of plans of her own gardens has dealt with garden color at a more practical or authoritative level. The beginner should not be awed at the seeming complexity of the subject—there seems to be entirely too much to be learned—and should fling himself in faith into just such books as this, which will get him started right.

One of the most borrowed garden books of the century is Christopher Lloyd's superb chatty account of his treasures at Great Dixter, *The Well-Tempered Garden.* This has been out of print, and a new, revised edition is more than welcome, especially by gardeners quite tired of lending out their old copies. This is probably the most readable exposition extant of the way both a gardener's mind and garden work.

By and large, gardens today—even very large gardens—lean heavily on the lessons of the cottage garden, in which homey flowers spill out on the paths, however formal the setting may be. The Lord knows there is nothing very fancy about such near-weeds as red valerian and bouncing bet, yet I feel more


Lenox.
Front view
shown actual size

Herbs in the Garden bespeaks a sophisticated familiarity with gardens, valuable to the rank beginner and the gnarled and knotty set

comfortable in any garden (even the grandest) if I can see them carrying on rambunctiously. *English Cottage Gardens* is a fully charming book by Ethne Clarke and Clay Perry of genuine modest cottage gardens (however sophisticated and wordly their owners may be nowadays) full of wallflowers, China roses, and so on. This is an outstanding romantic portfolio of 135 photographs that lovingly capture the cottage essence in the long soft light of the English summer twilight and early morning. The photographer is impressively modest, if perhaps not quite truthful, when he says, "The photography just took care of itself."

Delightful as cottage gardens are, not everybody wants one. Sometimes the gardener feels most at home with a germander-struck Tudor garden, or a garden recalling Persia with cypresses and fruit trees and tulips, or a garden of a formal canal. *Recreating the Period Garden* is a collection of essays by several authorities under the editorship of Graham Stuart Thomas, touching on garden history, practical design, ornaments, the use of water, the combination of such elements as walls, paths, and pools to obtain a particular tone. This is a useful book to browse through before laying out any garden.

I often wish gardeners were more acutely aware of the magic of water in the garden, especially since no aspect of gardening provides greater rewards for so little labor, once the pool is built. And today there are some relatively inexpensive ways to make pools. One of the good authorities on water is Philip Swindells, whose *Overlook Water Gardener's Handbook* will prove valuable to anybody baffled by the mysteries of water lilies, pool fish, oxygenating plants, and (not least) how to build a leak-proof and trouble-free pool.

Rarities can be overdone, no doubt, but the more common sin is to plant only the most readily available plants, especially when it comes to trees. Very welcome indeed is *Plants that Merit Attention, Volume I, Trees*. This is a first-rate effort under sponsorship of The Garden Club of America to encourage the planting of some marvelous trees that are too often overlooked. In some cases they are not to be found at the nearest nursery, so the book wisely lists sources for them. A total of 143 trees are described and illustrated, often with details of fruit, foliage, or bark, when those are great features of the plant. To be included in the book the tree has to be not only beautiful, but ignored, and yet obtainable somewhere in America. It is hard to imagine that the Himalayan cedar is ignored in any part of its useful garden range, but it is included. Perhaps the reason it is not planted everywhere (as far north as zone 7, at least) is that it spreads so widely that few modern gardens can accommodate it. And I never thought laburnums were neglected, but that may be because I do not care for them myself and cannot conceive of there being any shortage. You might quibble here, why (if laburnums are dealt with) are there not hosannas raised for the sorbus or the hamamelis? But this merely shows that different gardeners have different arboreal loves, and it is hard to imagine any serious complaint at the wonderful trees spotlighted in this book. The elegant chionanthus, or Virginia fringe tree, is rightly included, and so is the Leyland cypress, a more dubious choice. I planted one when it was very uncommon here and shall perhaps now pay the price of this kind of snobbery. The book lists its height at sixty to seventy feet, but the great authority Alan Mitchell sees no stopping point for the tree, which has already far surpassed a hundred feet and seems likely to exceed two hundred. There might have been a warning in the book, I thought.

But perhaps there should be a national law that nobody could plant a tree of any kind without first studying





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this book. Nothing is more marvelous than some of our common oaks; on the other hand, it is truly shameful how many first-rate trees are never planted in gardens simply because they are not thought of, or because the gardener does not know where to buy them. Another fine book on trees is Graham Stuart Thomas's *Trees in the Landscape,* showing how trees produce quite different effects and also showing how various trees are grouped for stunning effect in some gardens of The National Trust. Anything Mr. Thomas says on any aspect of gardening is very much worth reading.

As for landscapes, few American efforts in that direction have been as impressive as the best of Beatrix Farrand's work, such as the beautiful Dumbarton Oaks garden in Washington, D.C. *Beatrix Farrand's American Landscapes* is a study, in reasonable scholarly detail, by three authorities, Diana Balmori, Diane Kostial McGuire, and Eleanor M. McPeck. *Farther Afield* by Allen Lacy is a collection of quite readable essays ranging through prairie gentians, buffalo currants, evening primroses, and much else. The author's style is fresh, winning, unpretentious, yet even fairly knowledgeable gardeners will learn new things. When Mr. Lacy discovers some new plant, some new seed firm, some new anything, one is as excited as he is, and this is a fine quality in a writer.

An odd and delightful book by Enrico Rainero has nothing to do with how one grows, trims, groups a batch of cryptomerias or any other plants, but is a book of wonderful pictures, enhanced and sometimes counterpointed with literary quotations. It is called *Gardens, Labyrinths, Paradise* and it is a pleasant diversion.

Many gardeners nowadays are keen to invite wildlife into the garden including such insects as butterflies. *The Wildlife Gardener* by John V. Dennis has nothing much to do with such wildlife as cougars, elephants, and marine crocodiles, but rather with that tamer kind of savage beast represented by bees, birds, and swallowtails. Included is a nice list of insect pests, as we perhaps presumptuously call them, and we may find this depressing. But most of the time he deals sweetly with flowers that butterflies like, and with plants



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...[illegible] birds and therefore likely ...[illegible] in the garden.

Another book calculated to arouse envy is *Gardens of the South*, by the editors of *Southern Accents* magazine. Here is a lavish picture book, the gardens awash in wisteria and other virtues. White House gardens are included, along with others famous and less famous. There is a fine two-hour browse here, and I am sending a copy to a Southern hostess whose cup I accidentally broke in the bathroom. I expect her to be appeased, and myself to be forgiven.

We come now to dessert—Peter Beales's classic book called *Classic Roses*. I have already spent a hundred hours with it and expect to spend as many more, though by now I have almost memorized it. With 540 small color photographs, the book covers a great many roses of the past, most of them fortunately coming back into commerce through specialist nurseries such as Beales's own famous establishment. He grows a thousand kinds. His book details the development of the rose, as well as it can be puzzled out, through the centuries. The text is immensely knowledgeable, certain to win many new converts to the old roses, though many modern ones are also included. He is possibly mistaken about such a famous rose as 'Champneys' Pink Cluster', an early noisette grown everywhere in America before the Civil War. Its main feature was its fragrance and its continual bloom, the latter fact missed by the author. But for those who love the rose, and those who don't, this book is a triumph, even though some of the color pictures are substandard. Only those who have tried to get good color photographs of old roses will understand the problem the author faced, and fortunately some of the most beautiful roses are represented by glorious portraits. This is a book not only to own, but to share, and of course it should be in every garden club and public library. □

The following garden books are reviewed in this article.

RECREATING THE PERIOD GARDEN
edited by Graham Stuart Thomas
Godine, 192 pp., $22.50

GARDENS, LABYRINTHS, PARADISE
by Enrico Rainero
Princeton Architectural Press, 195 pp., $45

THE WELL-TEMPERED GARDEN
by Christopher Lloyd
Random House, 479 pp., $24.95

PLANTS THAT MERIT ATTENTION, VOL. I, TREES
edited by Janet Meakin Poor and Nancy Brewster
The Garden Club of America, 360 pp., $44.95

GARDENS OF THE SOUTH
Southern Accents Press, 211 pp. $35

DAYLILIES
by A.B. Stout;
foreword by Graham Stuart Thomas
Sagapress, 200 pp., $26.95

THE WILDLIFE GARDENER
by John V. Dennis
Knopf, 293 pp., $17.95

COLOR IN YOUR GARDEN
by Penelope Hobhouse
Little, Brown, 239 pp., $35

BEATRIX FARRAND'S AMERICAN LANDSCAPES
By Diana Balmori, et al.
Sagapress, 216 pp., $24.95

THE OVERLOOK GUIDE TO GROWING RARE AND EXOTIC PLANTS
by Raymond Foster
Overlook press, 216 pp., $17.95

TREES IN THE LANDSCAPE
by Graham Stuart Thomas
Jonathan Cape, 204 pp., £12.50

HERBS IN THE GARDEN
by Allen Paterson
Dent/Biblio (Totowa), 384, pp., $24.95

ENGLISH COTTAGE GARDENS
by Ethne Clarke and Clay Perry
Viking, 160 pp., $25

HERBS: GARDENS, DECORATIONS AND RECIPES
by Emilie Tolley and Chris Mead
Clarkson Potter, 243 pp., $30

FARTHER AFIELD
by Allen Lacy
Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 304 pp., $17.95

CLASSIC ROSES
by Peter Beales
Henry Holt and Company, 432 pp., $45

ENGLISH HERB GARDENS
by Guy Cooper and Gordon Taylor
Rizzoli, 160 pp., $19.95



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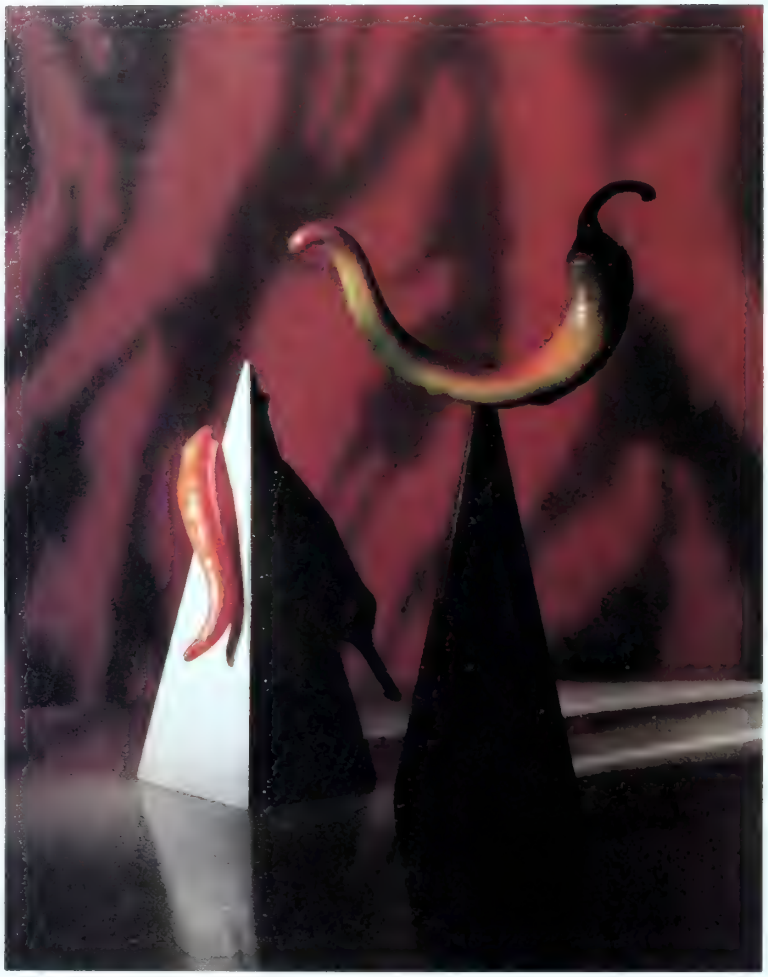
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FIRE AND RICE

Cajun cooking and the hot spice of history

By Alexander Cockburn

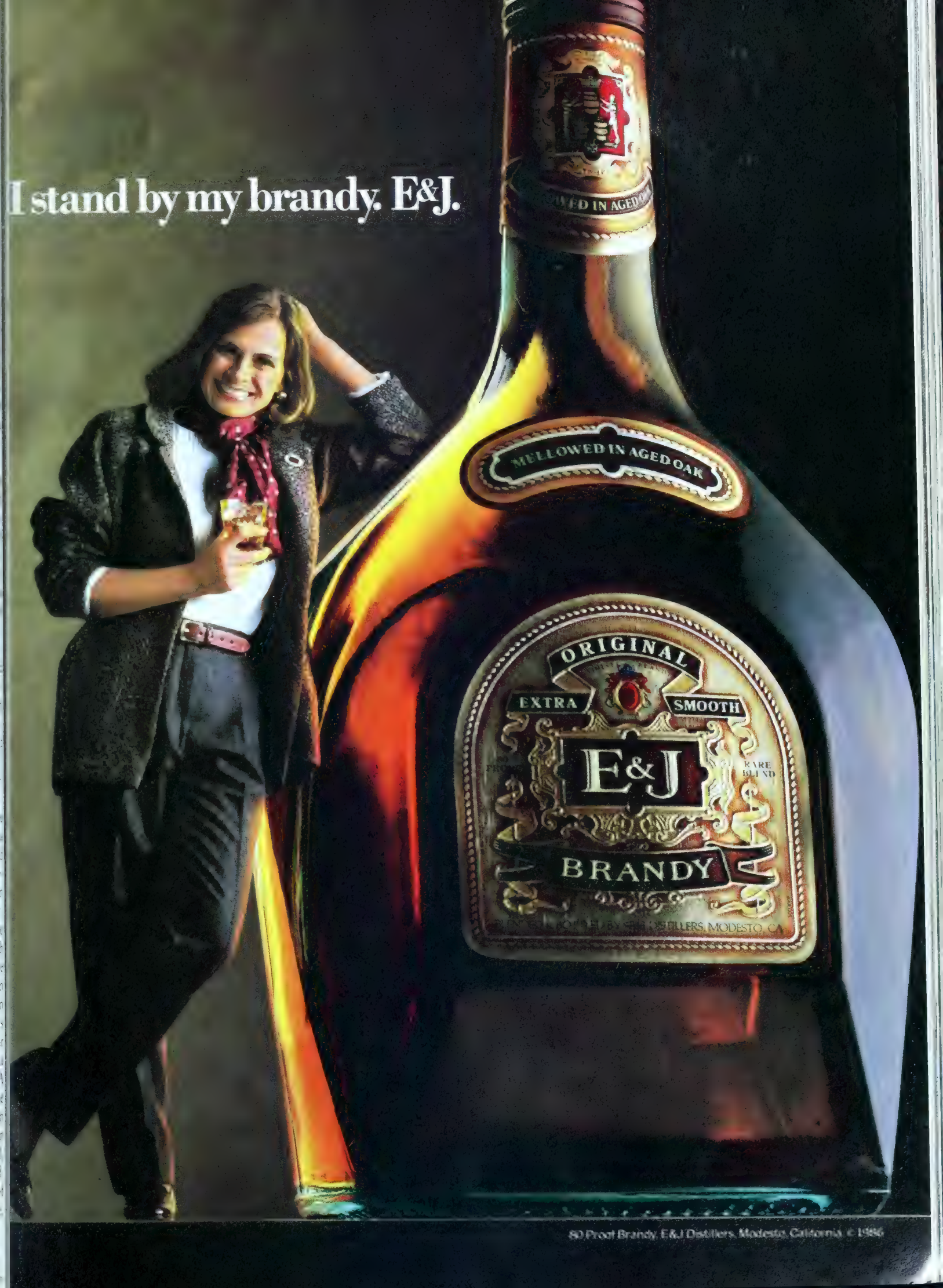
Outside our car was the foliage of the Santa Monica Freeway, backlit by nacreous Pacific twilight, but inside the talk was of Louisiana. I'd not seen my friend Mercator for several months, but the professor of political science at UCLA was as ebullient as ever. "Yes," he said down the phone, "the Cajun craze came here too. Blackened redfish are joining hands across America, ending up about a quarter of a mile from the junction of the Santa Monica and San Diego freeways at a restaurant called Orleans. Unless Mayor Eastwood has already licensed a Cajun Country Inn in Carmel, tonight we can eat the westernmost gumbo in the USA."



So we rolled through west L.A. and Mercator set the scene. "New Orleans! Our answer to the Hangchow of Marco Polo or Carpaccio's Venice; crossroads in every sense; the heart of cotton, of the slave South; a city which for years had the largest black middle class in the country; host to the Caribbean, to the French settlers who fled the revolution of Toussaint; host also to everyone and everything coming down the great rivers, in a funnel stretching from the Appalachians to the Rockies. A port town and, just as Venice was the crossroads between Byzantium and northern Europe, so too—with the trauma of the Civil War over—was New Orleans the logical historical point of conciliation, springboard to the future. Where did U.S. power grow from? Control of the Caribbean. New Orleans was the focus of those shipping lanes. And just when jazz was born New Orleans became the mixing bowl of great slices of American political culture: the black slave areas, the Northern industrial regions, Midwestern grain, the Western Great Plains, the opening up of the resources of Oklahoma and Texas; thus. . .the opening chapter of the American century."

The sun slipped below the horizon as Mercator came to this resounding thought and we made the change onto the San Diego Freeway running south. "Just as Hangchow produced a cuisine to match its moment in history, so too did New Orleans," Mercator concluded. "The mix was there. On the one hand the Creoles, relicts of France and Spain, subsequently of the slave plantations, inspiring a cuisine drawing on Europe, Africa, the Caribbean and on native American traditions. On the other the Cajuns, marginal backwater whites carrying forward the literary, musical, and gastronomic traditions of Nova Scotia and, before that, of southern France. A gastronomic explosion results: rice, beans, and peppers from the Caribbean; old techniques from France and Spain, the Cajun andouille, dried meats, boudin, crawfish; from the black belt, kale, okra, ham hocks."

We turned into the parking lot of Orleans, a large and freshly painted restaurant, perched carefully in the slot between "exclusive" and "eating house." Waiting at the bar at the far end of the large dining room, filled to bursting with mostly young middle-to-large income persons were our friends, Dr. Martin of the UCLA Medical School, R, an economist from UC Riverside, and his wife S, an architect. For those familiar with *Chef Paul Prudhomme's Louisiana Kitchen* the menu was no surprise. A footnote assured us that Prudhomme himself had overseen the formulation of Orleans's dishes. Here were chicken gumbo, seafood etouffée, panéed veal, blackened pork chops, blackened redfish; everything ignited by variations of cayenne, black pepper, gumbo filé,


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80 Proof Brandy, E&J Distillers, Modesto, California © 1986

[illegible] Tabasco, [illegible] peppers, bird's eye, Creole mustard.

You either like this kind of food or you don't. I do and to judge by the popularity of Louisiana cooking around the country so do a lot of other people as well. Cooking Louisiana food is a pleasant way to pass the time, once you've mastered the basic techniques, as decently laid out by Prudhomme. The cooking tends to be labor-intensive (hard work), especially the manufacture of "Cajun napalm," the roux, of varying hues, essential to such dishes as gumbo. The great asset of all the dishes is that they have no modesty or shame but are robust in the tradition of older times and less fastidious stomachs.

At Orleans, everyone round us laughed heartily, drank copiously, and ate sparingly. Plates piled high with food were sometimes scarcely dented and it soon became clear that many simply were not ready for spicy food, however well prepared it was.

"Why is it," I asked the table, "that these people would wish to eat either red beans and rice or dishes so hot that they can consume only a fifth of what's on their plate?" The buzzer on Dr. Martin's belt sounded. He was on call at his hospital that night and as he headed for the phone he suggested that the customers hadn't known what to expect. We rejected this as too simple.

"Surely," said Mercator, "we have to consider the idea of luxury. It is the pursuit of the singular, the costly, the scarce, that impels people to order things they have difficulty in swallowing."

"But what," said S, "could be less costly or rare than a red bean or for that matter a peppery shrimp?"

"Let me remind you," said her husband R, "of what that great historian, the late Fernand Braudel, had to say on the matter. 'Luxury not only represents rarity and vanity, but also social success, fascination, the dream that one day becomes reality for the poor, and in doing so immediately loses its old glamour. . . . The rich are thus doomed to prepare the future life of the poor. It is, after all, their justification: they try out the pleasures that the masses will sooner or later grasp.'

"The paradox is now that the old idea of luxury cannot be sustained, and so it has to be reinvented as a version of pastoral, in which the red bean or the redfish is reappropriated from the poor and invested with glamour. It is the poor who are doomed to prepare the future life of the rich."

The waiter arrived with our food: plates of gumbo, chicken, seafood, and for Mercator, since blackened redfish was not available that night, blackened pork chops. They lay darkly on his plate, a souvenir of the homely barbecue.

The food was good but it was fiery. The tears coursed and the conversation turned to pepper.

"Are you," said Dr. Martin to me, "talking about black or white pepper, the dried fruit of *Piper nigrum,* indigenous to Asia, or the fruit of the many varieties of the genus *Capsicum,* American in origin, whence come bell peppers and chilies of varying fire?"

"All of them. I'm talking about the controlled high sustained by the serious lover of hot peppers. The amateur bites a hot chili. His mouth burns. He cries for water. The pain persists. The sophisticate knows that the answer to a bite of hot pepper is more pepper. The secret, as Andrew Weil once wrote in his essay on chilies, is to perceive that the reaction to hot pepper comes in the form of a wave and as experience teaches one the dynamics of that wave, the pain can, with concentration, be converted into pleasure of an intensity that is a true high."

Dr. Martin pursed his lips dubiously. "That seems a large claim for so natural a biological reaction as vasodilatation," he remarked. Most doctors are reductionist by nature and so Dr. Martin put up the not unfamiliar thesis that pepper owed its original popularity to its utility in disguising the flavor of inferior or bad meat. This observation led by natural degrees to debate about the gastro-geographic coordinates of pepper and its spicy cognates. Why does food get hotter the nearer one gets to the equator, whether in Mexico, west Africa, Ethiopia, India, or Thailand?

Just then both Mercator and R cried



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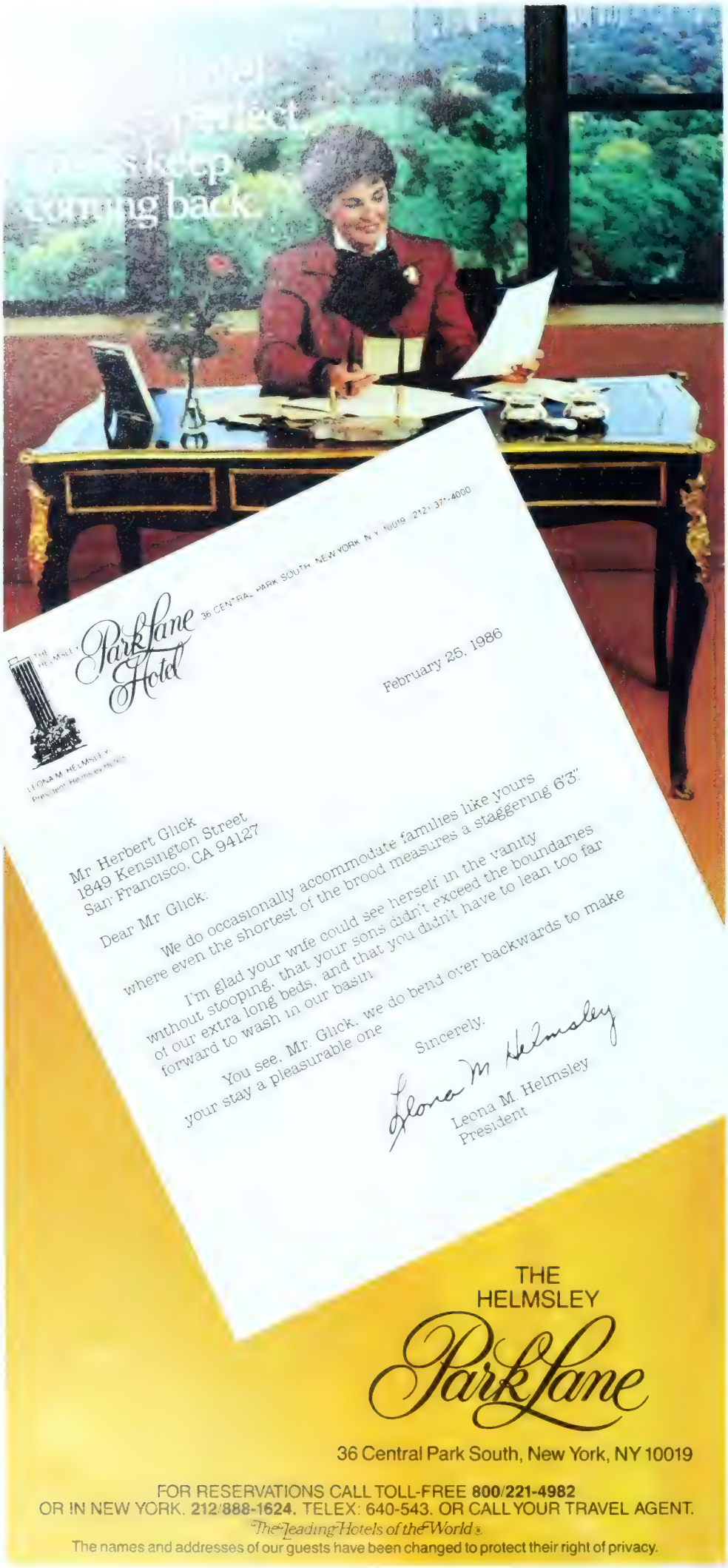
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out, "Sir Arthur Lewis!" Mercator ex plained: "Lewis, the Nobel Prize–win ning economist who tried to accoun for why, if the world was more or les the same until 1500, it divided soor thereafter into developed and undevel oped spheres.

"In the late Middle Ages, new labor saving techniques revolutionized farm ing in northwest Europe. As farn output per person grew, rural livin standards rose, wages were pulled up and the march toward industrializatio began. But the revolution in agricultur al technology was confined to temper ate, grain-growing areas; in the tropica world, techniques remained back ward, and productivity low, so wage there fell further and further behind As northwest Europe and such othe temperate areas, as Argentina an North America, specialized in growin grain with much machinery and lit tle—though expensive—labor th tropical areas fell back on what the did best, producing such crops as cot ton, sugar, and spices that needed lot of cheap labor and less machinery Thus, did wages and the production o bland grain-based foods rise in tem perate areas while the low-wage tropic concentrated on plantation crops an spices. And of course, what they grew they ate."

I reminded the company that th Middle Ages saw a veritable passion i the West for pepper. But by the middl of the seventeenth century the pendu lum was swinging the other way, to ward blander foods. And now . . .

"I suspect you're going to use th word 'post-modern,' " said S. My lip were indeed framing the syllables and began a sonorous paragraph about th post-modern palate, skittish, easil bored, disloyal to custom, amoral Mercator was talking the other side o the table about the musical context o Louisiana, about Hank Williams, th birth of country music, western swing bluegrass, delta blues. The buzzer o Dr. Martin's belt sounded again. "Et i Acadia ego," he joked, "I must be get ting back to matters of life and death." We agreed that the buzzer sounde too much like a tocsin to be ignore and also headed for the door. "I hate t say it," confided Mercator, "but every thing worthwhile in American cultur came out of the South." So luxury' next bite will be at soul food. □



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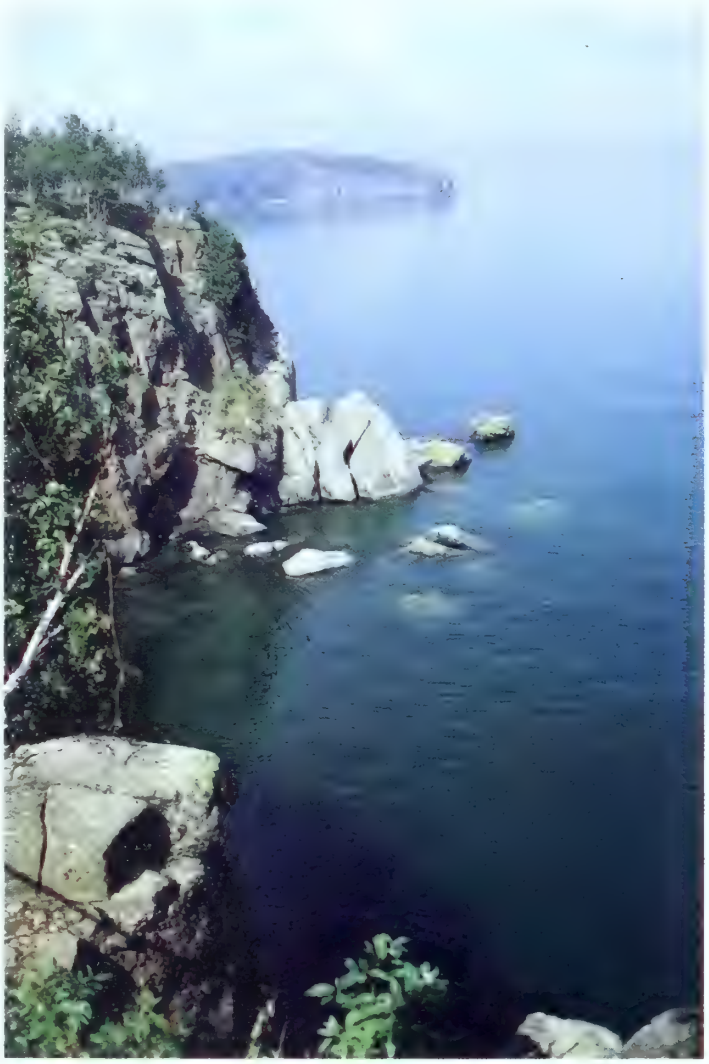
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THE LATE, GREAT LAKES

In an excerpt from his new book, William Ashworth sounds an alarm for the protection of our inland oceans

There is a fifth coast of North America, one that lies not at the edge like the other four, not along the Atlantic or the Pacific or the Caribbean or the ice-swept, lonely Arctic, but at the center, along the midcontinental line. It is a spectacular coast, where surf rolls in from beyond the horizon to break upon broad sand beaches at the base of great dunes or crash against tall cliffs and bold, rocky headlands. It is a valuable coast, cradling a fistful of great port cities and dozens of smaller ones along its more than ten-thousand-mile length. But it is also a freshwater coast, the coast of those five enormous, closely connected bodies of water we call the Great Lakes, and because of this it has been belittled, abused, misunderstood—and now may be about to die.



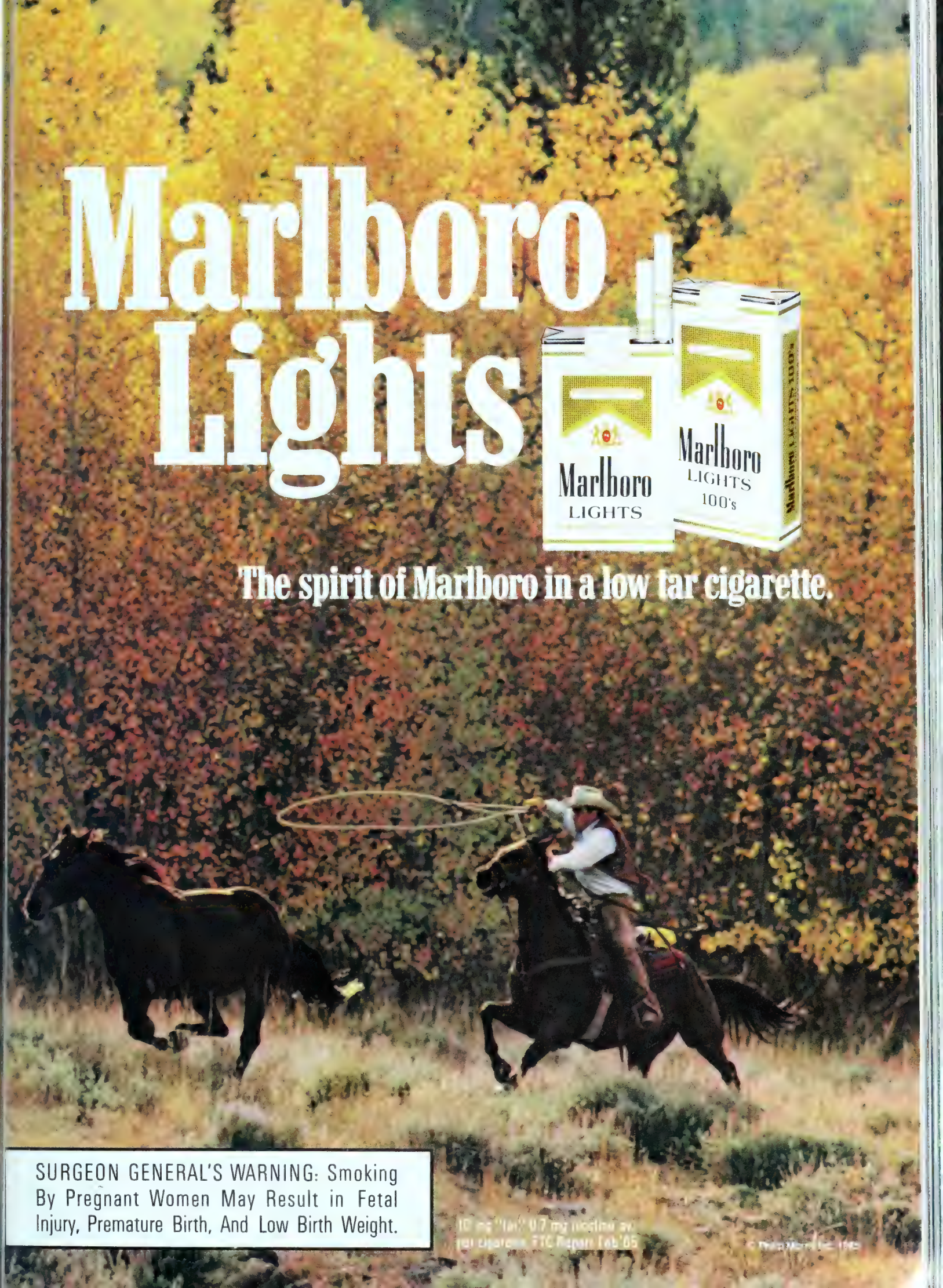
Lake Superior's North Shore: primal beauty threatened with irrevocable damage.

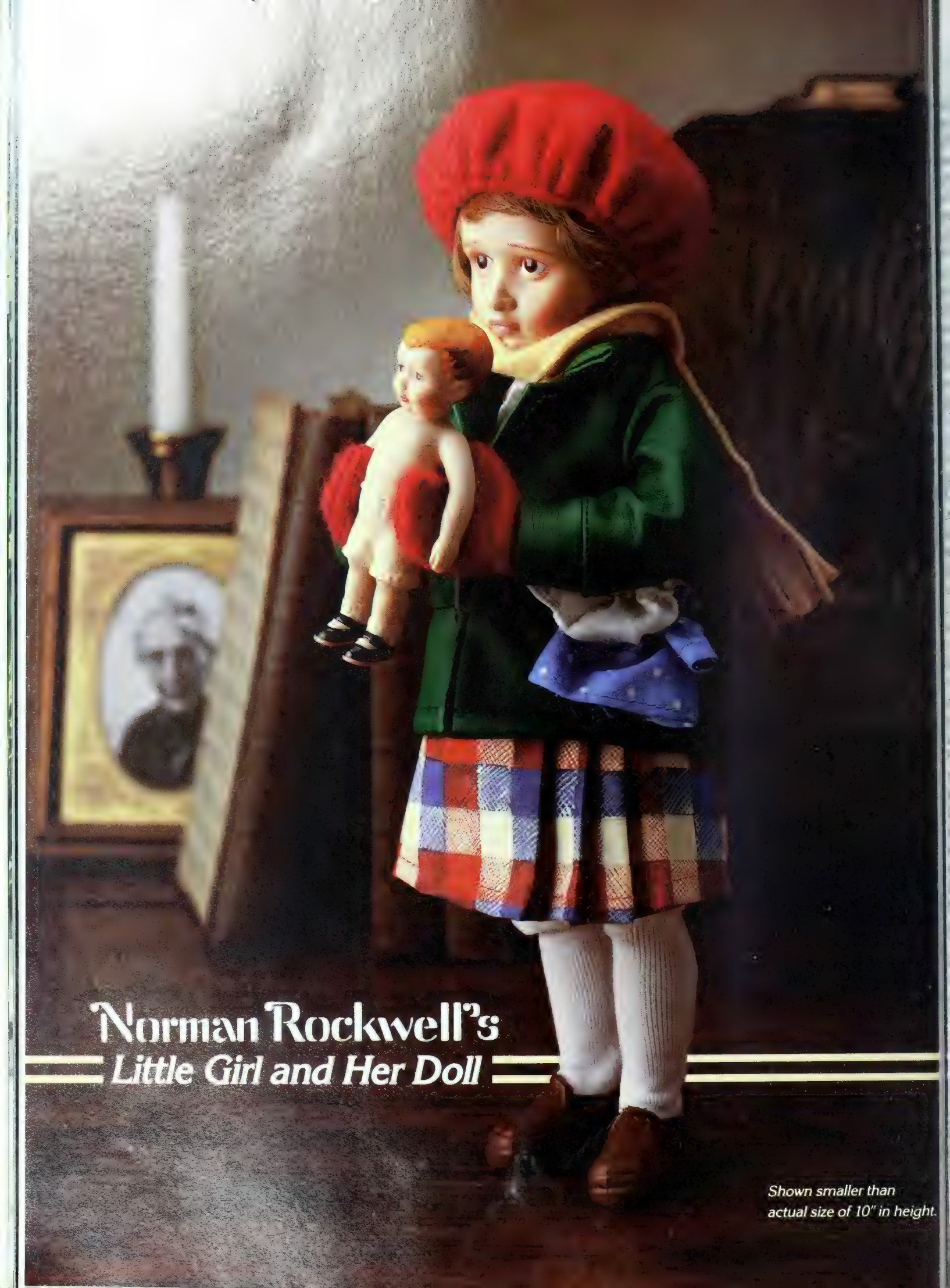
Despite the fact that they have long been called "lakes," they have also long been treated as though they were infinite. Their waters, their fishes, their furs, their woods—all at various times have been thought to be in so large supply as to be undamageable, and all have ultimately proved very damageable indeed. The furs went first, skinned out, and shipped off to Europe, the animals that bore them pushed farther and farther off beyond the horizon. The trees were next: big trees, four feet and more through at the base, trees that went on "forever," mowed down in a massive orgy of sawmilling known as the Big Cut and by 1900, nearly everywhere, only a memory. Then it was the fishes' turn. Great Lakes fisheries, we were told, were "exhaustless." Sturgeon were so thick in the Lakes as to be a genuine nuisance: their carcasses were taken from the nets set for more desirable species, piled on the beaches in great maharajan pyres, and torched. Traveling the length of the North Coast one recent summer, I looked every day for commercial fishing boats. In all that time, I saw only one. It was at anchor.

Related to this belief in the Lakes' unbounded resources is the belief in their agelessness, their changelessness through time. This is perhaps the largest and most pernicious misunderstanding of all. Because of it, we fail to see the changes that have happened and will continue to happen. We take refuge in "always." The Lakes have "always" been the way they are, since the dawn of creation; they will "always" be that way. Geography is immutable. As it was and ever shall be, world without end, Amen. This is false. The Great Lakes are young: they were formed a geologic eyeblink ago, and they can be destroyed just as quickly.

For a little while back in the 1960s, it appeared that this belief in the Great Lakes' immutability would be challenged and demolished. That was the time when Lake Erie turned green and opaque, and word went around that it had died. This was itself a misunderstanding, a failure to grasp the meaning of the scientists' explanation of the process known as "eutrophication," which had run wild here; but the misunderstanding was compounded a few years later when the Lake turned blue again. Word is now going round that we were right the first time—that the death of Lake Erie was temporary and reversible, and that nothing ever really changes. Thus are dangerous misconceptions reinforced. The fact is that the Great Lakes as a whole—not just Erie, but including it—are in far

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worse condition now than they were in the sixties. How can Lake Erie be alive and well with the oil-black Rouge River flowing into it? Or the brown Maumee, or the flammable Cuyahoga? I spoke not long ago with the man who programs the computers on board the LANDSAT satellites—the ones that control the cameras that broadcast those remarkable photomontages of the earth's surface back to those of us who crawl about upon it. He said, "We can't program the computer to recognize the Rouge River as water. The Rouge is so filthy that if the computer recognizes it as water, it won't recognize anything else in the world."

The other Lakes are, if anything, worse off than Erie. At the southern end of Lake Michigan, near Chicago, there is a harbor with a floor that is half PCBs. The floor of the western arm of Lake Superior is carpeted with asbestos fibers from the processing and transshipping of iron ore. Love Canal, that monument to modern disposal technology gone awry, drains into Lake Ontario, along with similar dumps at Oswego, Port Hope, Welcome, and other places too numerous to mention: over sixty million gallons of wastewater polluted with dioxins and PCBs and upward of forty other toxic chemicals pour into the Tittibiwasi River—a tributary of Lake Huron—from just one industrial facility, the Dow Chemical plant at Midland, Michigan, every day. Over all the Lakes hangs the specter of the most frightening form of pollution of all: toxic rain. Fish from remote wilderness lakes on Isle Royale, in northern Lake Superior, show PCB levels in their flesh twice those considered acceptable for human consumption, and Toxaphene—a pesticide not commonly used near the Great Lakes at all—has been found in dangerously elevated levels in the flesh of fish from lakes Superior, Michigan, and Huron.

That is one way to kill a coast: by polluting the waters off it to the point where they are no longer much good for anything, while you labor under the misconception that conditions are improving. There are other ways. You can fill coastal wetlands, for example: this is done under the misguided assumption that wetlands are wastelands. In fact they are an important part of the coastal zone, acting as water filters and fish producers and nesting sites for insectivorous birds. Much of Chicago is built on filled Lake Michigan wetland. Seventy-five percent of the wetlands that once existed within the state of Michigan have been destroyed. "It seems as though they can always come up with some reason to make a landfill," laments an environmental engineering consultant from Cleveland, "and of course there's always something available to put in it." Often what they put in it comes from elsewhere along the coast. Much of the dune belt at the southern end of Lake Michigan has disappeared that way—dug up, dredged out, and hauled off by the trainload to dump in marshes to build something on.

And we are always building something. This leads to the strange human activity of trying to deny change on some parts of the coast even as we create change on others. *We* can remove beaches, or sand dunes, or marshes, but Nature had better not try it. So we build $100,000 homes on bluffs that may fall into the Lake when the next wave hits, and then we spend another $500,000 (largely of tax monies) trying to keep that wave from hitting. Erosion is the biggest nonproblem in the Great Lakes basin. When people have the sense not to build within the erosive zone, erosion is merely geology.

All these problems, however, are pallid indeed beside the threat looming on the western horizon, where mining and agricultural interests are readying large-scale plans to lay pipelines to the Great Lakes, supplying by pump and pipe the water God doesn't supply by rain to the arid reaches of Montana and Kansas and Nebraska and Arizona. The concept is simple. The need is *here;* the water is *there;* and the shortest distance between two points is a straight line, preferably a round, hollow one, made of concrete and filled with water. This is what is known in the trade as "out-of-basin-diversions," a rather innocuous name that manages to overlook or hide the fact that if water is diverted *out* of the basin it will no



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longer be *in* the basin; it will be, in fact, drained off. The plans to pump water west amount to nothing short of a plan to drain the Great Lakes.

Drain the Great Lakes? It sounds preposterous, and it is, but not because it cannot be done. It can. The technology exists; the need exists. The greatest output of agricultural products in the United States comes from the irrigated lands of Nebraska and Kansas and Colorado and the Texas Panhandle. Virtually all of this irrigation comes from a single aquifer known as the Ogallala—and the Ogallala is running dry. If irrigation is to continue in this huge multistate area, another source of water must be found. The Great Lakes are the most visible source, and the one being ogled most lecherously. The preposterousness of the idea does not come from its technological infeasibility, or from its unlikelihood. It comes from the assumption, basic to the idea of diversion, that the water can somehow be put to better use on the Plains than it can be in the Lakes.

And make no mistake: diversion means drainage. We are not talking here about small amounts of water. When the Ogallala Aquifer was full, some forty years ago, it held roughly the same amount of water that Lake Huron holds today; and if we refill the Ogallala from the Great Lakes, it will take all of Lake Huron to do it. Will we be better off then? Or is Lake Huron more important to us where it is?

Without the Great Lakes, the iron ore of Minnesota could not get cheaply to Cleveland and Gary to be made into steel.

Without the Great Lakes, the climate would change over eastern North America: it would be dryer, with greater swings of temperature. The tornado belt would shift north, and the rain-washed forests of New England would gradually be replaced by mesic, dryland vegetation.

Without the Great Lakes, Niagara Falls would run dry. This would be more than a disaster to the honeymoon industry. Niagara is the largest generator of hydroelectric power in the Western world. It may help to recognize the importance of this if you remember that the great New York Blackout of 1965 was caused by the failure of a single small relay in the Sir Adam Beck Power Station at Niagara Falls.

I have just returned from a summer spent wandering by car around the ten-thousand-mile perimeter of these massive seas that we have so maliciously maligned by mislabeling them "lakes." There were nautical towns with nautical names, towns built around bays or tucked in behind headlands. There were dunes and docks and rivers' mouths: there were broad, distant horizons of blue that glimmered and disappeared into a sky that went on forever.

But the striking thing—the frightening thing—was the apathy. It is apathy—more than any other single cause—which is at the root of the Lakes' current crisis. It is apathy that causes people to look the other way as the waters are filled with garbage; it is apathy that allows shorelines to be eaten away for industrial development, and harbor floors to become poisoned deserts, and wetlands to be turned into toxic-waste dumps. If Great Lakes water refills the Ogallala—and empties the Lakes—it will be apathy as much as pipes that gets it there. If High Plains residents care about the water, and Great Lakes residents do not, there is no doubt whatsoever in my mind as to where that water will go.

Apathy can lead to worse than inaction. Apathy can lead to action—action that, because it is designed by experts, carried out by technicians, and overseen by nobody, often hopelessly complicates the situation it was meant, by its well-meaning promoters, to resolve. A research administrator, the large-lakes specialist Wayland Swain once remarked, is "a nonessential individual capable of drawing a mathematically precise line from an unwarranted assumption to a foregone conclusion." It is the fate of the Great Lakes, as long as we remain apathetic about them, to suffer remedial programs run by research administrators. Surely, the greatest reservoir of fresh water on earth deserves better than that. □

For information on the Great Lakes and how you can help, contact:

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REVOLUTION ON BEEKMAN PLACE

Philip Johnson's timelessly modern Warburg apartment of 1934 was an early shock of the new from the iconoclastic architect who turns eighty this summer

By Nicholas Fox Weber







Above: The living room of Edward M.M. Warburg's apartment at 37 Beekman Place in New York City, published in the January 1935 issue of House & Garden. *Left:* The designer, photographed by Carl Van Vechten. *Right:* The client, photographed by George Platt Lynes.

When Edward M.M. Warburg brought Picasso's 1905 *Garçon Bleu* home to the French Gothic mansion where he was living with his parents on Fifth Avenue and 92nd Street he was told "it was much too radical for downstairs," where there were Rembrandt etchings and Italian and Dutch paintings, and would have to go up to the squash court on the fifth floor. In little time the squash court became a gallery of recent art. At age 24, on a visit to the Dessau Bauhaus, Eddie acquired two major oils after waiting politely on Paul Klee's doorstep until he heard the painter finish playing a Bach violin sonata. He sat (68 times) for a portrait bust by Gaston Lachaise, who made a radiator cap out of a dolphin for his Packard. He bought Lachaise's *Knees* and a head by Jacob Epstein. Clearly Eddie needed his own digs.

In 1934 he asked Philip Johnson, his friend and co-worker at the recently founded Museum of Modern Art, for advice. Philip had never before had a commission and was not yet a licensed architect, but he had a keen eye for design. They found a fourth-floor walk-up in an old brownstone on the river side of Beekman Place, and decided to wreck it completely and start all over again. Where there were two small windows overlooking the East River there should be a wall of glass. Every last drop of ornament had to go. Whereas Eddie was used to his parents' enormous stairwell with its Gothic oak balustrade, to marble amphoras and Gothic sculpture in a sea of cut velvet, ornate bronze, and fancy lace, now he would walk on off-white linoleum, and the draperies would be fishnet or monk's cloth.

It was becoming routine for Edward Mortimer Morris Warburg to venture forth. The year 1934 was also when Lincoln Kirstein asked him to help fund George Balanchine's trip from Paris to the United States to start a ballet company. The troupe had its first public performance on Eddie's 26th birthday that June in front of some two hundred guests in the garden of the senior Warburgs' country house in White Plains, and so began the American Ballet. As usual his family was shocked but tolerant; they were getting used to him. When Eddie's brother Paul had met his boat after the summer holiday from Harvard when he bought the Blue Period Picasso, Paul had ex-

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[illegible] officer shocked by its value that at least it was cheaper than a stay in a mental hospital. When Eddie did his apartment with Philip Johnson, however, his brothers thought that they had not been able to keep him out of a hospital after all. One of them thought it resembled such a facility; another brother said that the whole place was so antiseptic "that you have the feeling you're in a dairy. When you go into the bathroom, you don't expect to find the usual fixtures—you expect to find a separator."

Eddie's independence had first surfaced at Harvard. He often voiced his view that art-history courses focused on facts and identification more than on judgments of quality in art, and he ridiculed the required memorization of monuments by pointing out that Cefalu Cathedral could only be identified because all the university photographs of it had a dog in the foreground. Eddie and his classmates Lincoln Kirstein and John Walker (the future director of the National Gallery in Washington) started the Harvard Society for Contemporary Art, which inspired the founders of the Museum of Modern Art in New York. Between 1929 and 1931 they mounted 21 pioneering art exhibitions in two rooms above the Harvard Coop. There was a show of Alexander Calder wire figures for which Calder as a bonus did a portrait of Eddie's father with a test tube in his lapel to hold a carnation; exhibitions with Braque, Picasso, Matisse, and Derain; and architecture shows, including one on Buckminster Fuller's Dymaxion House. Philip Johnson, who had been graduated from Harvard in 1927, frequented the Society, which is how he and Eddie first met.

After Harvard Eddie taught art history for two years at Bryn Mawr. He then moved back to New York and joined the staff of The Museum of Modern Art. He was on the Junior Council, and at age 24 became a trustee. He helped start the Film Library and was active on the Exhibitions Committee. Philip Johnson was the curator of the Department of Architecture.

Johnson selected everything for the apartment on Beekman Place. "He was violent on the subject of ornament. Anything with decoration on it was nonsense," according to the client. Johnson championed the International Style, about which he had recently written a book with Henry-Russell Hitchcock. His own first apartment, at 424 East 52nd Street, had been designed by Ludwig Mies van der Rohe (and executed by Mies's lady friend and business associate, Lilly Reich). The lines were spare and elegant, the atmosphere assertively modern. There were Barcelona chairs, solid raw-silk curtains, Chinese floor matting, and a lighting fixture that Johnson says today was "as bad as any lighting fixture you could imagine. It threw a miserable cold light, but Mies only cared about it as an object." Early in 1934 Johnson had designed a duplex for himself and his sister with similarities to the spaces he would soon make for Warburg. He tore out many of the interior walls of the existing apartment, put down a pale ecru linoleum, and focused on the beauty of severe, solid planes at right angles to one another. Rooms had more than one function—a dining area in the living room, a bedroom/sitting room—and everything was physically and visually very light.

The only visual records that remain of the Johnson duplex and the Warburg flat—illustrations in 1934 and 1935 copies of House & Garden—show the same rigorous aesthetic. But, in addition to the art collection, Eddie's apartment had more furniture actually designed by Philip. Along with pieces by Mies there were Johnson's pigskin-covered bucket chairs and sofa (no longer extant), his tubular wastebasket, his two different standing lamps (of which there was one in his duplex), and his fishnet curtains.

Warburg was "a great, great client" for Johnson. "He never made one demand. The budget was elastic. He'd say, 'You know better about that than I do. Why should I interfere?' It cost what it cost, and it took as much time as was necessary." Fifty years later, Johnson still admires Warburg's courage in choosing the unknown, as he had with Balanchine, and in giving someone a start. "How did he know what I would



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Johnson, says Warburg, "was violent on the subject of ornament . . ."

do? I had never had a commission before. But he trusted me, just as his father trusted him. Eddie has a great sense of style and of patronage. He took a big chance."

For both men the exposed radiator, unframed mirror with clips, and frankly industrial furniture were as much personal statements as aesthetic decisions. Warburg says, "This was my assertion—non-antagonistic—of being different. As the fifth child, I had one ambition, the approval of my brothers and the rest of my family and, as I grew, of my friends." In this case, he was playing to his friends. He knew he would get the usual "Oh my God!" from his brothers, but he did the apartment "to be part of the gang." The gang were his fellow staff members at MOMA and the other supporters of contemporary art with whom he visited galleries.

Eddie's family was astonished by the interior at 37 Beekman Place, but they remained gracious about it. The one time that Eddie's father, at risk to his health, climbed the three steep flights, he tried his best to like the austerity of the two rooms. After a few minutes, he leaned forward to use the phone, and as the metal strap runners of the desk chair slid out from underneath him, his jaw crashed onto the desk. When Eddie rushed over to help, Mr. Warburg simply said, "That's what I like about modern art: it's so functional."

Eddie himself had mixed reactions to the place. The Makassar ebony screen walls were beautiful, as was the birch dining-room table and the black lacquer coffee table. The neutral colors and overall simplicity made a striking setting for the art. The view was wonderful. For five years he lived well with the combined living and dining room; central core with kitchen, bathroom, and closets; and the bedroom/study. But the pigskin chairs often gave their occupants a mat burn. And "it was a bit monastic for me. I was uncomfortable with the coldness of it . . . I always felt that when I came into the room I spoiled the composition. The discipline was so violent. If you moved an object an inch, it threw everything off kilter. If a magazine was not at right angles with the coffee table, you felt the room hadn't been cleaned up. Acoustically it was awful. You dropped a spoon on the table and thought a pistol shot had gone off." Johnson acknowledges the practical deficiencies, and simply calls Warburg "an angel" for never having blamed him for them at the time. At least the apartment succeeded as an art object, in its visual grace and fine proportions and textural play.

Philip Johnson became a licensed architect nine years later. Today he puts Chippendale on the outside of buildings, and Edward Warburg uses it within. The latter married in 1939, and Mary Warburg would have nothing to do with the austerity of 37 Beekman Place. They have had various residences in which ornament and decoration have figured proudly. The first was a town house in the East 60s. George Stacey was the decorator. Eddie said to George Stacey, "Look, I don't want to interfere with your décor—you and Mary are working that out—but tell me something: where do you visualize that you're going to put the various paintings?" Stacey turned to Warburg and said, "Eddie, on the wall." At least it was better than the squash court. □



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COUNTRY FANCY



Denning & Fourcade decorate the first of one family's two dramatically different vacation retreats

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDGAR DE EVIA

The living room, *both views,* gained ten feet of height when a dead-space attic was removed. Schumacher wallpaper covers most surfaces. Balcony railing is a Carl Larsson copy. Instead of chandeliers: lampshades hung high. Of the swan chairs, Robert Denning says, "I love parlor sets; I love not to be eclectic."



The couple who own this weekend cottage have a strong sense of place: here in a patch of green woods, their comfortably pretty rooms seem to say "country" at first glance. On the pages that follow these, we see how they respond to an entirely different setting on a beach.

For the country cottage, the couple asked the decorator of their opulent New York apartment, Robert Denning of Denning & Fourcade, to help. He is a knowledgeable romantic with a down-to-earth streak. Denning looked at the 1940s one-story house and invented "an old *moulin*—like the Duchess of Windsor's little place outside Paris." Trellis was originally placed indoors against gray stucco walls—"too serious for a *moulin*." He ordered flowered wallpaper "that looked like gift wrap when it went up—I think of myself as fearless but I had doubts until we put the trellis back and then it was fine."

Another influence in the cottage is the work of the Swedish artist Carl Larsson, seen in some of the color and details and in the casual affection for old family things. "Larsson shows us how well you can do with what you have at hand," Denning says. □ *By Elaine Greene. Editor: Carolyn Sollis*

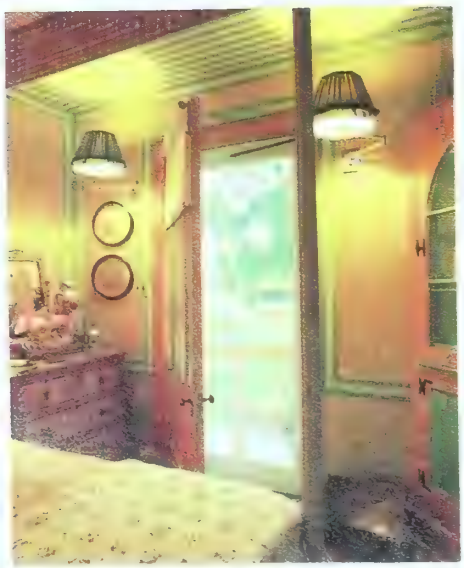
Lace window shade give a summer look the living room, *abo* Rug is a Savonnerie what Denning describes as "the lat 19th-century Ritz taste." He added th heavy cornices, whic contain indirect lighting. *Opposite:* C leather sofa is "childproof" by design. Potting-shed painting was a lucky find: there is a shed the property.


loor and Greenhouse Plants Hamlyn
North America





Master bedroom, *left* and *above,* is lined with paisley wallpaper topped by an antique border. Scandinavian ceramic stove serves as a table. *Two views below:* A pair of guest rooms has the same stripped pine floors, striped wallpaper ceiling and borders, pine wood-graining trim, unpretentious country furniture. Robert Denning credits the color scheme to Carl Larsson.

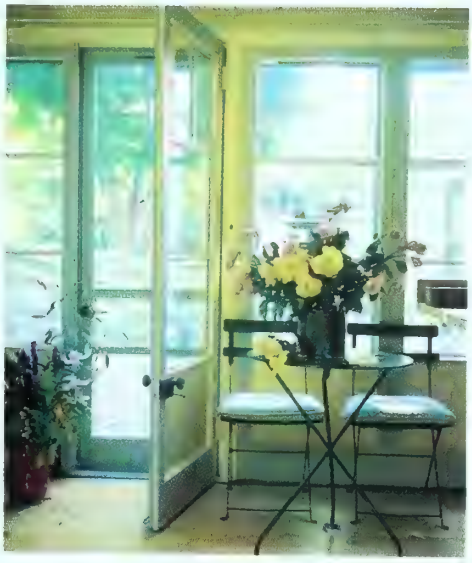








The potting shed/ greenhouse, *left,* sometimes serves as a dining room. *Above:* A "Swedish-y" drop-front desk was Denning's choice for one bedroom. *Below:* When the unused upper reaches of the living room were exposed, a balcony space was gained. Rug was bought used from The Plaza hotel in New York. *Below left:* Outdoors-oriented kitchen is yellow and green.



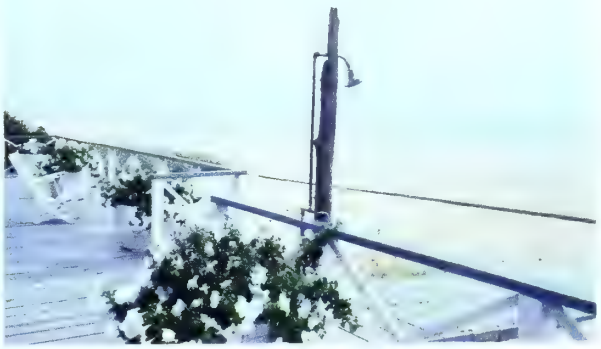


On the following six pages

Their ultimate luxury, a total change of view . . .



SEASIDE SIMPLICITY



The family's second home reflects the pure white light of the beach

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY BRIGITTE LACOMBE

The master bath, *left,* has an incomparable view, but the existing window created an uncomfortably exposed feeling until a muntinlike screen was added. *Above:* The *raison d'être* for the house—the ocean as a backdrop.





As different as a forest and a sea—that's how different one couple's two weekend houses are. In the preceding story their country cottage is shown; here is how they live on the Atlantic shore. They fell in love at their first sight of the vast three-and-a-half-story shingle house and bought it from the film director who had just done marvels with it but had decided not to move in. The hundred-year-old house had been, when the previous owner took it over, dilapidated, closed against the seascape, dark on every surface, and—summing it up—decorated with moose heads. The director had told his designer to restore the fine details and "make it a 1920s beach house."

The current owners moved in as happily as if they had done the house over themselves, retaining all the architectural details and colors. They feel that the spirit of the setting is captured at last after a century of inappropriately dark and closed-in rooms. The woman who lives here says, "I hardly ever leave the property. I love being close to the ocean in this uncluttered house, whatever the season or weather." Her country-house decorator is a friend and he visits, but he does not share her enthusiasm. "In fact," she says with a smile, "he hates it." □

By Elaine Greene
Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

Olga San Giuliano, architectural designer for the previous owner, restored the original woodwork, whitened floors, chose wall colors evocative of wet sand, dry sand, oyster shells. Wicker and lace are current owner's contribution.



A view toward the ocean side of the big central room, originally partitioned where arch is seen, *above,* shows beveled-glass French doors and casements designed by San Giuliano. Doors had been solid, windows smaller. *Right:* One touch to remind the couple of their country-house decorator is the fringed lampshade in the master bedroom. *Opposite:* The kitchen was moved from a dark corner on the road side right into the dunes, where a dining room had been. San Giuliano researched Victorian screen doors and designed five pairs, all different.











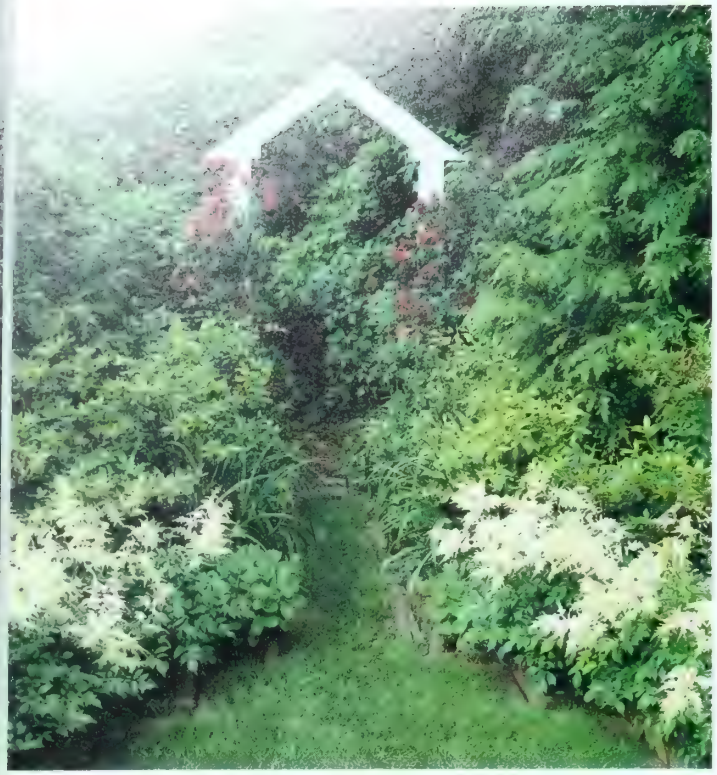
THE FLOWERING OF NEW ENGLAND

Landscape architect Michael Van Valkenburgh creates a modern garden from remnants of a nineteenth-century farm

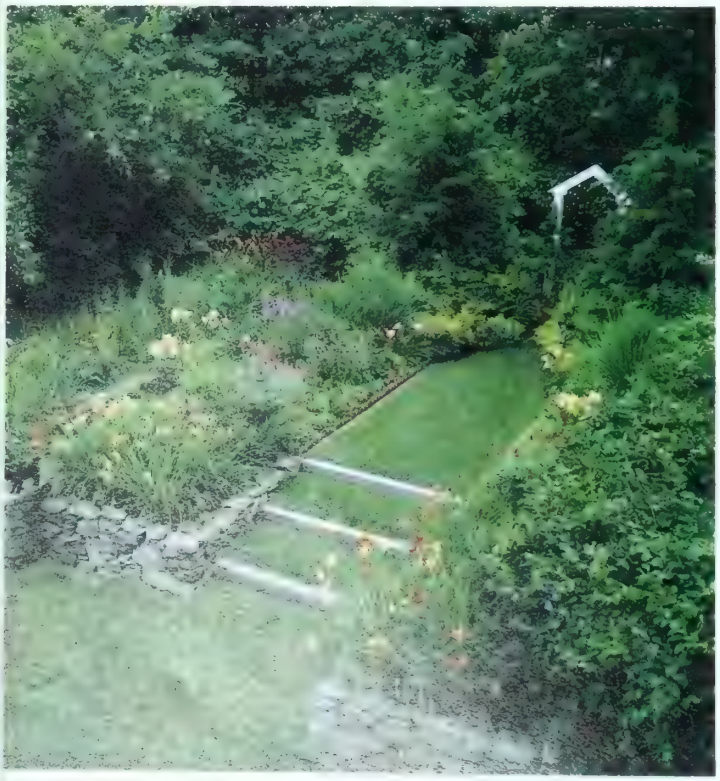
BY JORY JOHNSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTOPHER BARNES

Early June color, *left,* includes azalea 'Jane Abbott', *Iris sibirica,* pink poppies. The white wooden arch leads to a woodland path, echoes the roof lines of the house, *above.*



An apple tree surviving from the 19th-century farm landscape anchors the lower garden, *opposite.* Billows of impatiens have succeeded spring bulbs in the oval bed beneath it. *Above:* Banks of white astilbe and red roses climbing the arch celebrate July Fourth in the herbaceous borders. Two weeks later, *below,* they glow with mixed hemerocallis, rudbeckia, liatris, lychnis, and nasturtiums.



The garden is in a picturesque Massachusetts suburb of mostly Victorian houses, many of the older ones once farmhouses. Today, if one looks carefully, one can still read the old farming village in them, in the stone walls, the second-growth maples and hemlocks, and the converted carriage houses. As the farmland was taken over by new houses, the old houses expanded to accommodate children, automobiles, and prosperity.

Before Cambridge landscape architect Michael Van Valkenburgh was called in, the architectural firm of Childs, Bertman, Tseckares and Casendino had enlarged the house toward the rear of the property, which oriented the kitchen and sunroom toward the overgrown site of an old barn. All that remained beneath the tangle of vines and brambles was the dry-laid stone retaining wall of a barn, the vestiges of a dirt ramp that once carried animals and machinery up to the level of the barn floor, and the stone foundation of a greenhouse.

The client's dreams, however, had little to do with the history of the site, but rather with his memories of his visit to Claude Monet's garden at Giverny. While he recognized that his property was considerably smaller than Monet's garden, his only request to Michael Van Valkenburgh was to create something with the luxuriant color and fecundity of Monet's famous garden.

Van Valkenburgh was delighted to draw inspiration from Monet's garden, his paintings, and his theories of color and light. He also had a private agenda, which he brings to all his projects: his belief that a design must work "on both a practical and symbolic level." In the case of this garden, he regarded the site's setting and the physical remnants of the nineteenth-century farm as evocative material for his design.

Using the existing foundations as a spatial suggestion, he extended the dry-laid stone wall at right angles, cutting into the barn ramp to stabilize a level contour for two herbaceous borders—the "Monet" garden. Three six-foot lengths of granite were set into the barn ramp, creating generous grass steps between the new stone walls. The greenhouse stone foundation below and parallel to the barn became the frame for a third herbaceous border.

At the end of the upper borders, he designed a flat white gable-peaked arch on a direct axis with the kitchen window of the new addition. Its width is smaller than the lawn between the borders, and the brick edging of the beds narrows in a serrated pattern to the width of the arch, forcing the perspective from the kitchen end. The arch completes the formal garden, refers to the many gable ends of the various additions to the house, and announces the woodland path beyond.

The path through the arch becomes a wildflower walk in the woods that screen the back of the property. Van Valkenburgh enhanced the woodland experience by planting sassafras, maples, bloodroot, trillium, and other native trees and plants.

In the lower part of the garden Van Valkenburgh has started a rose arbor and used a palette of nineteenth-century plants including spirea and lilacs to separate the lawn from the street. *(Text continued on page 155)*



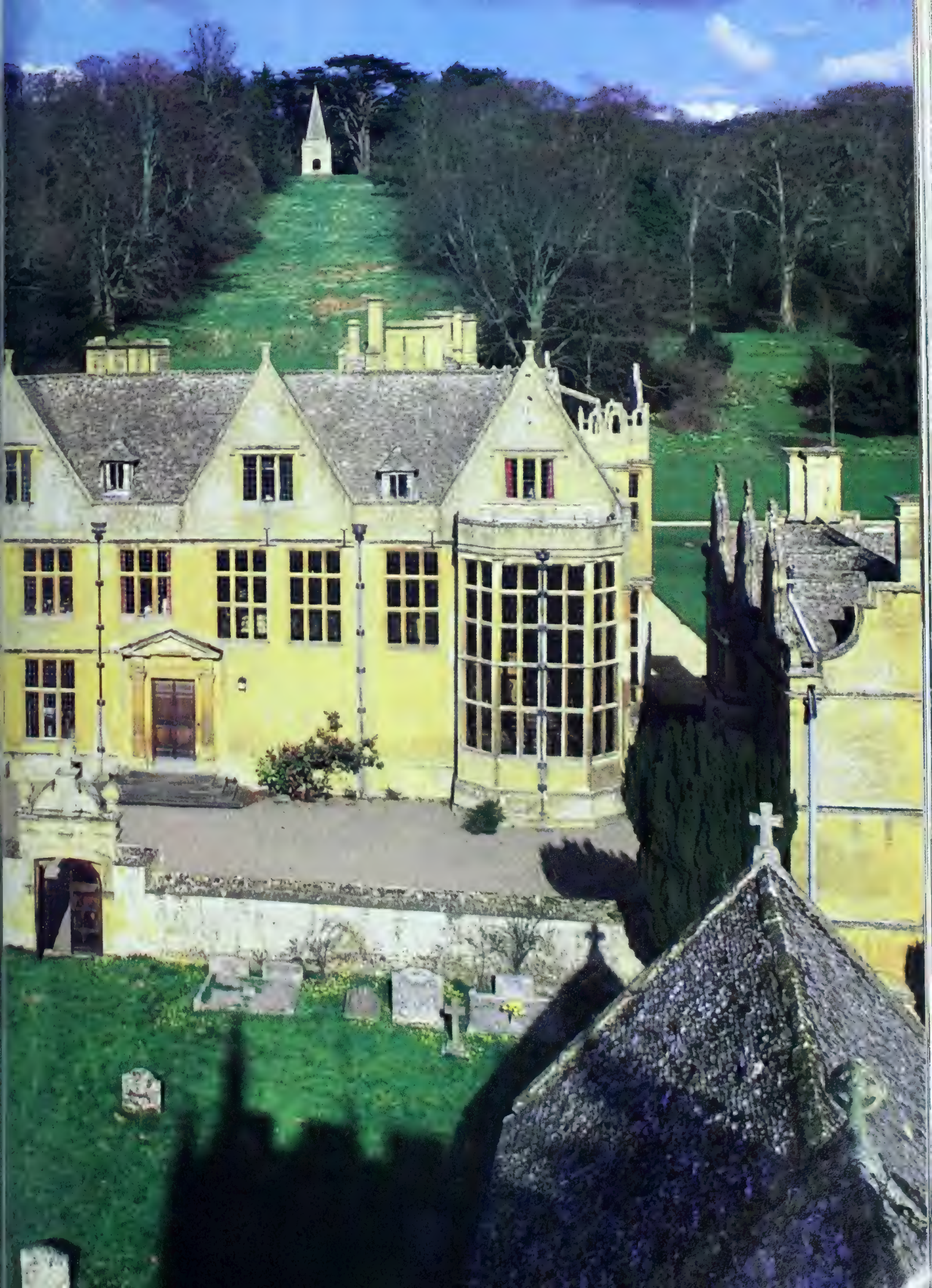
ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE



The very lively Lord and Lady Neidpath at home in their seventeenth-century Cotswold manor

BY STEVEN M. L. ARONSON
PHOTOGRAPHS
BY LUCINDA LAMBTON

View, *right,* from the bell tower of the church over the parish graveyard to the West Front of Stanway House and pyramid beyond. *Above:* Tombstone for Lord Neidpath's yellow Labrador, Smelly.





Frank Lloyd Wright called Stanway "every American's dream of the English country house." J. M. Barrie, leasing it summer after Gloucestershire summer, found there a never-never land to rival the one he created for Peter Pan: "a place where dreams are born and time is never planned." In the twilight of Edwardian England, the "Souls"—that gilded, talented, high-spirited set which boasted both a prime minister, Arthur Balfour, and a viceroy, Lord Curzon—gathered there. Artists and intellectuals of diverse persuasions also came to stay: such compatible incompatibles as Edith Wharton, Sidney and Beatrice Webb, H.G. Wells, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Chesterton, Galsworthy, L.P. Hartley, Henry James.

The rambling house is built of golden Cotswold limestone rusted to dark orange and tinted with gray lichen, its Great Hall illuminated by a two-story-high dais window made up of hundreds of latticed panes, "so mellowed by time that whenever the sun shines through their amber and green glass, the effect is of a vast honeycomb and indeed, at all times and in all weathers, of stored sunshine." In winter, however, it also surpasses all expectations one might have of English country houses—I once identified five different drafts converging on my neck from five different directions.

"At 23 I got the ambition to live at Stanway—I decided that the one thing I really wanted to do in life was live here and preserve it"

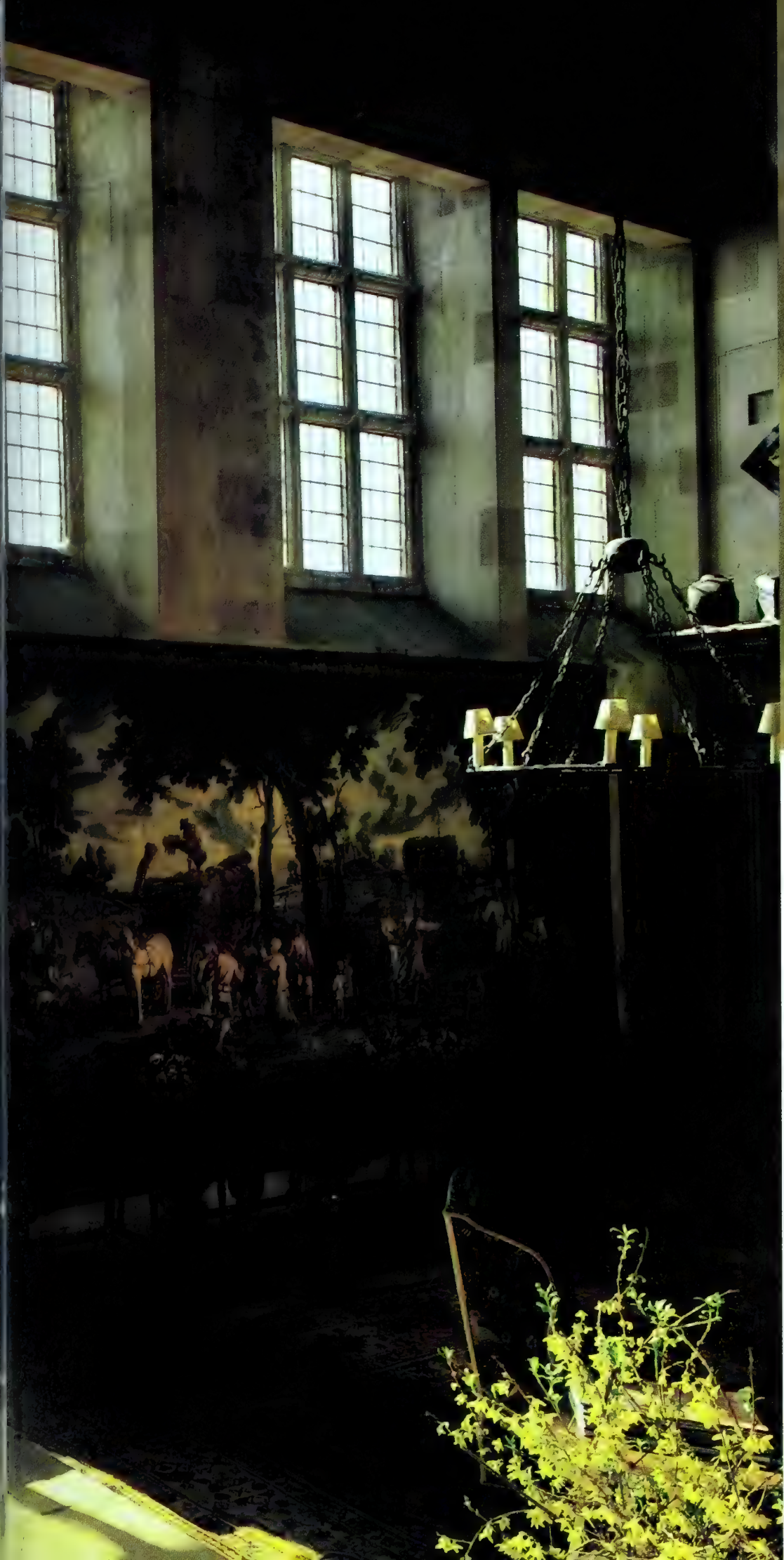
Perched on a foothill, Stanway and its exquisite gatehouse (once attributed to Inigo Jones) mildly dominate the village of the same name. The surrounding park is classic English pastoral—oaks, hedges, wide grass terraces, avenues of horse chestnuts and lime, and "the brief shimmering waxen glory of a large magnolia tree." Behind the house, the gardens slope upward to the Cotswolds, from which are visible the valleys of the Severn and the Avon, the hills of Alderton, Dumbleton, Dixton, and Oxenton, the Malvern Hills, and in the distance the Black Mountains of Wales.

Today Stanway is one of a small and ever-diminishing number of great English houses still wholly in private hands. "I'd never planned to live here, I was going to become an academic somewhere," confesses the present squire, 38-year-old James Donald Charteris, Lord Douglas of Neidpath, Lyne, and Munard, son and heir of the twelfth Earl of Wemyss (pro-



Three funeral hatchments hang over two 18th-century tapestries in the Tudor Great Hall, *opposite,* once used for administering manorial justice, now for large summer lunches and dinners. Shuffleboard table, circa 1620, just visible on right. *Right:* Lord and Lady Neidpath with their son, the Hon. Francis Richard Charteris, by the South Front door.









The high chair in the center of dais window of the Great Hall, *left,* is a pneumatic Chippendale exercise chair in which one bounced up and down. Large tapestry, on right, signed by Urbain and Daniel Leyniers. *Above:* Frequent guests from the thirties in a Stanway album made by craftsman C. R. Ashbee.

The window in the Great Hall is "so mellowed by time that when the sun shines through the amber and green glass, the effect is of a vast honeycomb"



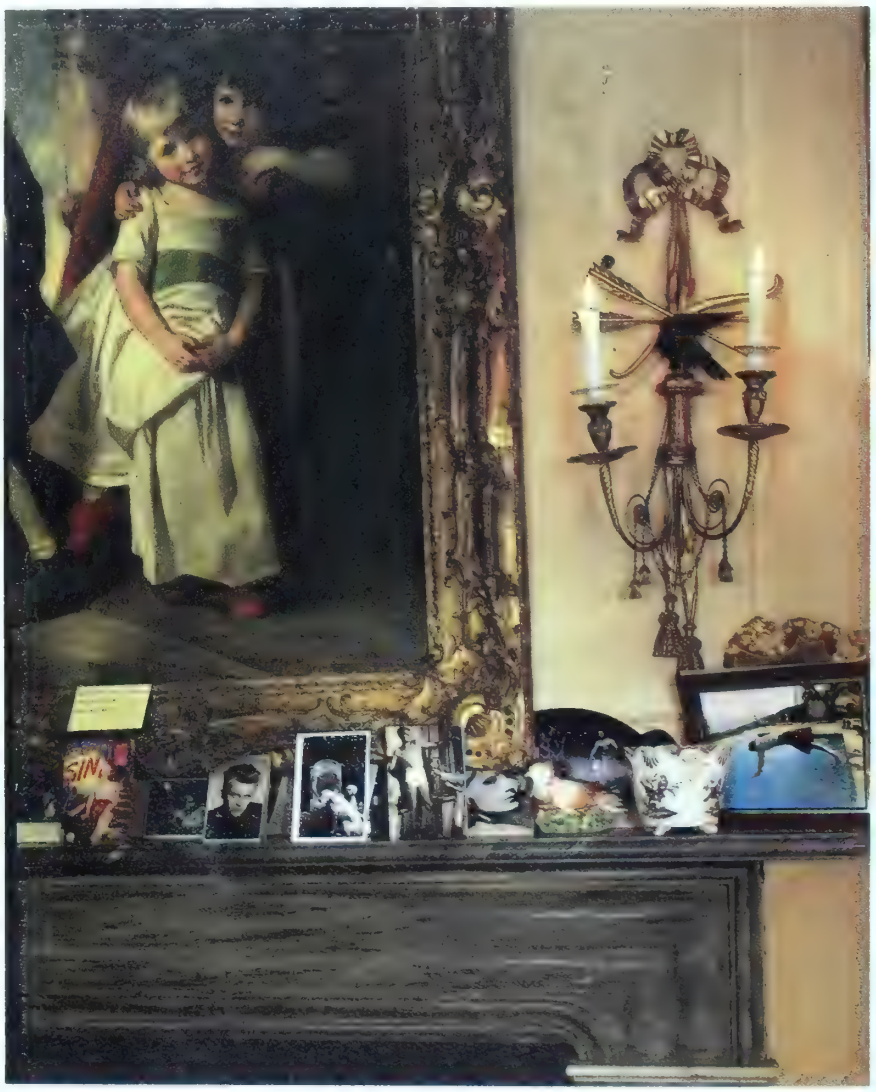
"The Chinese Chippendale daybeds are perfect for an afternoon nap—my great-grandfather is said to have 'conquered' the then Countess of Essex on one, or both, of them"



In the Drawing Room, *right,* Chinese Chippendale daybeds, circa 1760, are on either side of the fireplace. George Romney's portrait, *The Eighth Earl of Wemyss and Two of His Sisters,* 1780, hangs above the mantel. Lord Neidpath's father stays in the gatehouse, *top,* when he visits from Scotland. The tithe barn, *above,* built circa 1370, is used for plays, concerts, and the annual horticultural show.



a Willow Room into a nursery for little Dick. Portraits of his Victorian ancestors now gaze down at his gurglings"



The Willow Room, *opposite,* decorated by William Morris, is used as a nursery. Portrait of Mary Wyndham as a girl in Cumbria by Valentine Prinsep hangs over the table. *Above:* A sconce in the style of Robert Adam, circa 1790, is above a Meissen jardiniere and a collection of cards on the mantel in the Drawing Room.

nounced Weems) and March. "When I was growing up I would come here from Scotland now and then to stay with my granny. But not until I was 23 was I seized by the realization that it was the most purely romantic place I'd ever seen. Suddenly I got the ambition to live here—I decided that the one thing I really wanted to do in life was live here and preserve it."

In order to do so, the elegantly educated Neidpath—Eton; B.A., University College, Oxford; D. Phil., St. Antony's, Oxford (dissertation thesis: *The Singapore Naval Base and the Defense of Britain's Eastern Empire, 1919–1941,* published by the prestigious Clarendon Press)—determined to become a farmer, studying first at Bowhill and then at Boughton with the Duke of Buccleuch, and later at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester.

Well, if you were going to stay down on the farm, this was the farm to stay down on. Notable for having changed hands only once, inheritance aside, in the last 1,271 years, Stanway was the summer retreat of the Abbots of Tewkesbury from 715 to 1533. Then, with the clerics cursing their usurpers, it was taken over by the Tracys—squires since before the Norman Conquest—who between 1580 and 1640 built most of the present house. In 1817 Stanway passed to a Scottish family—the Charterises, Earls of Wemyss—thanks to the marriage of Susan Tracy to Francis Charteris, Lord Elcho, son of the seventh Earl of Wemyss. Since her twelfth-century ancestor William Tracy had been one of the four knights who left Thomas Becket "weltering in his own blood" on the altar steps of Canterbury Cathedral, Susan may have brought to her marriage bed an ancient curse. Her husband died young, as did three subsequent Lord Elchos, including—in 1954—Jamie Neidpath's elder brother Iaian, struck down at the age of eight by a lorry on the west coast of Scotland. (On two recent visits to Stanway I was given the Elcho Bedroom in the Elcho Wing and while I didn't hear any dispossessed clerics chortling, I was certainly listening for them.)

Jamie at the age of five succeeded to the tainted Elcho title. Perhaps to avoid any further mishaps, his father changed the name to Neidpath, a courtesy title inherited in 1810 along with Neidpath Castle, a solidly built keep on the banks of the river Tweed. ("Neid" means "bullock" in Anglo-Saxon—the path that winds around the castle was wide enough for a bullock but not a cart.)

Traditions die hard with Jamie Neidpath; in fact, they don't die at all. In Scotland, he unfailingly turns himself out in a kilt with gum boots; at Stanway—indeed, in London or *(Text continued on page 162)*


PARKER
Quink
ROYAL BLUE WASHABLE

COLORADO PAINT BOX

Architect Harry Teague designs a gleaming house and studio for New York artists Brad Davis and Janis Provisor

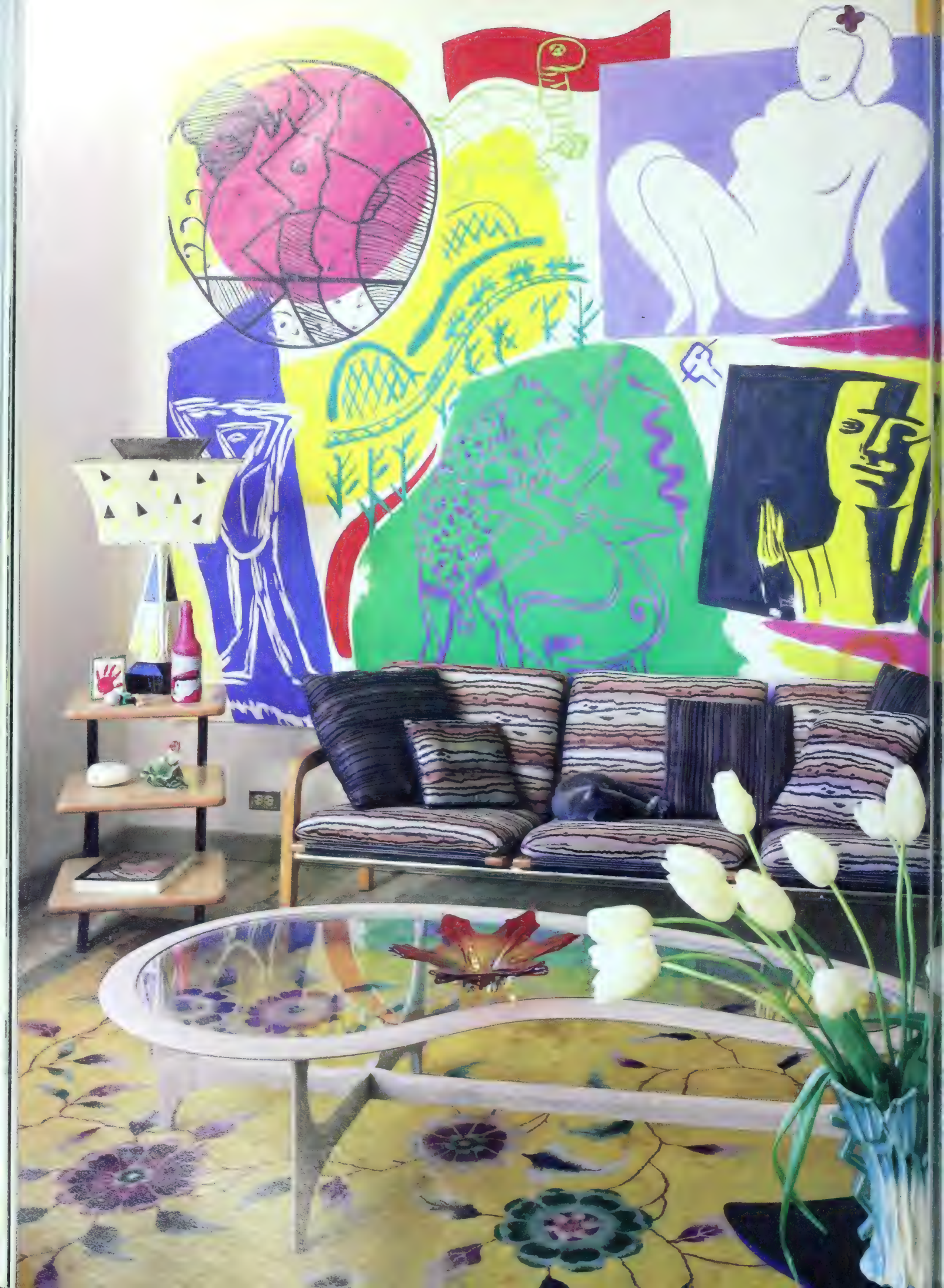
BY RICHARD PRICE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIMOTHY HURSLEY







Two views, *this page,* of rear of house with main entrance, *above,* protected by a thousand-year-old juniper; luminous quality of the steel exterior, *below,* allows it to reflect changing Big Sky; views, *opposite,* of front with strip of studio lights giving it a spaceship look.



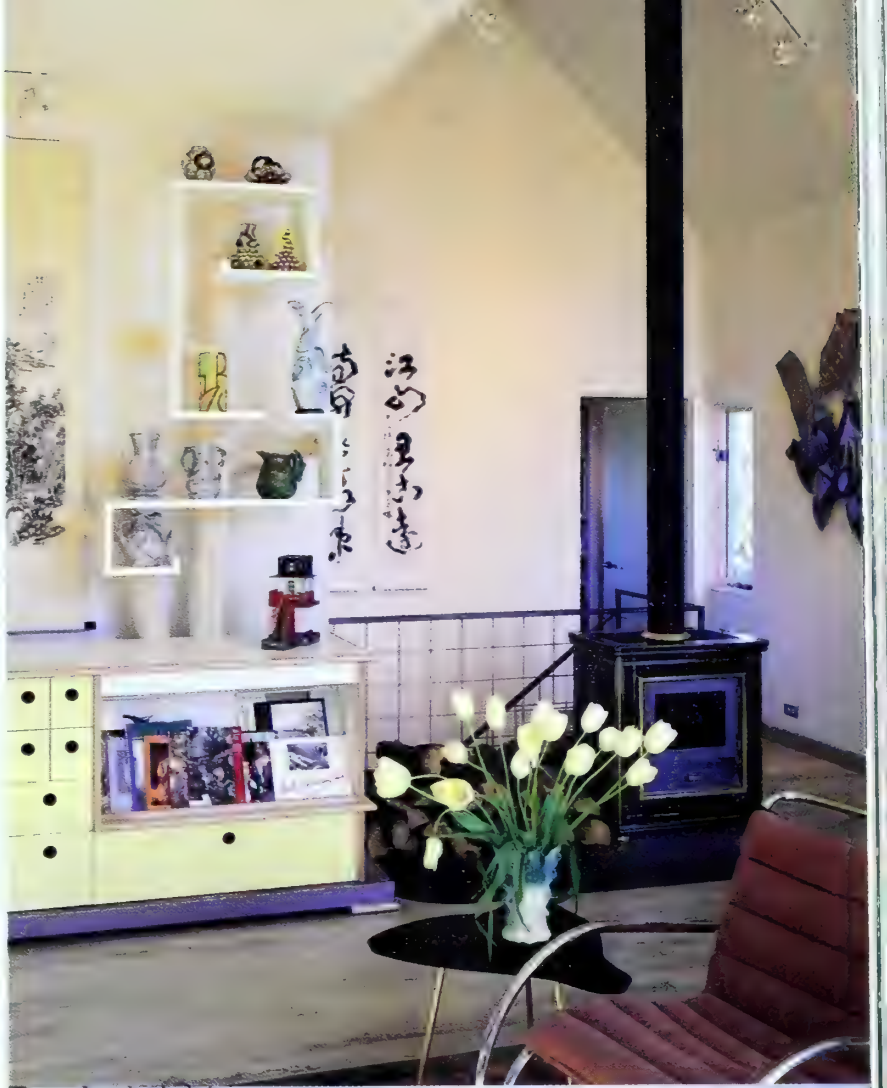
Colorado architect Harry Teague says that when designing a house in the face of such overwhelming nature as the Rocky Mountains, one has two choices: blend in or contrast. It would seem safe to say that building a galvanized corrugated steel house with lime-green window trim, in a land of juniper trees, sage bushes, and snowcapped vistas is opting for the "contrast" approach, but there's more here than meets the eye.

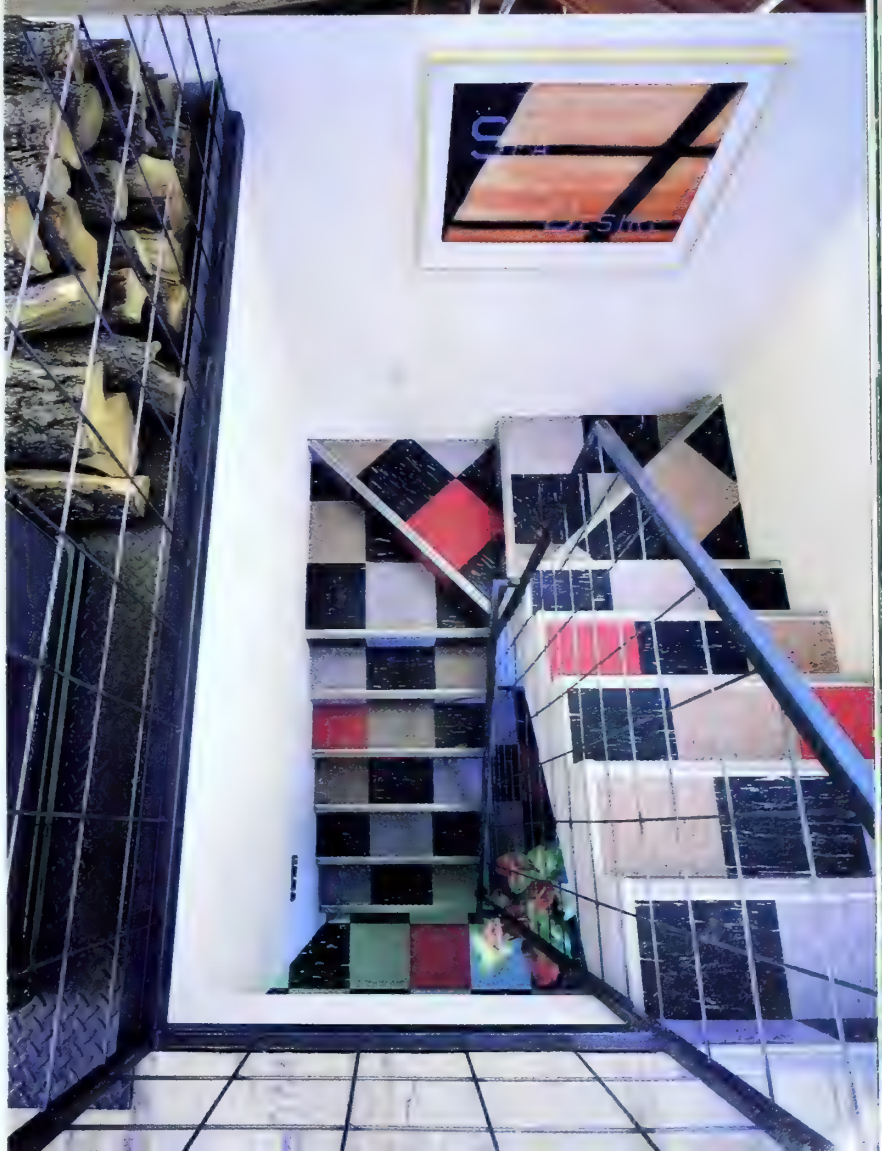
At first glance, this steel Kleenex box, this barn for mechanical cows, this church for cyborgs seems to be hovering over the earth. It's only on the double take that you realize that this gleaming rectangle is merely the top half of a two-story structure, and that it rests on a ground floor whose exterior walls are of plum stucco—a color and texture that blends in so harmoniously with the terrain as to vanish—pulling off a trompe-l'oeil levitation.

This is the Colorado home of New York–based artists Brad Davis and Janis Provisor—a bit of elegant singularity in a bowl of a plateau of a valley of a mountain range thirty miles from Aspen in a subdivision of rustic, woody "blend-in" homes and magnificent primordial vistas. Unfortunately, elegant singularity does not appeal to everyone. The neighbors seem distinctly ill at ease around this UFO of a house; a party-line sharer calls and asks if he has "the trailer" on the line; a nearby resident refers to it as a house in a Woody Allen movie; another says purple stucco just isn't American—*purple* isn't even American, until someone else says, "Oh yeah, how about purple mountain majesties?"

But if the neighbors would observe while watching they'd realize that steel can pay homage to nature more ingeniously than wood. Architect Teague, who co-designed the house with Provisor and Davis, felt that in order for it to hold its own in the face of nature's massive statement it had to be designed in such a way as to reflect a larger object in the landscape. The larger object in this case is Mount Sopris, a razor-ridged, snowcapped behemoth ten miles south that dominates the valley with "awesome" serenity.

Staring at Sopris, the roof of the house, a flat symmetrical two-step bisected by a small triangular pediment, seems an effigy of a mountain range—and the house is to Sopris as an idol is to its deity. The fact that this idol *(Text continued on page 176)*

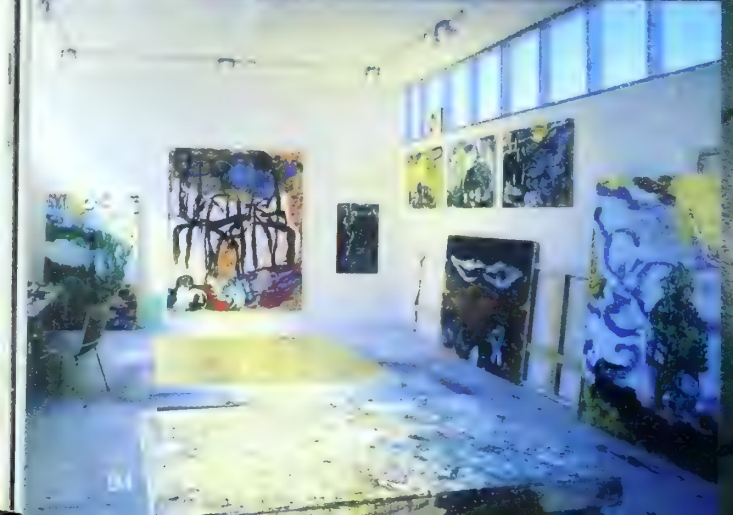




Kim MacConnel's painting *Caveman,* 1985, in living room, *opposite,* hangs behind Thonet sofa and fifties kidney-shaped table on twenties Chinese Deco rug. On left, Haitian spirit bottle and Arteluce lamp on three-step Swedish table. *Top:* Storage unit designed by William Lipsey built by Don Stuber combines cactus forms with Chinese fret shelving above fifties-style drawers. Piazzetta stove and wall relief, *Deuces Wild,* 1980–81, by George Sugarman are to right. *Right:* A Hopi-inspired kiva-style entrance of tiled stairs leads to main rooms.









The kitchen/dining room, *right*, where a hanging storage unit of steel, glass, and perforated aluminum built by Steve Parzybok echoes design of the large window that, in turn, reflects the shape of distant mountains. Thonet chairs flank table designed by Davis. *Left:* Brad Davis and Janis Provisor in between his studio, *top*, and hers, *below*.



PURITANICAL PLEASURES

Summer in Maine

BY ELIZABETH HARDWICK
PHOTOGRAPH
BY LEN JENSHEL

The forsythia has already died and blown away in Central Park and the clusters of bloom on the lilac bushes in the suburbs are soon to be a drooping fade. But when you go up to Maine in May the first flowerings are reluctant, not quite ready, not to be hurried. The trees are not yet leafy, not at all. Houses never seen in the summer shadow of tree branches are visible just back from the road even in late spring.

The splendor of the region always retains a pristine frugality in its messages, a puritanical remnant in its pleasures. Like the blossoms, you are reminded that you can wait—and also you can do without. A lonesome pine, country music drift in the air, long-lost sentiments. He'll never return from the sea (the Merchant Marine) and the blue-eyed girl has gone to the office desks of Connecticut, never to look back.

Maine took me by surprise from the first and still, after three decades of summers, it takes me by surprise. I never expected to have knowledge of this most northeasterly part of our country. Perhaps the true Maine persons, those families on the soil for over a hundred years, will dispute the claims to special acquaintance made by a mere summer resident, even if such turns up year after year. Throughout New England there is a good deal of harmless intensity about length of tenure.

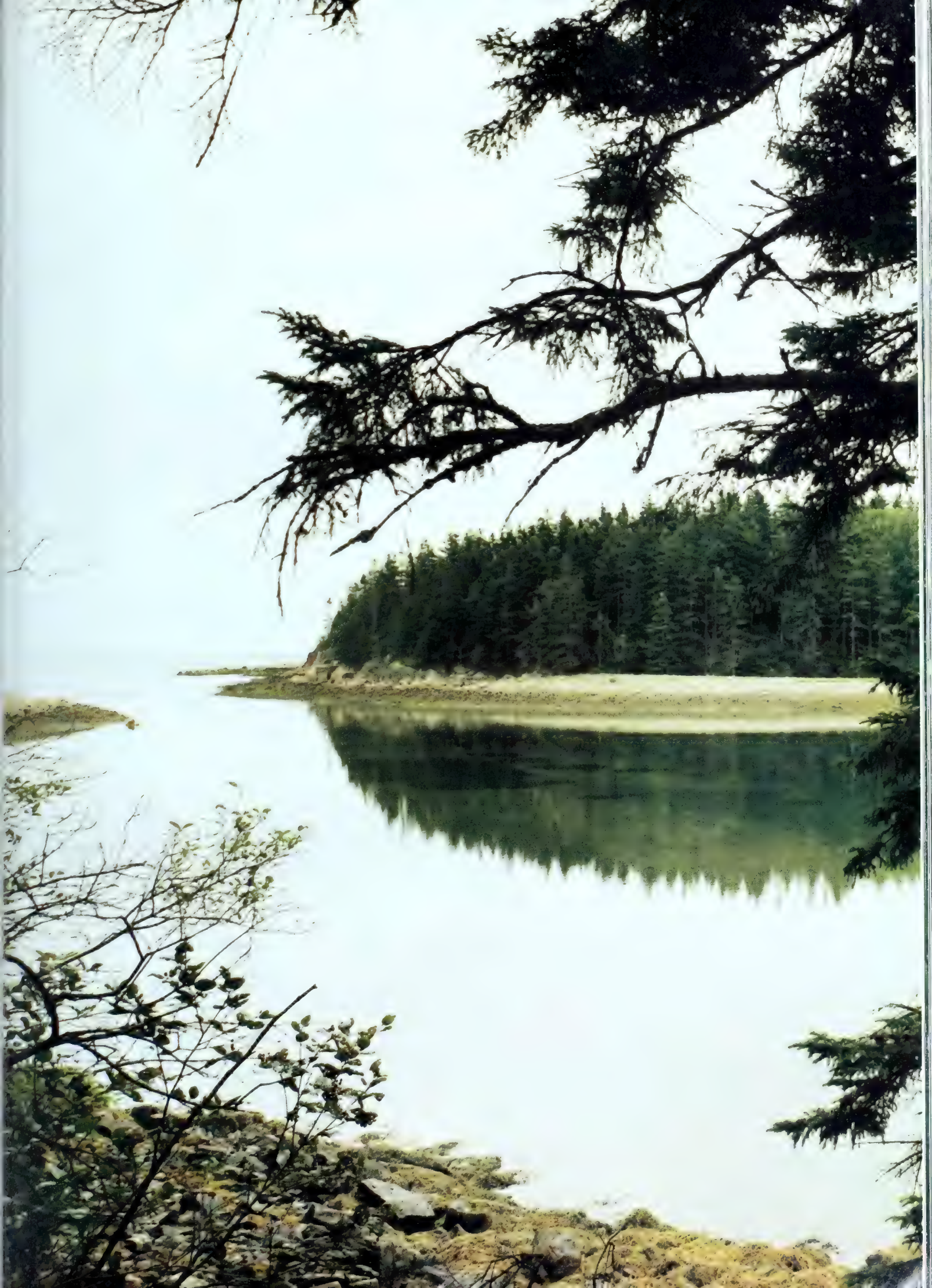
When I look out my window in the little Maine coastal village of Castine, what I see is altogether different from the landscape of my youth and my growing up. I was born in Lexington, Kentucky, a beautiful town, proud to be the center of "the bluegrass country." It is rolling land, gentle and moderate, and yet suitable to the production of rather extreme luxuries or vices: horses, bourbon whiskey, and tobacco. Lexington was, or so we believed, the most hospitable and refined setting the state had to offer.

By those steps one takes, the paths that mysteriously open up to become life history or biography, I became bound to New York and parts of Massachusetts and then, quite without preparation or planning, on to Maine, or up to Maine, or even down to Maine, as they might express it.

It is a summer long ago and there you are on a visit to a relation, this one a Washington, D.C., lady who had for many decades made her way from the humid national shrines to the breezes and fogs of Maine. She accomplished this with great stateliness and purposefulness, this passage to the "summer place," in no way as noticeably "summery" as the rest of the country. She came early on by way of the coastal steamers and when they, so to speak, sank like some lumbering victim of practical disrespect, she traveled by Pullman car from Washington to the city of Bangor, a mere stopping place since summer people are on their way to sea and bay and lake—to water.

Water: that is the Maine essence. The dock, the pier, the tides, the coves, the picnic islands within sight. Having grown up inland, I had felt no cause to lament either shore or mountaintop. Often I think the addition of these spectacles is a spiritual gain and also a burden since "on

The dark woods, still, cold waters, and sense of remoteness of Mount Desert Island, *opposite* and *overleaf*.



the water" can become an obsession.

I speak of Maine in the summer and perhaps that is not out of line since the "Pine Tree State" also bears "Vacationland" on its license plates. This may seem a great peculiarity to those accustomed to sandy beaches, deep suntans, and g-string bathing costumes. And I speak mostly of "summer people" as a courtesy earned by those who know the Maine winters. Many summer people have come to Maine as an inheritance. Their grandparents built or bought a large shingle "cottage" somewhere near the water and the generations continued decade after decade since up to Maine is where they have gone and where they go once again. Maine ordinarily is not chosen by oneself in adult life, as one would choose to take a house on Long Island, in Connecticut, or on the islands of Massachusetts. That is, choose to go where others like oneself may be found, perhaps those you meet quite often all year long. For me too, Maine came in a cross-stitch route by inheritance.

The strangeness of Maine is that it is not near anything, unless it can be thought reasonably near Boston, some hundreds of miles to the south. Difficulty inhabits Maine like the great spruce trees. It is a quality in itself, promising and delivering a sort of fetishistic determination upon the management of isolation, cold water, long journeys, boat maintenance, hauls by ferry or scow if the decorative, the fashionable, the useful, and the comfortable are felt to be necessary.

For the rich with a puritanical inclination it was the habit long ago to buy a Maine island or, later, to trek to an island and there to make a prodigious effort, with a nod to the Northeast plainness of accommodation, to establish a version of the grand style. Thus the large cottages at Dark Harbor and North Haven, many of them attached to the names of great American fortunes. There one can see, in a willful translation, the chintzes spread about in the style of the reigning New York decorators. In the driveways and gardens, large tubs of agapanthus, ruffled lilies of a salmon hue quite putting in the shade the yellow clumps of the local, hardy day lily—at least the fuchsia, lusher and plumper than usual in their baskets, seem happy in the mist so freely offered. Where you can take little for granted beyond the gorgeousness of the storm-tossed landscape, efforts of the will perhaps give the summer people a pleasant recollection of the old frontier virtues.

"This world is more beautiful than convenient," Thoreau wrote about New England. In Maine the weather is not convenient, the water is not convenient, the isolation is not convenient. Indeed the state stands at the utmost end of inconvenience. It was covered by the continental glacier during the Ice Age and its hardscrabble soil, its 1,600 lakes, its "embayed" coastline remain as souvenirs. And a certain arctic forecasting seems often to mingle with the breeze-laden heat of summer. In the great spruces the memory of winters past and the promise of winters to come hang like dark birds in the branches. As the wind prompts the sailboats in the bay, it is not a masochistic shudder to wonder if the house will in January be swept away by the winter tides or uprooted by the winds or simply frozen to death and eaten to sustain the crows and gulls.

As a people we appear to be ready to decline even a gentle descent of the winter season. You might say the entire country has just about *had it* with storm windows, the shovel and the snow plow, the laboriously or expensively gained stack of wood logs. These impositions of nature are a grievous strain on the American soul, now pulsing with a sort of heated-up genetic strain. The tropical and the semitropical, or better a moderate, evanescent changing of the seasons, have become a demand dictated by our sense of suitability and natural right. Drafty houses bring to mind nothing except the sane example of migrating birds resolute in their escape from winter.

Maine, of course, cannot escape winter and so the conversation in the summer solstice often turns to wrapped pipes, thrifty stoves, and the dreamy victories of insulation. Sometimes you can imagine the glare of snow in the sunshine, imagine the pool on the back shore impatient for the scars of ice skates, the hill ready for the child's sled. The eternal return, the relentless course of sun are part of "vacationland"—along with the high tide and low tide, gale warnings, deer crossings. Weather is the protagonist of the drama.

Maine is humbling to ambition and therefore hospitable to thrift and endurance. It is a poor state with a great number of roadside houses and worn-out farms hopelessly decorated with for-sale signs. The woods, the forest, the wilderness. True they are not neighbors to the coast and yet, looking across the bay in a mist, water and tree come together in a large, black shadow telling of things ancient and careless of man. The patient, meditating heron outside the window at dawn, the shivering birch—no, one never becomes cozily familiar with this world. Depending upon the light, each glance about you is a discovery and what you are pleased to call home has a peculiar visual unsteadiness. An interesting melancholy, quite pleasing, drifts in the air. Unexplored acres, vast tracts, live in the memory, even amidst an unfortunately purchased plastic flamingo stalking the yards here and there. And always the stillness astonishes as you drive over the back roads on the way to Route 1 or Route 95. The crab and the lobster, stalk-eyed, decapod crustaceans—what are they except the watery kin of the tough caribou and moose?

The Maine people, the Maine character, or characters? It is prudent to practice resistance here since the Maine person enters published descriptions in the gross, so to speak. He and she come out of a box labeled THE MAINE NATIVE. Literary folk collect the stories, search for the orthographic equivalent of the accent—and so on. He is, the Maine person in that now frozen mold, the friend of the amateur writer, just as the tilting, scrappy sheds on the dock, the cove with its lonely sailboat, the plain white houses, and distant church steeple are the friends of the amateur painter. The human and natural scenery, expressing some kind of genuine difference, long ago took on a difference altogether predictable. What a chore it must have been for the imagination of Robert Frost and John Marin to rescue from cliché their hired hands and light little boats *(Text continued on page 180)*



A QUIETER COMPLEXITY

Zajac and Callahan, the masters of pattern on pattern, devise a distinctive new mix

BY MARGARET MORSE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANÇOIS HALARD



In the foyer, *opposite:* a mix of prints and paintings, a spangled mirror over an Irish Chippendale table, a George II chair, a green English Art Nouveau stand. *Above:* Japanese objects on a marble console skirted in Quadrille fabrics.



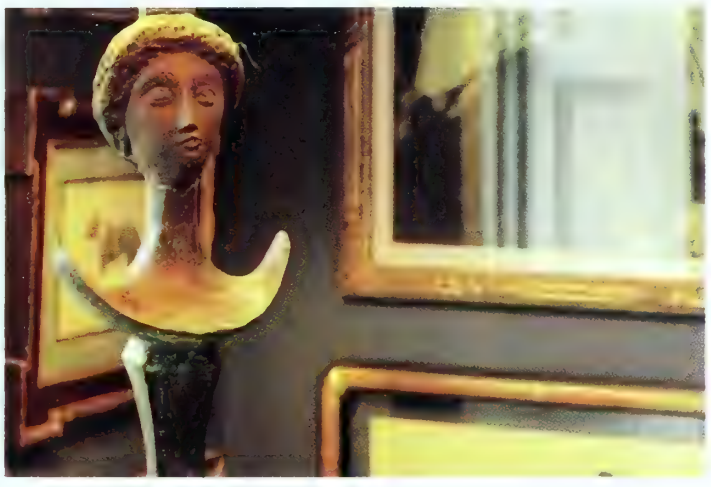
In the early seventies the New York decorating firm of Zajac & Callahan was synonymous with the deliberately hyperactive pattern-on-pattern look, but lately Edward Zajac and Richard Callahan have been applying their talent to a far quieter elegance. In their own apartment, their sure hand with a mix is still very evident in an eclectic gathering of styles and objects, organized by one soft print that covers all the living room's upholstered seating. Behind it, they chose a muted rose background with white trim, adding a few pieces in red, which are, in Edward Zajac's phrase, "as welcome as a fez in the desert."

Ceiling-heightening features include stepped-back bookcases trimmed in bamboo and Charles Gracie Oriental paper and, in the foyer, a floor-to-ceiling display of art variously framed. To enlarge space visually and make it easy to rearrange chairs, the floors are free of rugs. A hunger for c tail is satisfied with collections inclu ing Oriental silver, blue-and-whi porcelain, and lacquer. Zajac and C lahan collect by eye rather than pro nance and they downplay t brownstone apartment's symmetry using, for example, just one sconce b side the living-room mantel. Typifyi their fanciful philosophy of decor ing, the mantel clock has no hands.

Editor Jacqueline Gon



Zajac and Callahan are daring colorists with their foyer mix of slate blue, Ming green, and Chinese red



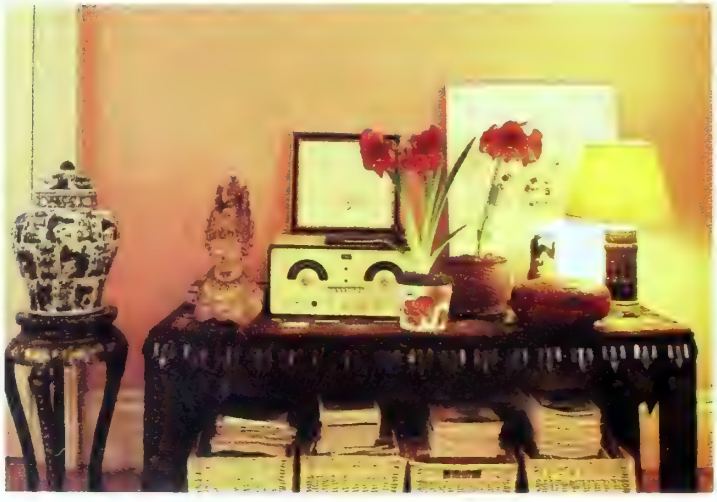
In the living room, *left,* gilded-wood rope decorates tufted chairs. Framing the fireplace are a pair of three-part mirrors, each part framed with mirrored mosaic tiles, by Zajac. *Above:* A characteristic bust decorates the Giacometti standing lamp. *Below:* A Friedel Dzubas painting hangs over a Chinese-inspired sofa trimmed in leather. The sofa and chairs are by Edward Zajac for Louis Maslow; their fabric from Zajac Inc. Foo-dog seat is papier-mâché.







On a red Régence table, *right,* a Zena-Indian eagle. Beyond the doorways is a large bedroom. *Above:* The dining room/studio has a Louis XVI–style table, American Empire chair, and curtains in a Twigs stripe from Fonthill. Julius Goldstein oil. *Below:* On a Zajac & Callahan table, a Regency head and a vintage Brionvega phonograph. *Bottom:* Japanese objects and one Venetian paperweight.







The furniture is formal but amusing—
a trio of tufted chairs with "passementerie" of gilded wood, small
front-facing versions of the English cockfighting chair

WILSON'S ATTIC

Under the eaves of a Bernardsville mansion, family toys and treasures tell the story of an American dynasty

BY CHRISTOPHER HEMPHILL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD DAVIES

The Thornton Wilsons' attic runs the length of most of the house—a straightforward Victorian mixture of Georgian plan and Gothic whimsy. Up under a high, steeply pitched slate roof, the attic is the special province of several generations of children and their theatricals. It also houses an archive-in-trunks of family tastes and produces, along with old lamps, tiebacks, valances, pictures, and books, a steady stream of textiles to be reused as present-day decoration.







As the passage of time [illegible] every [illegible] acquires significance. Imagine, then, an attic where almost nothing is humdrum, whose charms are not simply those of the heirloom and the disused, and from which it is possible to reconstruct an important slice of American social history. In the Thornton Wilsons' house in the hunt country of New Jersey such an attic actually exists.

So far, the Wilsons' attic has yielded variously a log from Vincent Astor's yacht, the *Vanadis*; Cecil Beaton family photographs; letters from such diverse personalities as Washington Irving and Lilly Lesch; Charvet shirts; Worth dresses; monogrammed silk baby clothes; silk tassels and tiebacks; fans and aigrettes; fencing equipment; Indian headdresses and pony-skin cowboy suits; lederhosen; kilts; jodhpurs; plus fours; fancy dress costumes; clerical gaiters; German puppets; trophies and medals; lace-trimmed linen sheets; Ruby Ross Wood chintzes; eighteenth-century French silks; nineteenth-century paisley shawls; quantities of antique lace; Belgian tapestries; Aubusson rugs; a set of Bohemian ruby crystal for 24; a Georgian silver teakettle; an ermine cape; a floor-length silver fox coat; and even a stray Cartier diamond pin. It all seems too good to be true, and in a sense it is. The attic's complete contents—the inheritance of a family that was separated early by divorce—were reunited under one roof only by its present owners.

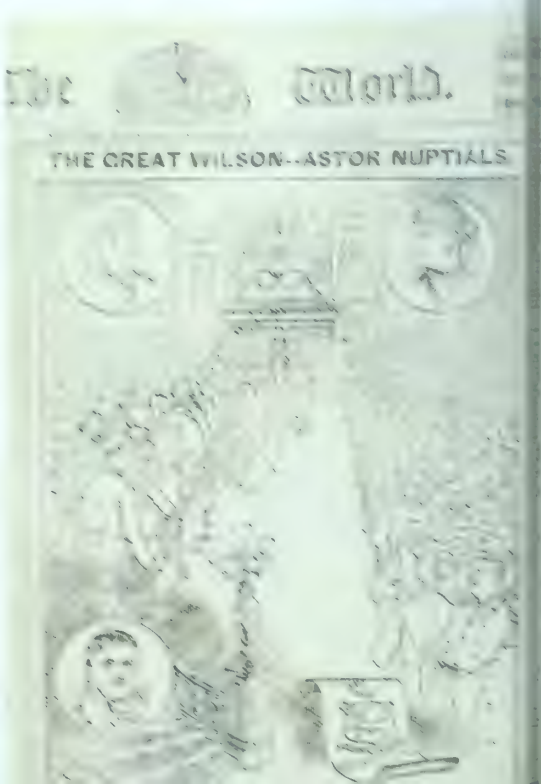
"The house is really just a Post house," Thornton Wilson protests.

"Yes, but you inherited it," his wife Josephine puts in, "and that's where the Wilsons come in."

Vuitton trunks in the attic, virtually identical but for the initials "O.W." on one set and "G.B.P." on the other, tell the story of the two different lines. The first group belonged to Orme Wilson, Thornton Wilson's paternal grandfather, whose marriage to Caroline Astor, the daughter of *the* Mrs. Astor of the "400" fame, was front-page news in 1884. The second group belonged to the builder of the house, Mr. Wilson's maternal grandfather, George B. Post, the founder of the brokerage firm Post & Flagg and the son of the distinguished architect of the same name, whose work included a Vanderbilt house on Fifth Avenue and the New York Stock Exchange. These were the two lines that converged in the marriage of Thornton Wilson Sr., to Harriet Post. Her wedding dress remains in the attic immaculately preserved in tissue paper. A photograph of the wedding party found in the attic is now displayed downstairs. The Wilsons' neighbor, the indomitable Mary Cutting, who was Harriet Post's closest friend, appears in the photograph. "The wedding was held in the garden," she recalls, "and Thornton—'Big Thornton'—said to Harriet, 'You're no longer a resident of New Jersey. From now on you're from the Bowery.'

"This part of New Jersey was still country then, you see," she continues. "I remember Harriet and I had been Indians as children—quite horrible children, forever having wars with the neighboring tribes. My youngest brother was only allowed one feather. I, as the chief, had a whole headdress of real eagle feathers." The alliance between the Posts and the Wilsons had a greater tribal complexity. Harriet Post's was the older of the two fortunes. Mementoes in the trunks in the attic—letters, photographs, and diaries—trace the two lines back farther. The Wilson




The World.

THE GREAT WILSON--ASTOR NUPTIALS



Aerial view of Kenilwood, the Wilson house, *left*. *Right:* Josie and Thornton Wilson photographed by Eric Boman on a covered stone porch used as an outdoor living room.

side began with Richard T. Wilson, a Confederate agent who moved north, made the original fortune, and eventually became one of the models for Rhett Butler. The marriage of his son to an Astor was just part of a dynastic accomplishment that also included the marriage of one daughter to a Vanderbilt, another to a Goelet, and their daughter to the Duke of Roxburghe. The Post side, on the other hand, included names like Appleton and Mather.

Although it sounds like a good match on paper, the Wilsons' marriage lasted only a decade. Big Thornton had no use for the country; his wife's cousin Mrs. Henry Parish II, the decorator known to all as "Sister," remembers him kicking a tree the only time she saw him in New Jersey. His passion, instead, was porcelain, and the extraordinary collection that resulted from it is not now in the attic but rather in the Metropolitan Museum. His wife, for her part, was happiest in Europe, and upon her remarriage moved to Austria. The current Thornton Wilson—"Little Thornton"—divided his life between his parents' separate lives. In the spring until the Fourth of July and in the fall following Labor Day, he thought of his Post grandparents' house as home.

The house, in those days, was a gentleman's farm, conducted, in Thornton Wilson's words, "just for the pleasure of looking at Guernsey cows," whose tails, he remembers, were curled with curling irons before each cattle show. Outside alone the help numbered forty. Many of the indoor help were housed in the attic, which also contained the pressing room required to maintain, among other things, the linen sheets that were changed every day. Grandchildren, on occasion, were also put up in the attic, which for Thornton Wilson now has the aspect not only of a family warehouse but of a museum of childhood. The scenery in front of which he staged amateur theatricals hangs there still.

"It had been painted in a studio by professionals," he recalls. "On rainy days when we couldn't go out to play my cousins and our friends and I would write a play and produce it. We'd set up chairs and charge my grandparents admission. There was always a fire with a lot of red flashlights and there was always a decapitation of some sort. I was usually the executioner. I had a big papier-mâché ax and I'd get somebody to put his head on the block. And we'd play records in the background. We'd usually start with the march from *The Huguenots*."

An only child, "terribly spoiled" in his own account—the monogrammed baby clothes found in the attic were his—he established early on a *modus vivendi* with his formidable grandmother, Julia Post, known to all of his generation as "Gargie." A kilt from the attic unlocks for him the memory of the occasion. "One day I was supposed to go to a birthday party," he recounts, "and Gargie said, 'Darling, I want you to put on that kilt.' I think I was seven but I just looked at her and said, 'I'm not putting on that damn kilt!' Nobody in the family had ever *dared* say anything like that to her. From then on we never had a fight."

Gargie was nevertheless much loved. Like the attic's contents, she was truly of another era, and her retrospectively quaint snobbisms amuse her descendants to this day. Her great-niece Ibbie Holmquist remembers presenting her Swedish fiancé to Gargie, who asked him if he had seen much of

(Text continued on page 178)



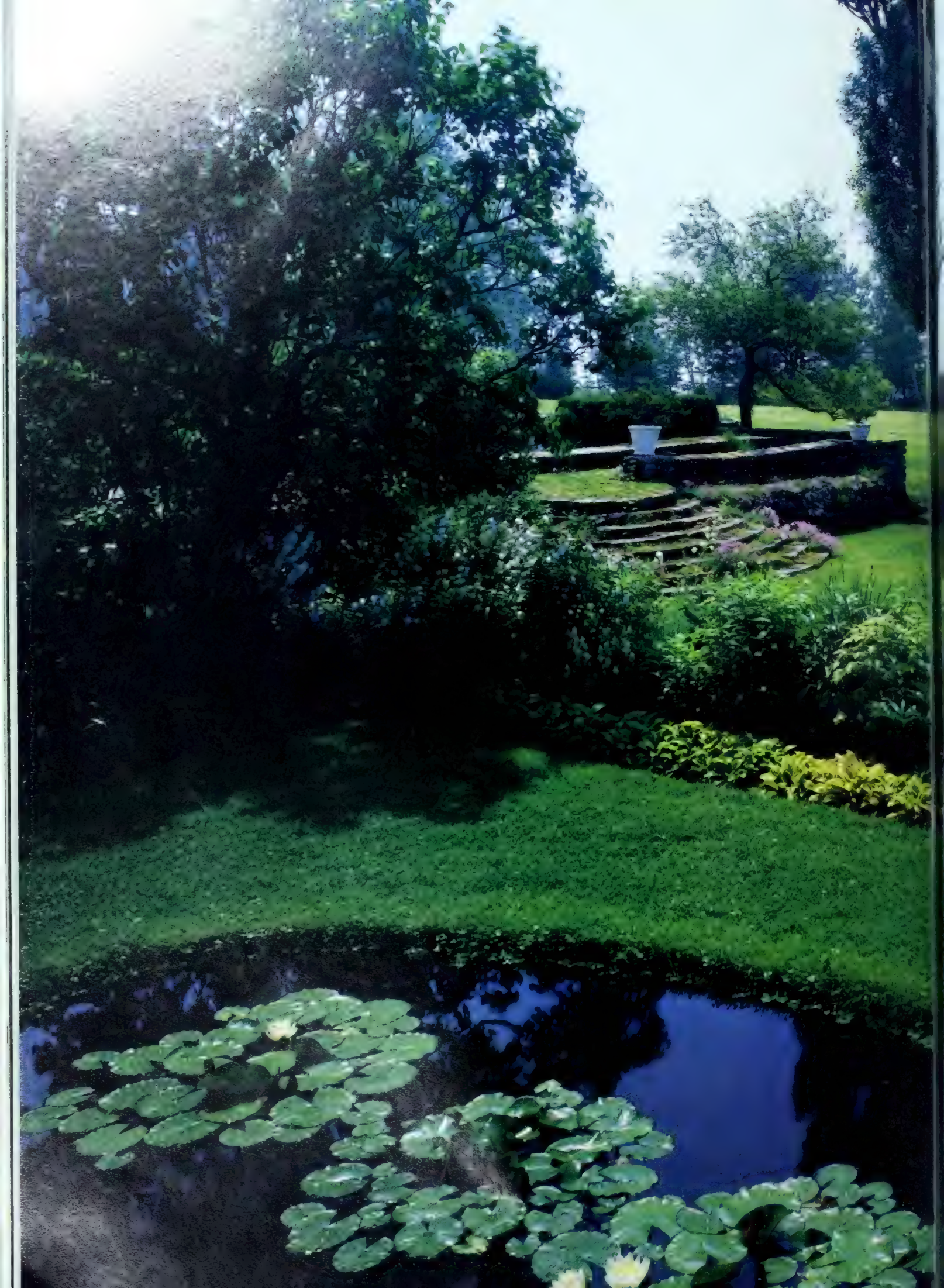


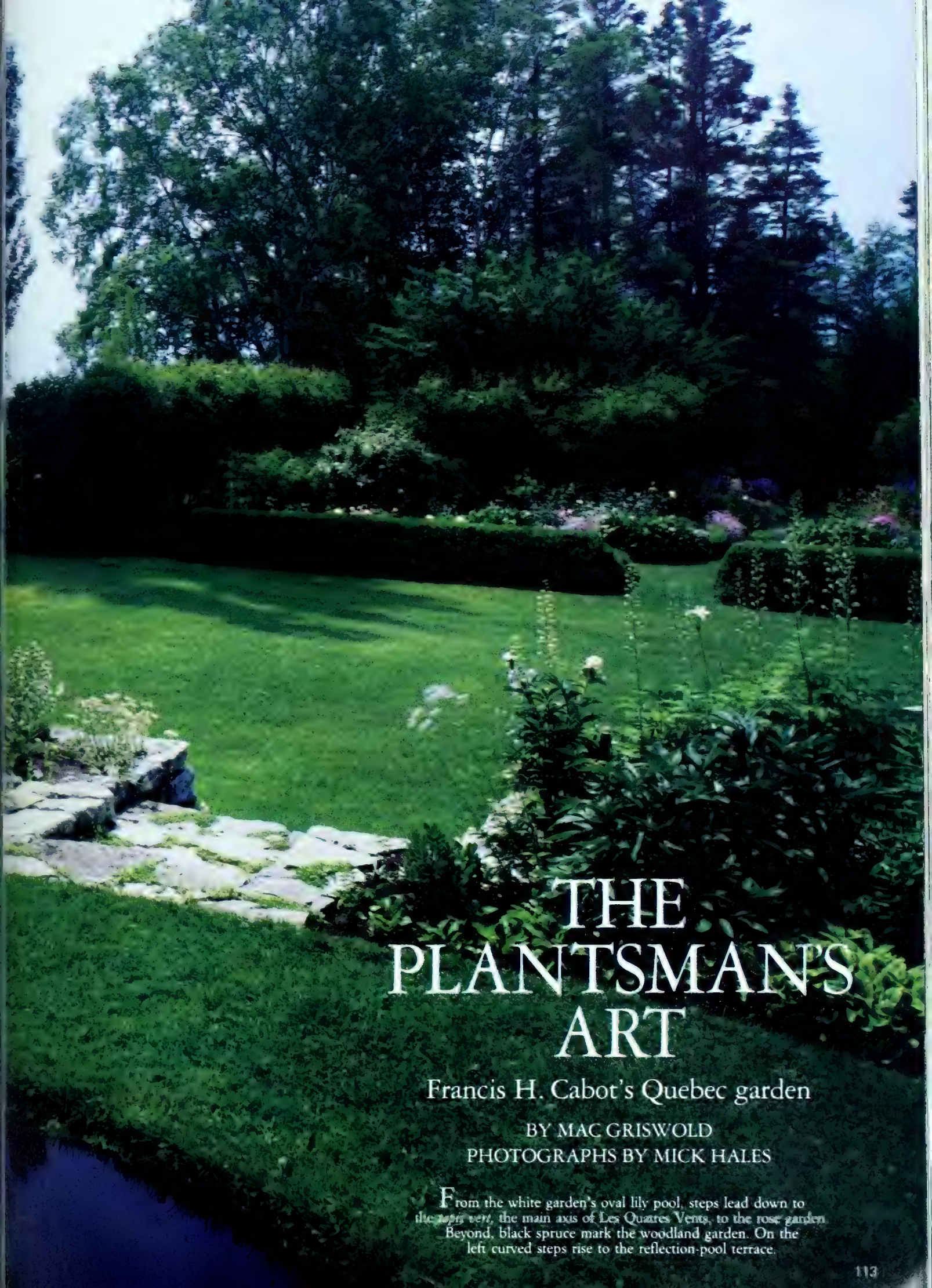


Thornton Wilson's parents, Harriet Post and R. Thornton Wilson, were married in the garden of Kenilwood, *far left*. The wedding party from left to right: George Post Jr., Mrs. Vincent Astor (later Mrs. Lytle Hull), the Rev. Roland Cotton Smith, Mrs. G.B. Post Jr., Coster Wilmerding, the bride and groom, Vincent Astor, Mrs. Oliver D. Filley (now Mrs. Cutting), G.B. Post, Mrs. G.B. Post ("Gargie"), Mr. Filley. *Left:* Another Wilson wedding, the 1884 marriage of Orme Wilson and Caroline Astor in New York. *Above:* Photographs filed in an attic trunk, Harriet Post's doll furniture made in Paris. *Right:* Thornton Wilson as a child.



Hatboxes, cedar chests, and 57 old trunks, some by Louis Vuitton, others of an earlier vintage, give the Wilson attic part of its character, *right*. *Above*: A view from the attic on a rainy day.





THE PLANTSMAN'S ART

Francis H. Cabot's Quebec garden

BY MAC GRISWOLD
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICK HALES

From the white garden's oval lily pool, steps lead down to the *axe vert*, the main axis of Les Quatres Vents, to the rose garden. Beyond, black spruce mark the woodland garden. On the left curved steps rise to the reflection-pool terrace.

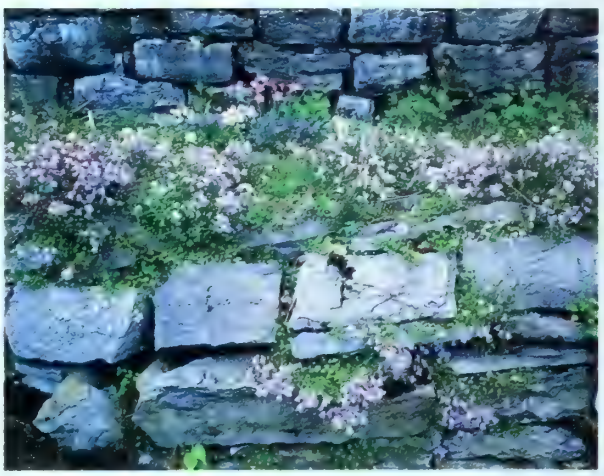
A great garden has a signature, written in the material, water, and plants of which it is made. At Hidcote, it is the undulating and deceptive rise and fall of garden levels—the entrancing tricks of perspective and proportion. At Sissinghurst, some of Vita Sackville-West's signs are the old roses and clematis, foaming up and down over tall apple trees and shrubs. At Frank

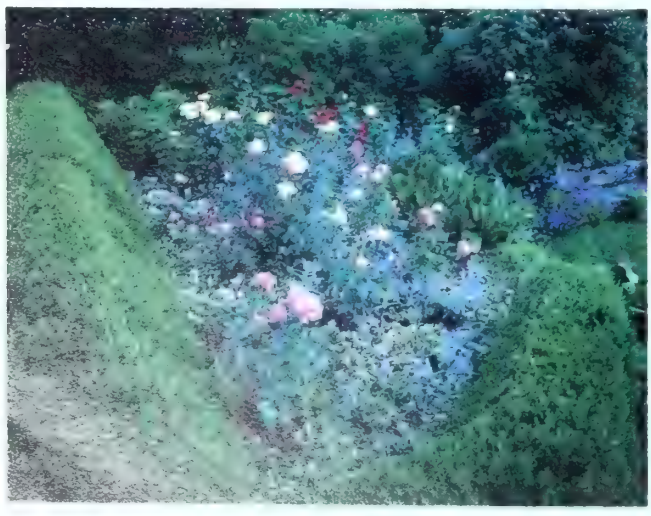


Cabot's Les Quatres Vents, in Quebec Province, another twentieth-century enclosure garden of green rooms, hedges, and vistas, the maker's mark is the vast number of wildflowers of the montane woodland that have Indian-filed silently in among the peonies and phlox. Take white baneberry (*Actaea alba*): a North American forest native, elegant, deadly poison, with spires of china-surfaced white berries on thick scarlet stalks. This signature plant grows with oh-so-civilized *Lilium regale* in the white garden as naturally as it covers the wooded edges of the dark ravine below.

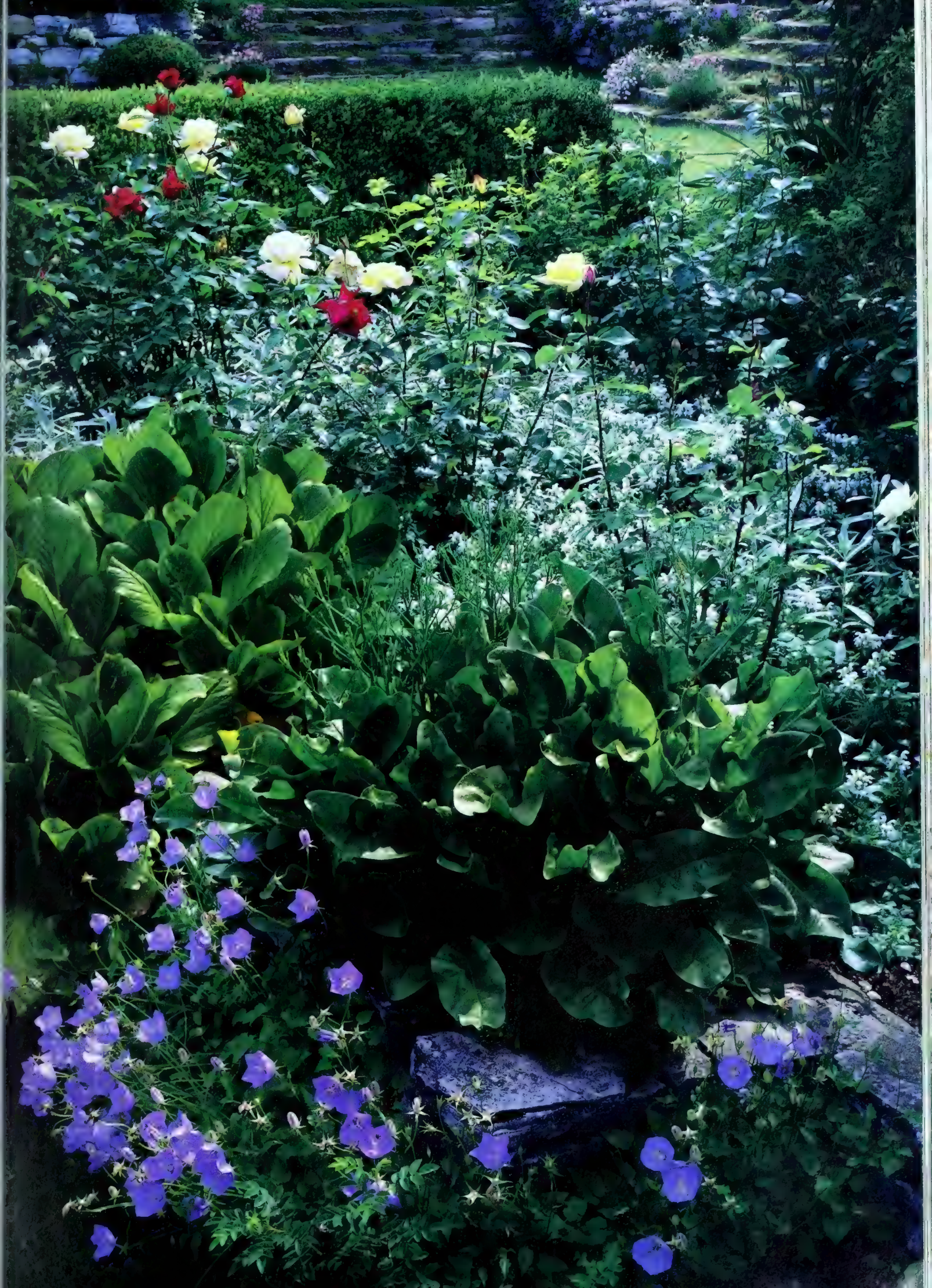
La Malbaie—the "cursed bay"—was named in 1608 by the French explorer Samuel de Champlain, piqued when his ships fell over in the mud, beached by the fifteen-foot low tide. For centuries this little French-Canadian town at the mouth of the Murray River had been famous for salmon. In the 1880s sporting fishermen, Americans and Canadians both, began to stay on through the summer, making La Malbaie (or Murray Bay, as it was known by the English) one of the farthest-north watering spots for those who love to spend their summers on a cool rugged coast. In 1936 the American architect Edward Mathews redesigned Les Quatres Vents, a summer cottage built a decade earlier by the Cabots, echoing the French-Canadian architecture of an eighteenth-century *manoir* nearby. The sharp tin-hatted dormers of the new house peer down at a fourteen-mile-wide sweep of the St. Lawrence River.

At the same time, a garden was laid out on sound classical foundations—a cross-axial plan with two four-hundred-foot vistas that take advantage of the huge Canadian landscape. The hawthorn hedges framing one of these long views are the bones of the garden, as well as windbreak necessities. A double line of sixty-foot Lombardy poplars provides additional protection to the north. The east-west axis runs the length of the garden, pierces the house itself with a couple of windows, and continues through the vegetable garden. The north-south axis runs from the white garden, across the *tapis vert* that carpets the central allée, and down a double perennial border. It terminates in a black grove of old spruce. As one walks through Les Quatres Vents it's clear that someone is transforming what was just a large handsome "place" into a great garden. Frank Cabot says that his progress as *(Text continued on page 156)*





Within the enclosures and along the allées, Frank Cabot's amazing variety of signature plants embroiders every inch of space. *Opposite:* The bold foliage of *Bergenia cordifolia* and sea lavender (*Limonium latifolium*) lends drama to a rose bed underplanted with white-flowered lamium. *Above left:* Hawthorn hedges back an entire garden of fastigiate, or pointed, flowers where spires of snakeroot (*Cimicifuga racemosa*) are just coming into bloom. Goatsbeard (*Aruncus sylvester*)—another Cabot favorite—shakes its tall creamy-yellow plumes at the ends of the borders. Appropriately, a pointed house gable punctuates the view. *Left:* Korean box holds roses and western mugwort (*Artemisia ludoviciana*) in a curved embrace, while *Campanula cochleariifolia, above,* and alpine pinks crowd an old dry-stone ledge.

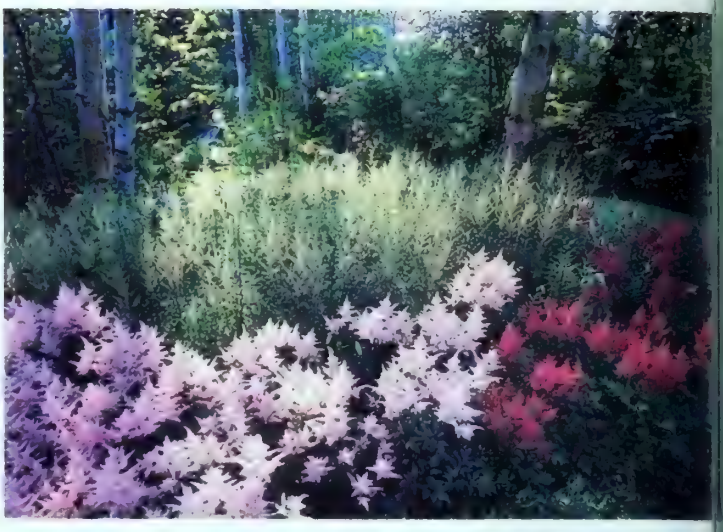




...ge the perennial allée as
... garden filled
...ations. Frank Cabot
... with form and
... among blue delphinium, pale shades
of at least six varieties of thalictrum are
sparked by the vivid red flowers and deep
... foliage of *Lychnis* × *Haageana*.





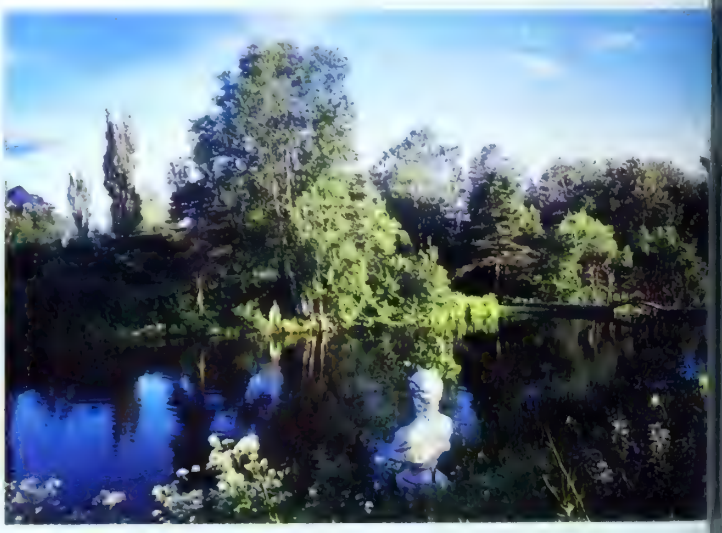






The woodland garden, *opposite,* is crammed with North American plants like *Diphylleia cymosa* from North Carolina, a collection of primula, here mostly *P. Florindae* in yellow and russet, and the jungle-sized leaves of *Rodgersia Pedasites japonica. Top left:* The music pavilion crowns a sweep of native meadow plants in the stream garden, while the shade borders, *top right,* burst with early pink and red astilbes. *Above left:* A bridge and, *right,* a snake fence define the wilder parts of the garden. *Below left: Actaea rubra,* a glamorous but poisonous forest native, glows with berries, and, *right,* a classical bust floating in a sea of iris and *Clematis recta* keeps a watchful eye on the seated kuan yin across the lake.

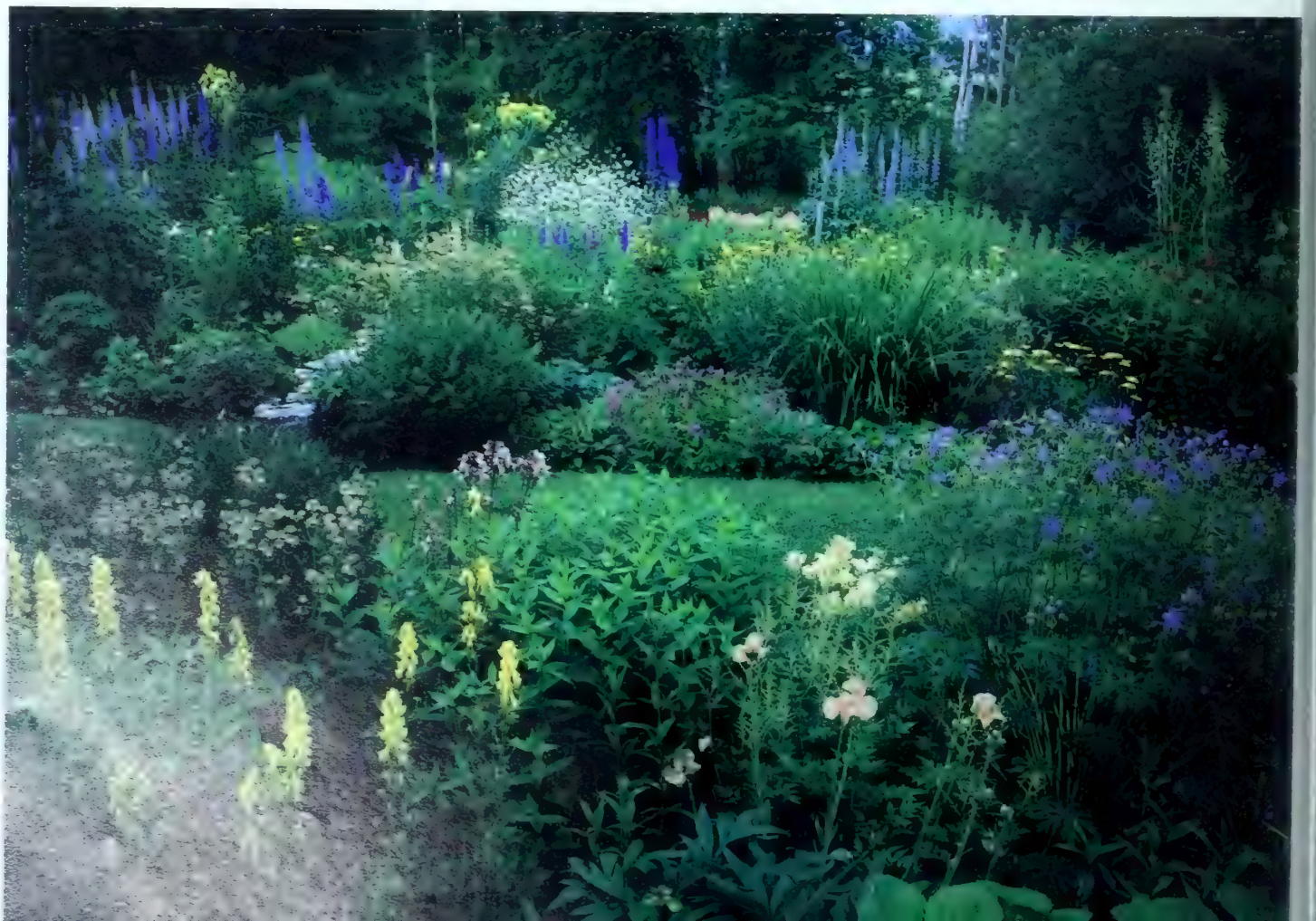








Lines of sight connect this garden of flowering paths. *Above:* The classic view down the *tapis vert* is animated by tiny campanulas mirrored in the reflecting pool. *Below:* A view across the perennial allée celebrates pink *Astrantia carniolica* interspersed with *Aconitum Napellus carneum*, backed with blue geranium. At the back, a white cloud of *Crambe cordifolia* is bracketed by blue delphinium, yellow *Thalictrum flavum*.



The stepped terraces of the vegetable and cutting garden, crammed with delphinium in July, *above,* spill triumphantly down to a garden shed, known affectionately as the "doodle-doo" because of its rooster weather vane. A Carolina poplar at right rustles its silver-backed leaves. *Below:* Paper birches frame another look at the perennial allée; in this garden, views from odd angles are planted just as carefully as axial views.



At the rosy end of a summer's day, the meadow path opens toward the Laurentian mountains—and toward the future—in this Canadian paradise where a garden is always in the making.



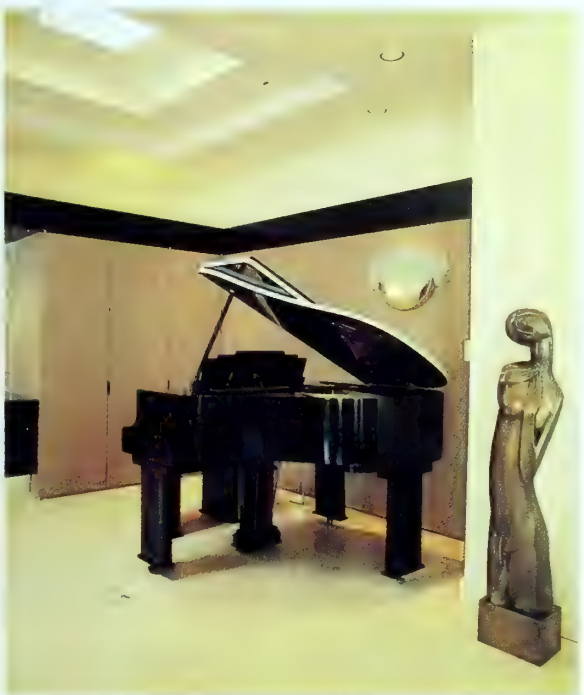




DECO RETAKE

Noel Jeffrey's urbane design in a 1920s building

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KARI HAAVISTO



Noel Jeffrey sheathed his "floating" fireplace, *opposite,* in bird's-eye maple, designed a Deco-style mahogany mantelpiece. *Above:* Two thirds of the living room. "Black to white" was the color scheme the clients requested. Polar bear, Modernism Gallery. Manuel Canovas fabric. *Left.* Lacquered Art Deco piano, Zadkine sculpture.



One of the greenhouse additions, *right,* enlarges a former maid's room, now used as an exercise/guest room. *Below:* In dining area, Jean-Michel Frank–inspired chairs by Karl Springer with a Jeffrey table and sideboard. Henri Laurens sculpture on table. Painting by Paul Jenkins from Gimpel & Weitzenhoffer. Art Deco tea service stands on silver tray from Modernism Gallery. Vases from Joseph Rondina.



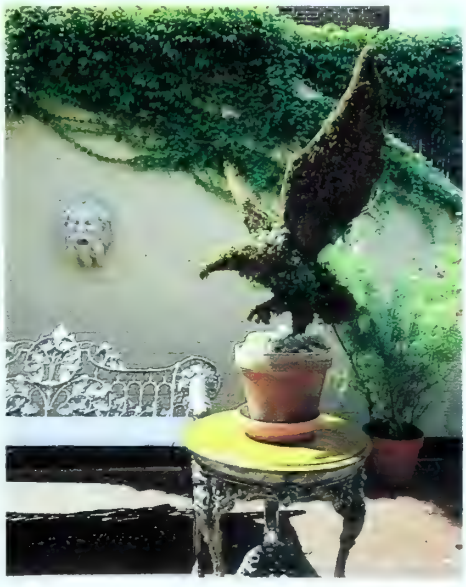
A reluctant suburbanite who dutifully reared her children outside her beloved New York planned for the urban life she and her husband would ultimately share by clipping decorating-magazine pictures and visiting show houses. One day she saw a show-house room by Noel Jeffrey and stopped looking any further. Soon after, the couple bought a Park Avenue penthouse in a 1925 building and hired Jeffrey, bringing nothing to the city with them but works of art.

The woman of the house recalls that her mother "changed the decorating every five years." The style that made the strongest impression on the young daughter was Art Deco (she has forgotten the others), and it was this influence in Noel Jeffrey's work that drew her to him. Jeffrey redesigned all the outside doors and windows and pushed several greenhouse bays into the surrounding terraces. He further changed the long living room by building a marble platform for the dining table, also removing sections of wall to create a freestanding fireplace whose mantelpiece is possibly his tour de force in this project. Almost all the furniture is his design.

The new urbanite says the apartment Jeffrey designed "is really me. I got exactly the serenity and sophistication I hoped for—my New York look." □

By Elaine Greene. Editor: Kaaren Parker Gray

The main bedroom, too, gained a new greenhouse alcove, *above*. Works of art include a Botero sculpture, a Nevelson wall construction. Oval-back chair, the only non-Jeffrey design seen here, is covered with Clarence House fabric. Bed linens from Jane Wilner Boutique at Henri Bendel. *Right:* The owners furnished the terrace themselves, buying pieces such as these in England.



MAN WHO LOVES HOUSES

Charleston's Roper Mansion is the latest in a series of architectural landmarks bought and restored by financier Richard Jenrette

BY VANCE MUSE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN RADKAI



Setting a high style in the entrance hall of Roper Mansion is an American Empire table, [illegible] with a bust of John C. Calhoun, the [illegible]. Marbleized baseboards and [illegible] by Robert Jackson.



As executed by Duncan Phyfe, American Empire furniture reached its most theatrical expression. In the drawing room, *below* and *opposite*, are side chairs that recall folding Roman predecessors, footstool, a rare low-backed sofa, sewing and game tables, and a long recamier worthy of its namesake. The butler's desk—so called because you stand at it—is attributed to Phyfe. Like his other pieces it is of mahogany; drawers are satinwood.



Charleston's Battery, one of the natural beauties on the Eastern Seaboard, was the last section of the antebellum city to be settled. What made the spot so fearsomely attractive—a vast harbor—was of course the very thing that discouraged development, since no builder would risk the proximity to the beautiful but treacherous seaside. But once the seawall went up, in the 1830s, so did the houses, the first of them belonging to Robert William Roper, a rice planter. Still known today as Roper Mansion, it is now one of the residences of Richard H. Jenrette, chairman of the investment firm of Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette, Inc.

With its towering Ionic columns and edge-of-the-earth siting, Roper Mansion brought showy Greek Revival architecture (a style waning everywhere else) to Charleston, theretofore a resolutely Adamesque and Georgian city. As publicly situated as it is—on display to seafarers and pedestrians—Roper Mansion remains quintessentially Charleston in its peculiar, indirect relationship to the street, which it does not face. Porticoes, known locally as piazzas (pronounced not the Italian way but with lazy *z*'s), do not define the entrances as they do to houses elsewhere. The entrance to a typical historic Charleston house is at its narrow street-side end. This ec-

Blue satin on all the Phyfe furniture, *below*—and white satin on Federal wing chair, *opposite*—bears Napoleonic bees. (Upside down, each bee is a fleur-de-lys.) New York pier table is one of a pair; chandelier is original to house. Star carpet is by Scalamandré, copied from the House chamber of North Carolina, Richard Jenrette's home state. All curtains by David Byers of W.E. Browne Co. in Atlanta.



centric axis makes Roper Mansion a coquettish thing, flirting with the outsider. At first you don't know what to make of what you see—did a hurricane blow through and give each house a sharp quarter turn? The plan has practical benefits, making the most of narrow city lots and cross breezes, but it is mostly a manifestation of Charleston's guardedness. The local premium on privacy may be hard to sense in the Roper house, in other aspects emphatically open, custom-made for entertainments. Roper and his wife had no children and welcomed company to their house—it is easy to imagine men and women sitting about the enormous rooms and piazza, discussing frost on the fruit trees, storms at sea, and the unpleasantness with the North. Since those days the house has had several owners, Solomon Guggenheim among them, and has continued to be in the care of people who understand its public role.

If you were a historic house you would do well to be bought and tended to by Richard Jenrette, whose passion for edifices is the kind that other people might bring to the collecting of, say, rare books. The man owns several properties of historical significance, including a sugar plantation on St. Croix. Four of his houses are on The National Register of Historic Places—his town house in





A bust of Lafayette surveys the reception room. Center table and secretary attributed to Joseph Meeks. English Regency sofa, at corner of Aubusson rug, has lion's-head motif.





lower Manhattan, Edgewater on the Hudson, an early brick plantation house in Hillsboro, North Carolina, and Roper Mansion. Jenrette, who is on the National Trust and involved with restoration groups in the Carolinas and the Hudson River Valley, sees his acquisition of landmark houses as the realization of a boyhood dream. "Growing up in North Carolina," he says, "I was surrounded by the great plantation houses, and I began to sense how important they were. I figured that I could save a place by buying it, and there are so many that deserve to be saved—for their *(Text continued on page 178)*

Federal bed in master bedroom, *below* and *opposite,* is fitted with golden paws. Gilded swan bergère was Empress Josephine's. Screen behind New York curule desk is covered in French wallpaper showing an Oriental fantasy. Desk mirror from Croghan's. Temple clock on 1820 New York chest, *opposite,* is Second Empire; 1810 mirror is framed by classical allegory and flanked by French urns. Scalamandré carpet is adapted from one in a portrait of President James Monroe.





A BIG SPLASH

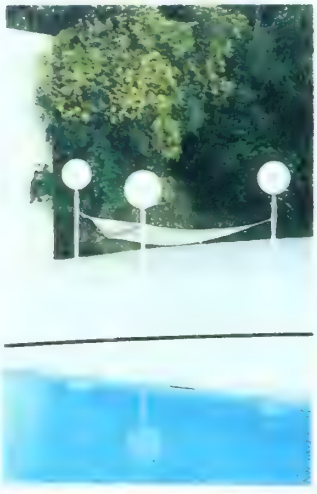
The [illegible] pool as art

PHOTOGR[illegible] FRANÇOIS HALARD













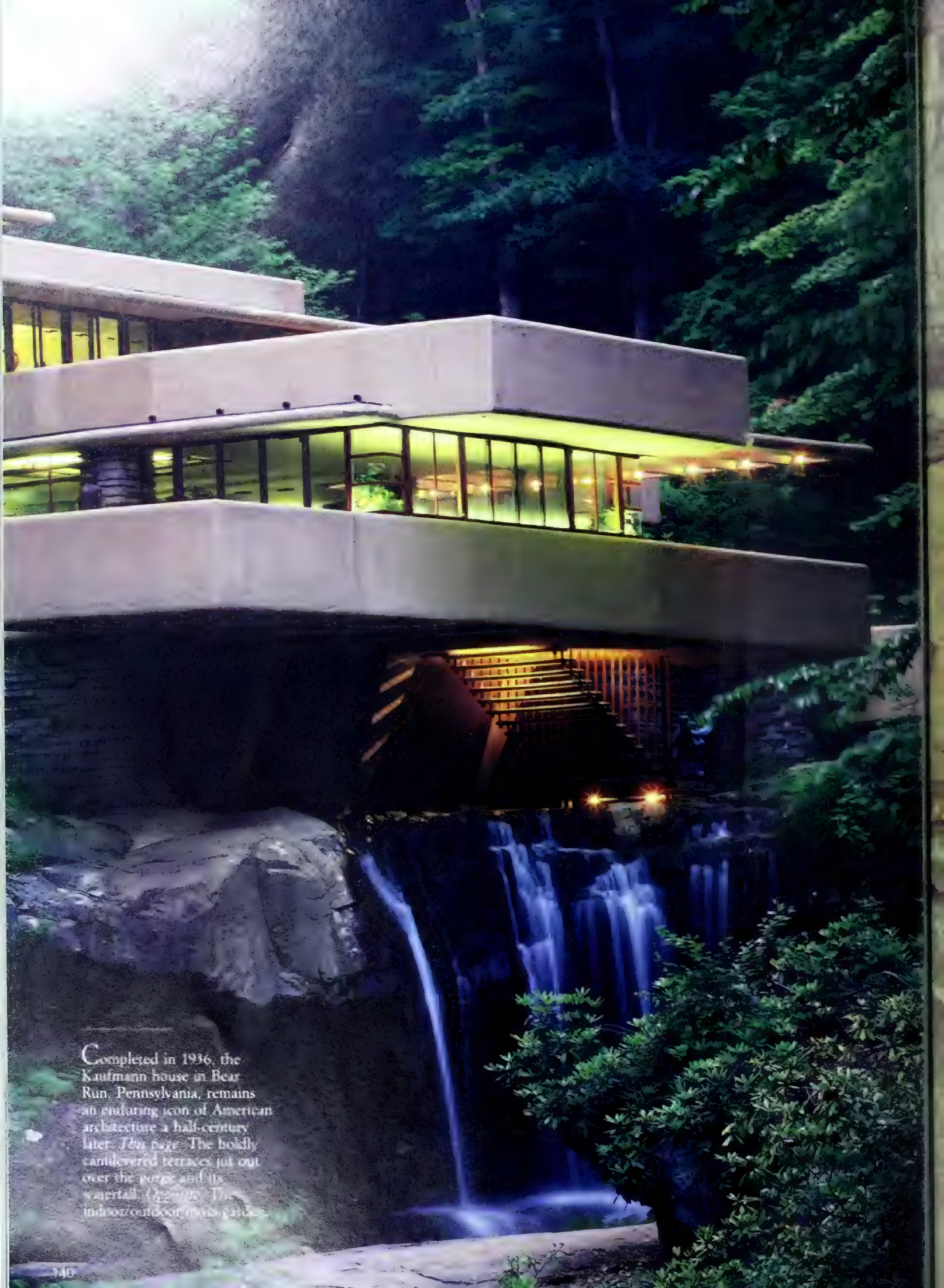



This pool has everything from underground dressing rooms to the capacity to run sea and fresh water. Brussels-based architect Alain Capeilleres was asked by the owners of the summer house that adjoins the pool in the south of France to create a space with a distinctive Mediterranean character, shelter from the wind, and "rest and play zones that skirt each other but remain separate."

Over a hundred thousand white ceramic tiles later, Capeilleres's 82-by-41-foot pool sits slightly beneath the ground with tile walls easing into the landscape as they hold back the earth and wind. Nonslip tiles are used for flooring around the pool but not in the surrounding rest area, where guests adopt a slower pace. □

By Gabrielle Winkel. Editor:Marie-Paule Pellé





Completed in 1936, the Kaufmann house in Bear Run, Pennsylvania, remains an enduring icon of American architecture a half-century later. *This page:* The boldly cantilevered terraces jut out over the gorge and its waterfall. Opposite: The indoor/outdoor living space



HOW RIGHT WAS WRIGHT

Edgar Kaufmann Jr. recalls his family's country house, Fallingwater, and how Frank Lloyd Wright made it one with nature

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI



Fallingwater was one of those works by Wright that transformed the world's opinion of his art. From seeming a figure of earlier decades he leapt into view as a bold innovator. Increasing recognition flowed his way, and Fallingwater received its share. One portion of it changed my life: John McAndrew of The Museum of Modern Art in New York mounted a one-building exhibition of the house; not long after, I was asked to join the staff there. I moved from Pittsburgh; however, weekends were usually spent at Fallingwater. This was not difficult, for the journey from New York was convenient then. One boarded a sleeping car at the old Pennsylvania Station and after a comfortable night alit at Greensburg, from where it was a forty-minute drive to the house.

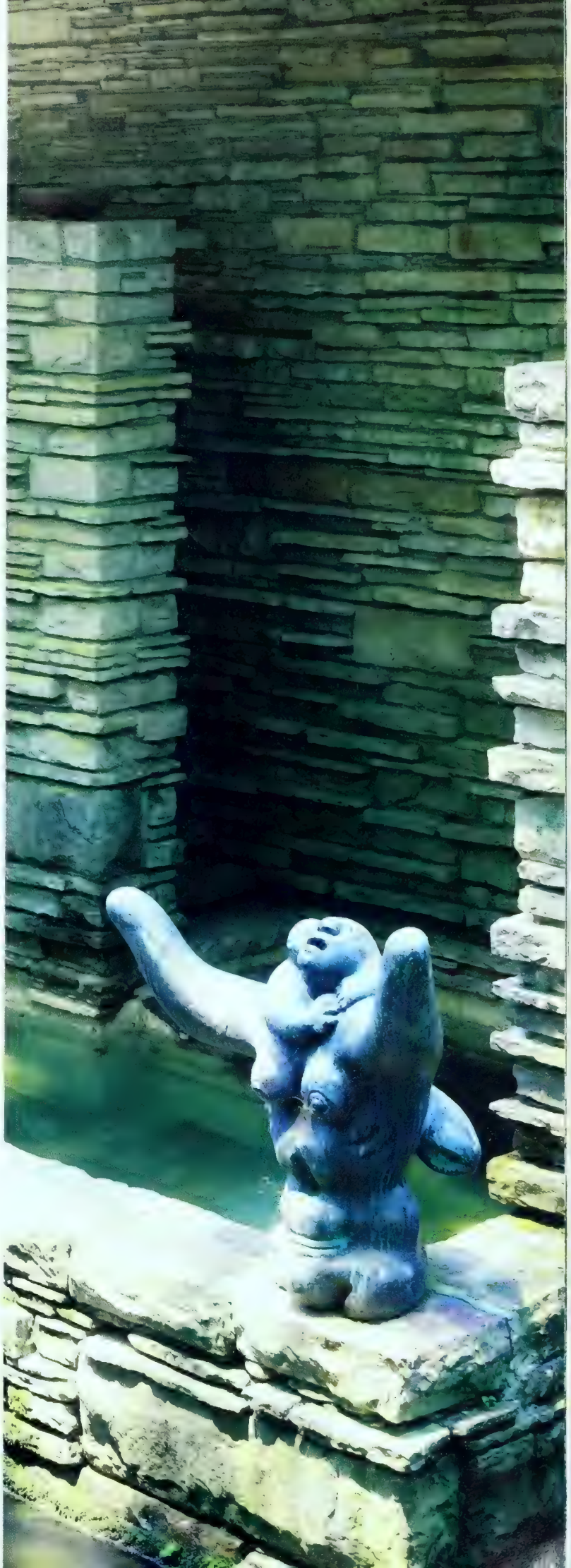
Fallingwater, enmeshed in established habits, soon became part of the family's weekend experience. The beauty that resulted cannot be verbalized any more than the elation this beauty elicited; life simply was raised to a new level. When people ask about this there often seems to be an implicit expectation: great architecture, changing the way people live, must change people. Art may arouse dormant sensibilities, and Fallingwater changed us in this way, I believe. Furthermore, it brought new, usually enjoyable associations.

Occasionally large groups were entertained at Fallingwater, and then cottages surviving from earlier days would be pressed into use for guests who could not be housed in the Wright building. More than ten bodies meant buffet meals on the living-room terraces or inside; formality was never considered. One early Christmas season we welcomed a ten-day continual flow of visitors. The logistics must have been formidable, but my parents and the augmented help remained in the best of humors. Guests were either on the staff of The Museum of Modern Art—their interest aroused by the exhibition there—or

Fallingwater is the exhilaration of clean air, the musical murmur of the brook, the restful vistas into endless greens

else close to the museum, particularly through the grand survey of the Bauhaus it presented. John McAndrew acted as our master of revels. Marcel Breuer, the Moholy-Nagys, the Alfred Barrs, and others drifted in, were merry, and departed in deep snow. About half an hour after the Moholys drove off, the butler came in to announce, "Mr. Mahogany is stuck in a ditch!"

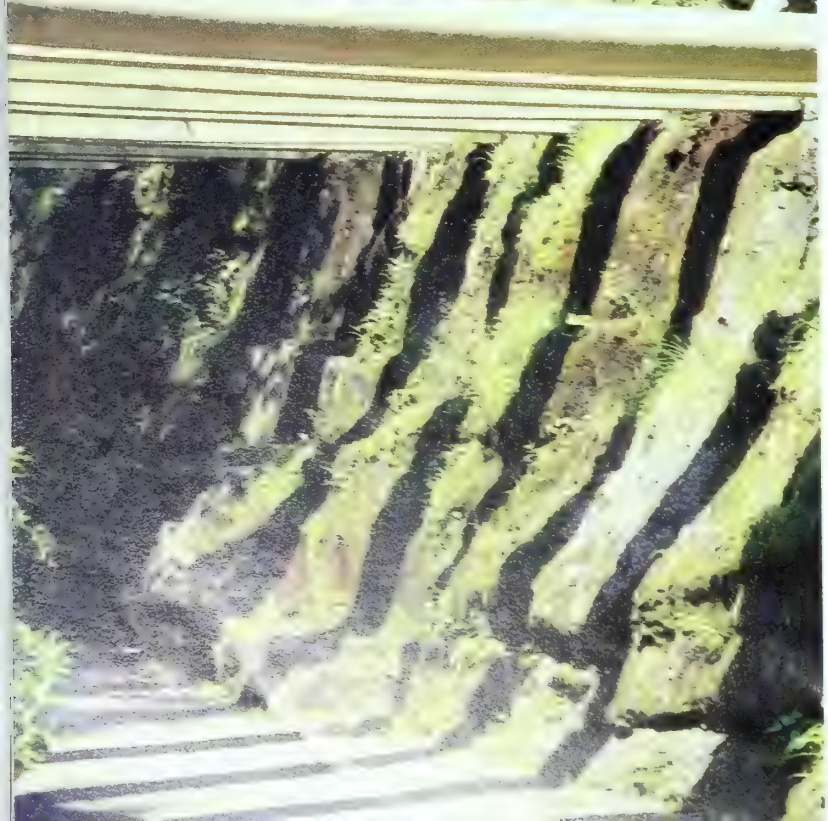
Utterly different was a later gathering invited by my father who, with some associates, hoped to unite different sectors of American Jewry in dealings with the Federal government. Thus high-level advisers to the New Deal and prominent movers among the Jews met for free-ranging discussions that, alas, produced no appreciable results. I listened,



The famous "disappearing corner" detail, *opposite,* opens the study to the densely wooded site. *Right:* A smoothly modeled Jacques Lipchitz bronze, poised on the edge of a pool perched over the cascade, contrasts with the richly textured fieldstone walls that make the base of the house seem like a natural rock formation.

FROM *FALLINGWATER: A FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT COUNTRY HOUSE* BY EDGAR KAUFMANN JR., TO BE PUBLISHED THIS FALL BY ABBEVILLE PRESS, INC. PRINTED WITH THE PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER







and noticed the meaningful silences of Albert Einstein.

On other occasions guests arrived in small groups or singly, among them Walter Gropius, courteous and reserved; Alvar Aalto and his amiable family were more lively. Henry-Russell Hitchcock came when I was not present, and went wading in the run. My mother told me, "He has the most beautiful feet I've ever seen!" Philip Johnson was distracted by the noise of the waterfall; he said it excited his bladder. But usually weekends were shared quietly with friends—long walks through the woods, cold plunges under the falls, reading, listening to 78 r.p.m. records, and (what now seems sinful) breakfast in bed after a quick dip. The exhilaration of clean air, the musical murmur of the brook, the restful vistas into endless greens were enhanced by the experience of Fallingwater.

In New York, work at the museum enlarged my awareness of Wright's position in the development of modern architecture. When museum duties were interrupted for three years' service during World War II, the renown of Fallingwater opened doors in my Australian leave area.

Returning to civilian life I was confronted with changes. Father's health had deteriorated; he had become captious. Mother was weighed down by this and other troubles. Fallingwater had suffered. Closed for

(Text continued on page 168)

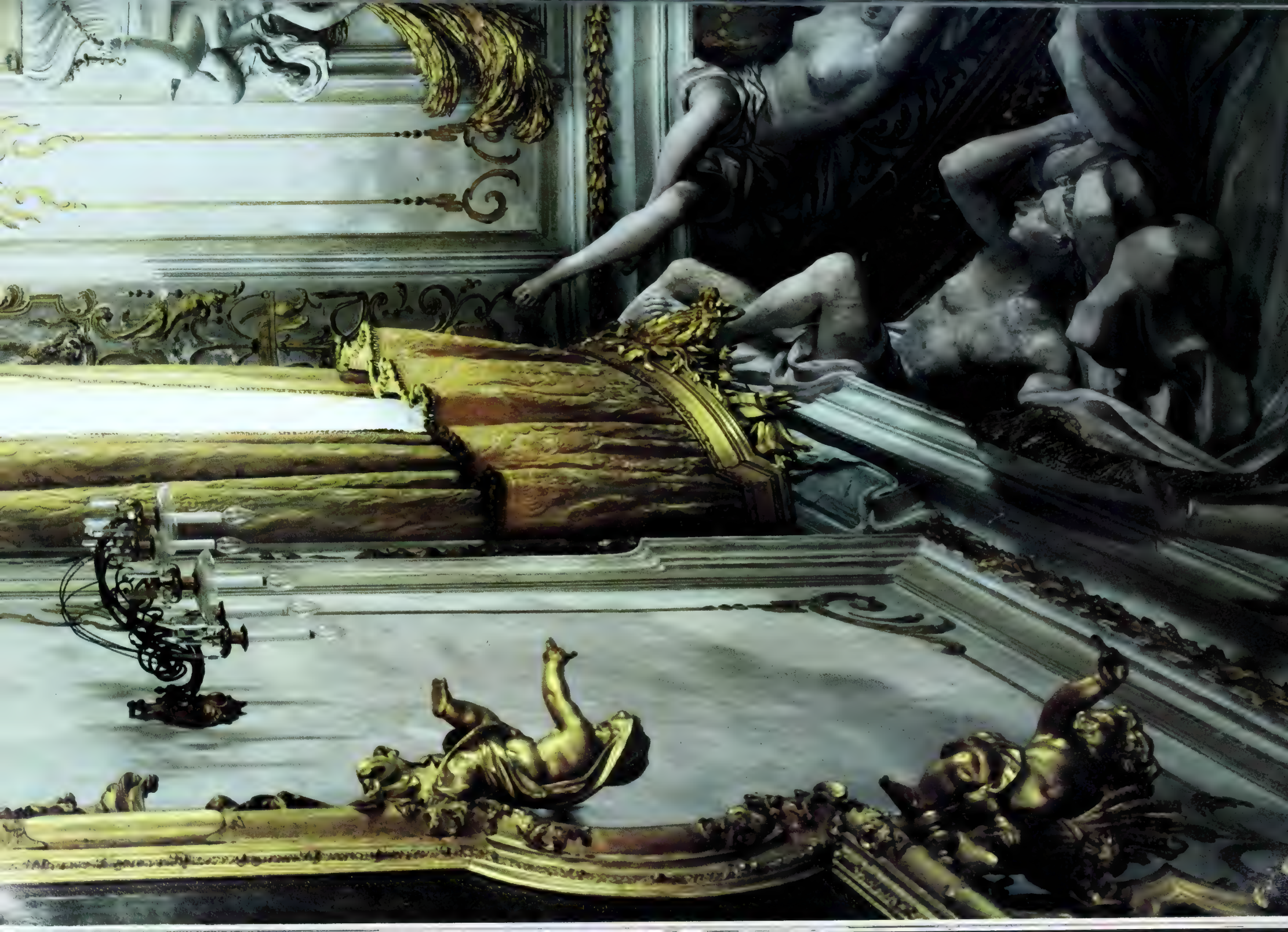
The driveway, *left,* is so skillfully melded into the landscape that it makes a necessity seem like a geological fact. *Right:* The balconies appear to float above the terrain, giving Fallingwater an ethereal lightness.

GLORY ON HIGH

The Palazzo Albrizzi weathers the centuries in the care of one Venetian family

BY ELAINE GREENE — PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALESSANDRO ALBRIZZI







The ballroom, *preceding pages,* was redecorated in the 18th century with a great baroque tent of a ceiling. *Above:* The Albrizzi palace seen from the square. *Opposite:* Venetian Louis XVI furniture in dining room retains original fabric.

The current owner of the major part of the Palazzo Albrizzi in Venice inherited the property, along with an adjacent garden, in 1980 on the death of his father, Baron Giobatta Rubin de Cervin Albrizzi. The younger baron, Alessandro, was born in the palace just before the Second World War and has always lived there when in Venice. Visitors reach the house from the Grand Canal by threading through a maze of narrow streets until they arrive in a small square, Campiello Albrizzi, dominated by the massive structure. Inside, the beautiful Venetian light, which changes every season, every day, every hour, plays upon a rich variety of surfaces: the sculptural plasterwork of the walls and ceilings, the silvery mirrors, the large paintings, the gilded furniture, the glass chandeliers.

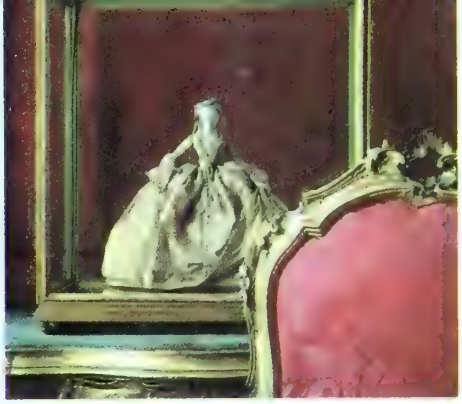
The baron inherited all the family archives, too, and he is hoping that with scholarly assistance he will be able to learn more of the joint history of his family and his palace. One façade of the building, constructed in the sixteenth century for the Bonomo family, faces the square; the opposite side faces a small canal known as rio S. Cassiano. The usual Venetian central hall, the *portego,* runs through the palazzo on the lower floor. When Venice was a major port, the palazzo owners' ships would be unloaded at the canal entrances of their houses and the merchandise stored in the *portego.* As soon as they were ready, the merchants would open the door to the square and offer the cargo to their customers. The Albrizzi traded in canvas and spices. Most of the *porteghi* in Venice have long since been turned into ornately decorated ballrooms or halls, as has this one.

The Albrizzi bought the palace from the Bonomo in two stages between 1648 and 1698. "From early documents," the baron says, "we know that the Albrizzi were an ambitious merchant family from Bergamo—eager for prominence in Venice and rich enough to achieve it. In 1667 they paid the large sum of one thousand ducats to be inscribed in the Golden Book, a register of the aristocracy of Venice that had been closed since the thirteenth century. It was reopened only be-



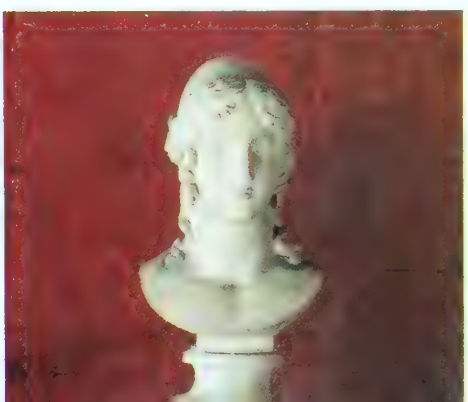








A Venetian vignette, *left:* old glass made in the city between the 17th and early 19th centuries displayed on a gilded console carved here circa 1750. *Top:* A *piavola de Franza* from the 18th century served as a model for dresses sewn in Paris, sold in Venice. *Above:* Early-18th-century glass-and-brass main entrance door. *Below:* Antonio Canova portrait of an Albrizzi countess who kept a salon in the palazzo that Byron visited.





A bathroom added to the palace in 1932, *above,* is furnished with its original Marcel Breuer chairs, Fontana dressing table, Gio Ponti lighting. *Right:* A detail of the extraordinary ballroom ceiling attributed to Abbondio Stazio and executed 1700–1701. There are 28 life-size *putti* aloft.

cause the Republic had drained its financial resources fighting to defend their colony Candia (Crete). The forty new families in the Golden Book are still known as 'the nobility of Candia.' "

New styles as well as new aristocrats were rampant in Venice at the turn of the eighteenth century. Both were seen in the Palazzo Albrizzi. Late in the seventeenth century the *portego* was decorated with elaborate plasterwork, huge paintings, and trompe-l'oeil effects. In 1700–1701 a room that was originally the master bedroom was remodeled as a ballroom in the latest, Berninesque style with extravagant plaster and gold decoration by Abbondio Stazio. (The four-poster bed from that room found its way to San Simeon in California; Marion Davies slept in it.)

In the middle of the eighteenth century, the palazzo was completely refurnished, and those objects along with the earlier plasterwork and paintings by Pellegrini, Longhi, and others are still intact. The house survived unexploded Austrian bombs in World War I and a Japanese plan to take it over as their embassy during World War II. (In the latter case, the baron's mother cleverly hid all the bathrooms by walling them off, and the would-be occupants departed to find a more comfortable palace.) In the long chain of family owners, Baron Alessandro Rubin de Cervin Albrizzi has fixed as his goal, "to preserve one of the very few *palazzi* in private hands in Venice today. It must remain a living witness of how the old Venetians really lived." □



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Van Valkenburgh accepted the owner's challenge, using flecks of vivid color to create an atmospheric effect

Continued from page 76) The design nfolds the lower lawn in a fragrant, oothing embrace. This is a casual yard or strolling and games and it offers an- ther vantage point from which to view he herbaceous borders.

In the borders, Van Valkenburgh ccepted the owner's challenge, using lecks of vivid color to create an atmo- pheric effect. There is no variegated oliage to lessen the impact of the trong, precise color scheme.

All gardens should have an out- tanding season, and this garden is at ts peak in summer. Different varieties f hemerocallis provide six weeks of ontinuous bloom. *Monarda didyma* Cambridge Scarlet', bright red *Lych- is Coronaria, Rudbeckia fulgida* Goldstrum', purple gayfeather (*Lia- ris spicata* 'Cobalt'), blue platycodon, nd *Iris Kaempferi* 'Roseanna' com- lete the vibrant display. The contrast f purple and yellow flowers recalls Monet's use of blue and violet shadows gainst yellow sunflowers and nastur- iums in his paintings.

Around the Fourth of July massed white astilbe (*Astilbe x Arendsii* Deutschland') plays off the white rch, while a deep red rose Floribunda Blaze Improved') twines a few feet up he arch and blankets the rose arbor in he lower garden. Later in July a spill of nasturtiums colors the beds and in Au- gust, a variety of lilium species. The fall color scheme is a more subdued range f mauve New England asters and hrysanthemums, giving primacy to he autumn glory of the maples and assafras.

Monet painted his garden, preserv- ing its signature moments in framed canvases. Van Valkenburgh framed his flower compositions with a green lawn between each border. The rectangular- ity of the grass steps, the arch, and the geometric green field sharpens one's perception of the flowers. The smooth grass contrasts in texture and form with the carefree nasturtiums tumbling over the stone walls.

However brilliant the herbaceous borders, it is the arch that commands the garden. The arch is autonomous and calm in the absence of any comple- mentary structure like a wooden bench



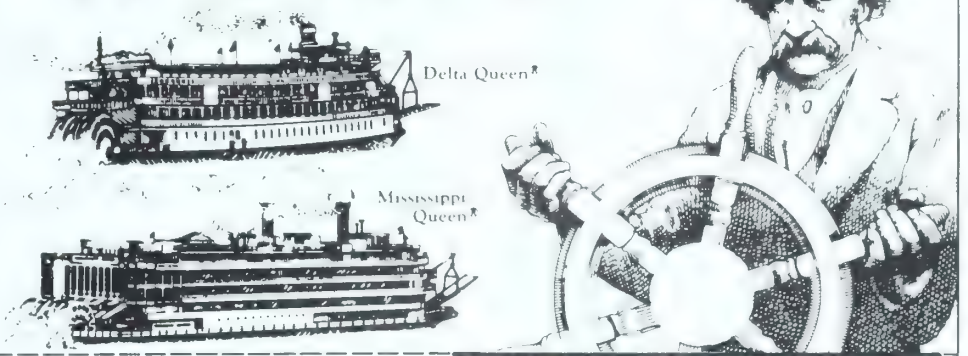
High-rising spikes of purple gayfeather

or fence. It is an image that evokes the *genius loci* without being an obvious historical quotation.

The play of sunlight was all important to the Impressionists and nowhere in New England is the magic of light more manifest than on the white churches and meetinghouses. New Englanders did not seek salvation in highly adorned churches. They were unafraid of a raw light and solitariness. Van Valkenburgh's arch beckons us to walk through it to a garden in the woods; a transcendental experience akin to passing through the door of a New England meetinghouse. The fundamental character of New England is clearly visible in the clean, straight lines and luminescent white surface.

In an essay on gardens, Van Valkenburgh wrote that "Designing a garden is an artistic activity; making a landscape is a craft. Successful gardens are the physical manifestation of both." The design of this garden is ordered by a careful investigation of the latent possibilities of the site and by subtle metaphors in its details. □

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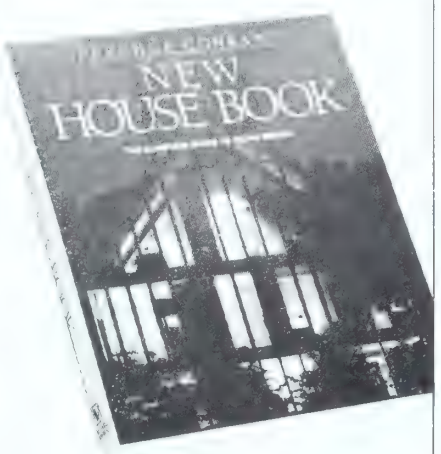
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(Continued from page 114) a gardener—what he engagingly refers to as a "bad case of plantsman's greed"—began in this spruce grove where he played every summer as a child. His case became more complicated when he saw the gardens of Europe for the first time and realized with surprise that he had his very own classical landscape. Still later, when he began to garden seriously, he outgrew that formal structure. The energy of his acquisitiveness began to push the garden out on all sides. But for Frank Cabot the "collector's look" of single-specimen gardening didn't last long. Quickly he began using his new plants imaginatively to shape new landscapes. The garden has grown from five to twenty acres, and the "cross" of the original plan is webbed with young plantings.

These gardens are wilder than the old, and take full advantage of the hilly terrain. The spruce grove is now a woodland garden where over a hundred species of primula grow, seeding themselves in drifts of color. The "nursery corner" where Cabot tries out new plants is filled with fascinators like *Primula Vialii,* a phallic cone of purple-opening-to-red beloved by the Edwardians, and *Soldanella alpina,* tiny clumps of heart-shaped leaves holding up bewitching fringed thirties lampshades in white, lavender, and blue.

Beyond the pond with its red Chinese bridges lies a Canadian meadow, dotted with saplings and waving with the ash-pale heads of timothy and other field grasses. Soon these northern trees—mountain ash, birch, spruce, larch, red pine, and Amur maple—will grow tall and splash the ground with shadow. At the edge of the meadow is the farthest civilized outpost of the garden, an octagonal music pavilion, a refuge where Anne Cabot can play her harp.

Look west through the long windows and see the wide valley of the Murray River; look east from under its curvaceous cedar-shingled roof, and you are back in the garden. A stream plunges through the meadow, fills the pond, and runs down a long flat sluice into a spruce-shaded fifty-foot ravine. Here Cabot has done some of his most invigorating new gardening: back from a Himalayan trek, he promptly threw two Nepalese bridges across the divide. Most recently he sowed a bag of *Primula Florindae,* standing in the middle of one of the swaying spans to scatter handfuls of seed overboard. "Now we should have some action," he says with characteristic enthusiasm. *Primula Florindae* seeds freely; the narrow bells on wiry stalks are clear yellow with white-powdered throats, and their exotic perfume is as dizzying as the view from the bridge. The three-foot clumps will push up among sweeps of bergenias from the Himalayas, a drift of rodgersias from Japan and Asia, and tufts of cottony native meadow rues. Higher up on the slopes



Cabbages and columbines in the vegetable-cum-cutting garden.

a cirque of woolly-leaved rhododendron from the island of Yakushima has just been planted to fill the woods with silvery light.

Still higher above the ravine, three deep curvy borders lie between the double perennial border and the woodland—they mark the point where the garden design begins to spread and loosen as it leaves the orderly confines of the house plateau. Though these shade borders are only five years old they are luxuriant. The climate has helped—cool, damp, almost English in summer. In winter, heavy snow insulates against extreme cold, winter wind, and treacherous thaw. Without that five-month protective blanket there would be neither eight-foot delphinium, nor many Les Quatres Vents specialties like *Thalictrum diffusiflorum*—"of all thalictrums the queen of the tribe, whose rich lilac blooms hang like bells from hair-fine stalks," according to Graham Stewart Thomas's *Modern Florilegium,* the bible for

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Taking advantage of a hilly terrain, Frank Cabot has sensitively blended formal and informal planting areas into a varied and satisfying design.

the garden of Les Quatres Vents. However, it is Frank Cabot's style that makes the real difference in how these beds look. Here, he uses lush color combinations nobody else would be brave enough to try—in midsummer, a strange greenish pink mixes with the dim blue of *Campanula persicifolia;* above dense plantings of powdery blush astilbe rise groups of a positively Oscar Wildean lily, reflexed and greenery-yallery. The dreamy six-foot background of plumes is a combination of unromantically named goatsbeard (*Aruncus sylvester*) and snakeroot (*Cimicifuga racemosa*)—they share an exotic Ziegfeld Girls headdress look but are very easy to grow. The bed closest to the perennial border is, in July, filled with meconopsis—the fabled blue poppy of Asia. Cabot grows at least ten varieties throughout the garden—here it is *Meconopsis betonicifolia,* the Himalayan strain that sent so many post-Edwardian garden writers into paroxysms of purple prose. It is planted with *Allium albopilosum,* a big onion from Afghanistan—gray globes of needlelike stars on rule-straight stems. Add *Primula Florindae, Primula alpicola luna* (a creamy-pale yellow), white martagon lilies—and it is a moon garden—all silvered petals with a pearly sheen.

When he plays these games with color, Frank Cabot sometimes surprises himself. "I had no idea," he says, "what I felt about orange flowers until I saw that all the orange flowers I had ever tried have ended up together in the remotest part of the garden where I can't see them." The latest to join the orange ghetto is a lily that had Cabot fooled because of its name, 'Burgundy'. He has finally decided the best thing to do is to keep this color isolated and surround it with a green room.

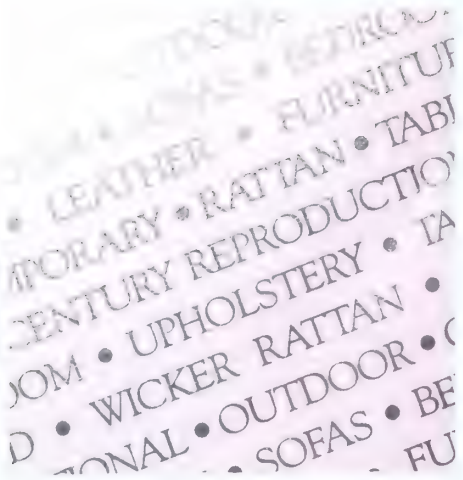
Frank Cabot translates his ideas into new gardens with an ease born of his virtuosity as a grower, his energy and playfulness. Theme gardens—blue or white, alpine or fern—are a keynote of this kind of enclosure garden, and Les Quatres Vents's theme gardens reach a very high pitch. Cabot's first solo design enthusiastically celebrates fastigiate, or pointed, flowers. "Goose Allée," named after the fat geese who waddle down its elegant gallery, is a triumph of thematic limitation. But then, not content with just one set of rules, he defines this garden with tones of color as well as with shape, running from white at one end to blue-black at the other.

Many of these separate gardens are in continuous bloom all spring, summer, and fall, since another garden game that intrigues Frank Cabot is what he calls "the problem of succession." He also cannot resist anything with flamboyantly large leaves: "I could make a perfectly satisfactory garden of leaf texture with no flowers at all," he says, staring happily at the four-foot-wide leaves of *Rodgersia podophylla.* There are minor triumphs here too—like the back of the perennial border. The front is splendid of course—but the back view features a plant that Cabot says anyone who can afford the space should grow—*Crambe cordifolia,* or ornamental sea kale. An imposing pile of dark-green leaves is topped by a three-foot cloud of white gypsophila-like flowers. It blooms for a month, has a stalk as strong as a tree, and doesn't need special soil. Several kinds of striped or glaucous hosta, and a big shrub to either side—the most notable is *Berberis Julianae,* with tiny plum-colored foliage—complete the picture. The difficulty was rising ground: the back side of the border, seen from the lawn below, was a panorama of roots and dusty lower leaves. Cabot used leaf texture and color, not conspicuous bloom, to mask this backstage view and lead the eye to the tops of the brighter flowers beyond.

The perennial allée itself is a series of wide descending steps, each about ten feet broad. A grass path runs down the middle; on each side rise soft-colored forests of perennials. Some are English favorites that won't grow well farther south on the American continent, but more are splendid, heat-and-drought-resistant plants, like anthemis and astrantia, that would grow beautifully, and deserve to be better known. Each step is punctuated with blue or white willow gentians—the incense of Cabot's consummate plantsmanship floats in the air. There is a lot of artful playing-off of colors and forms, and again, a deep interest in grouping various leaf textures.

There is a wonderful greed at Les


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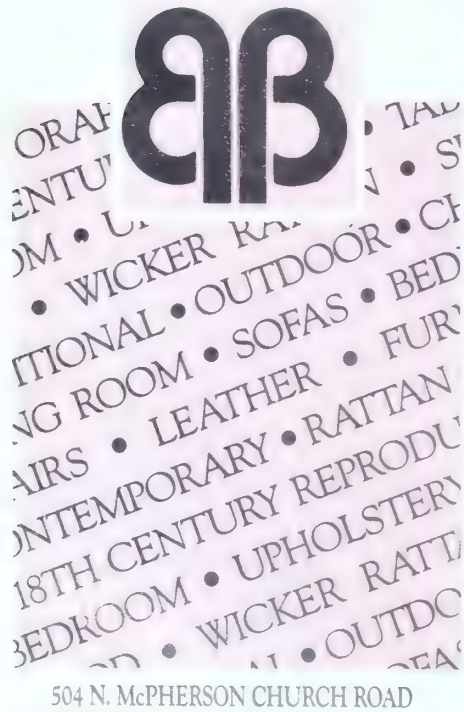


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Quatres Vents, where over sixty species can bloom simultaneously in the white garden, or where, in the woodland, a single glance can take in thirty varieties of gentian, that true-blue but fickle and demanding plant. . . Cabot's attitude toward most flowers comes out best when he says "Filipendula [substitute almost *any* plant name, adds the listener, silently] in *all* its forms is out of this world and I wish I had *more* forms." His vision, like that of all great gardeners, is large—if it takes six years for the white trumpets of cardiocrinum to flower, just be patient. . . He is also an endearing optimist—possibly the only person in northern Canada to remark that the spruce bud-worm devastating the forests, including his own grove, is also creating new vistas. . .

Les Quatres Vents is characterized by a gaiety unusual in a large garden where stateliness and good grooming so often smother the foolish and impromptu. In the woodland, little streams where primulas grow are equipped for wheelbarrow traffic with tiny bridges—movable toys of unpainted white wood only twelve inches tall—Cabot's invention to keep the stream banks from being cut up. A different kind of gaiety is expressed by the thirties swimming pool, set in its deep dish to catch the sun—it has an improbably Riviera flavor: hot sunny walls, a thyme lawn, and a pair of Cap d'Antibes cubed stone bathhouses. But the most inspired gaiety of all can be found among the vegetables.

Beyond another small meadow lightly shaded by birches, where the lupines have seeded themselves to advantage, a series of newly-built rectangular beds, retained by squared logs, marches downhill. The beds are not equal in size—spacing was dictated by the degree of fall, says Cabot, and planting by need—one for cutting delphinium, the next for leeks or asparagus, and so on. But felicitously, inevitably, the memory that rises up is of the Villa Farnese at Caprarola, grandest of Italian villas, where large squarish beds fall away down a steep slope—drawers pulled out of a chest, trays of flowers sitting in the sun. Of course, terracing is *the* oldest and simplest answer to the ancient problem of how to capture the most light. But such a splendid, witty reworking of a classic garden statement is typical of Frank Cabot's wizardry, as is the array of mountain, meadow, and forest flowers he has gathered to clothe his old garden's classical frame. □

ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE

(Continued from page 86) New York, and even on the slopes of Sun Valley, Idaho—he is more likely than not to appear in a nineteenth-century fop's coat. "I know quite a lot about the 1830s," he explains, "the period of the Great Reform Bill—a terribly interesting time politically. In those days, politicians were very well-dressed—their portraits always show them wearing wonderful frock coats and very fine neckcloth, so when it comes to day and evening wear, I try to wear something vaguely imitating that style, which I happen to think is just the most attractive form of dress that men have ever worn in England.

"Kilts I wear only in Scotland really. The type I favor is sometimes called a *philamohr,* which means 'a great kilt,' as opposed to a *philabeg,* which means 'a little kilt,' which is what most people wear nowadays. The *philamohr* is Wemyss tartan, sixteen feet long and five feet wide, and you pleat it yourself every time you put it on. You can use it as a sleeping bag and you can also take it off very quickly if you have to ford a stream—you don't want to get your *philamohr* wet. It's an incredibly useful garment if you're sort of wandering around in the Highlands."

Tradition pops up not only in Neidpath's wardrobe. "Sooner or later," Osbert Sitwell once said of social life in England, "everyone marries a Guinness." On a halcyon June day in 1983 Jamie Neidpath wed Catherine Guinness, a woman of vivacious intelligence whose tastes are altogether as eccentric as his own, at her grandfather Lord Moyne's Queen Anne country house in









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Hampshire; it was the society wedding

Now Catherine is the mistress of her own historic house. How does it feel? "Terribly nice," she smiles. Surely Stanway, so sequestered and self-contained, must represent a retreat from the life she knew before her marriage. For five years she lived in the whirligig of Manhattan, working as an editor at *Interview* magazine and as a personal assistant to its publisher, Andy Warhol. "Andy and I shared the same interests—we both liked celebrities and stealing silverware from hotels," she explains. "But there's a bit of a fervor and a whirl here, too, you know. I've got a rather busy day. Jamie's dog wakes me up at half past seven, I make an *attempt* to go back to sleep. If I succeed, Jamie generally draws the curtains at half past eight, then I read the papers and make telephone calls inviting people to stay and all of *that,* then I get up sometime between eleven and twelve and have breakfast, and then I see whoever needs to be seen. Every



One of the scrapbooks that records the visits of the "Souls" to Stanway.

single day *somebody,* two or three people usually, drop in—both people of the tradesman kind and then *friend* people, so at least thirteen people a week of each sort drop in. Oh, it could be someone wanting to sell me coffee or it could be somebody wanting to come in and look at funeral hatchments in the Great Hall. Then we have lunch generally at two or three o'clock, more like three o'clock, then after that maybe I go do things in the gardens or the greenhouses or see that all the tables are highly polished—or maybe I organize the meat, which means deciding which butcher to go to for which *bit* of meat, and which town to go to. We have meat twice a day, you see."

The household management at Stanway is vigilant, if unobtrusive, and it is with the management rather than the execution that Catherine is concerned. "We have three ladies who live in the house, or *almost* in the house, who come in in the week, in the morning, and a girl who comes in on the weekends helped by another lady who comes in for a few hours at the weekends, and then we get in a very nice woman to do the cooking. There's Mrs. Foley, Mrs. Brassington, and Mrs. Chamberlain. Mrs. Brassington just cleans the brass, lays the fires, and does the beds. Mrs. Chamberlain does the tidying. And Mrs. Foley cooks—she cooks the lunch and then she leaves the potatoes prepared for dinner, and the vegetables, and maybe makes a pudding and the soup. And then I cook the meat myself, because organizing it means *cooking* it as well, so at that point, you see, I *finish* organizing the meat. We have dinner at ten and then watch telly and go to bed."

(Somewhere amid the rhythms of country life Catherine found the time to coauthor with her banker father Jonathan Guinness a best-selling family chronicle, *The House of Mitford,* in which her grandmother, one of the fabled Mitford sisters, plays a colorful and controversial part. In Berlin in 1936, Diana Mitford, divorced from Catherine's grandfather, married Sir Oswald Mosley, head of the British Union of Fascists, in the drawing room of Joseph Goebbels's house in Hermann Goeringstrasse; Hitler attended the wedding lunch. Diana Mosley spent much of the war in prison in England as her cousin-by-marriage Winston Churchill's "guest." Now widowed, at 76 still one of the world's most beautiful women, she lives out-



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"My day in the country," says Jamie, "begins around nine when I go out to the estate. Stanway is 4,999 acres and it's got 98 houses on it, all of which I own and lease, and there are five farms that I lease and one that I actually farm myself—it has wheat, barley, rape, and grass—and then there's about 1,400 acres of forest. I go up the escarpment to this one farm, which lies on the top of the Cotswolds in the Valley of Windrush, and I spend the morning seeing forestry contractors or grain merchants. Or tenants—there are five villages on the estate and basically the community at Stanway is pretty static, there are still an awful lot of people around whose ancestors were here a hundred years ago. My afternoon is ideally spent marking plantations and performing chain-sawing—on trees rather than Texans."

"We've just been on a tree-climbing course to learn how to climb trees prior to tree surgery," Catherine adds. "The latter part of the course was conducted by a tree surgeon from Honey Brothers who was wonderful at telling you how to do sectional felling. But the best fun was learning how to climb—you throw a rope over a branch and when it comes down you attach yourself and pull yourself up, then you throw the rope up to a higher branch, and so on. You can get to the top of the tree that way—and then once you're up there you can do whatever you want to do."

The high point of the Stanway year is the Stanway District Horticultural Show, founded in 1940 to raise funds to buy a Spitfire—"the plane that won the last war, roughly speaking," Jamie explains. "It won the Battle of Britain anyway, put it that way. These days the show raises money for local causes." It is widely considered to be one of the dozen best horticultural shows in England, drawing up to two thousand people. Held in August in the fourteenth-century tithe barn and spilling out into an enormous tent, it features not only flowers and garden produce but cookery exhibits as well: "Mixed Fruit Cake, Decorated Gâteau, Dish of Scones, A Bakewell Tart . . ."

At the end of the afternoon, the National Rose Society presents its Bronze Medal, the National Dahlia Society its Silver Medal, and the Worshipful Company of Gardeners its Diploma in Horticulture for the best collection of vegetables; the Guy Charteris Silver Salver is given for the highest number of points in the Fruit Classes, and the Harry Bate Memorial Cup for the best exhibit of onions. There is also an award for the longest bean.

Last summer, after a leisurely lunch at the house, Catherine wandered down to the tent in a Kenzo dress, accompanied by her great-aunt Pam—in Betjeman's line, "the most rural [Mitford] of them all"—whose broad-brimmed straw hat she had borrowed for the occasion. With my New Yorker's appreciation for freaks of nature, I watched my old friend present the prize for "An Unusually or Strangely Shaped Vegetable or Fruit." "The terrible thing," Catherine recalls, "was that people didn't enter unusually or strangely shaped vegetables or fruits at *all,* what they did was enter *rare* fruits and vegetables. Luckily Jamie's uncle, Jeremy Benson, entered a tomato or a potato that looked like a bottom. That's what we were *after,* really. He won—obviously."

On the edge of a nearby arboretum stocked with exotic conifers lies the Dog Graveyard. A Welsh-slate oval set into a headstone of Hornton-green limestone commemorates Jamie's yellow Labrador Smelly, or Old Smelly—great-great-grandmother of the present canine occupant of Stanway House, Smelly or Little Smelly, an eight-year-old bitch the color of sawdust. The tombstone bears the inscription: "*Memoriae Fragranti* Old Smelly . . . *sanguine quamvis feroci facile redolentis suavitate* . . ." "To the fragrant memory of Old Smelly," Jamie translates, "who died in 1980, aged sixteen, a dog which, although easily distinguished for her smelliness by the wildness of her descent, was yet by her (own) sweetness of smell even smellier than her race, Jacobus Neidpath, Dominus—I mean, James Neidpath, her master—and great-great-granddaughter Little Smelly and sculptor Rory Young have therefore in piety caused

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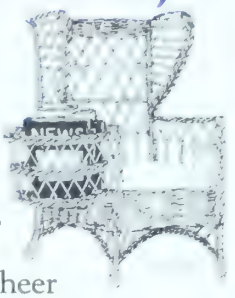
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AND WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THE ARTS



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this monument, such as it is, to be erected, in the year of canine salvation 1984."

One would think that so ardent a dog-lover as Jamie might have resisted plaguing his pet with so noxious a name. "But it was a *wonderful* smell she had," he explains. "In Latin there are at least ten words for 'smell' and each one suggests whether it's nice or nasty, whereas in English 'smell' is neutral. Notice that all the words on Smelly's tombstone like *fragranti* and *redolentis* and *suavitate* mean delicious smell."

As beloved as the two Smellys were and are, they cannot carry on a title—for that, you need a human. Since 1984 there has been a son-and-heir in the exceptionally pleasing person of the Hon. Francis Richard Charteris, affectionately known as "Dick." "We've converted the Willow Room, decorated by William Morris, into a nursery for little Dick," Jamie points out. "Portraits of his Victorian ancestors now gaze down at his gurglings. However, the two best family portraits—Romneys—hang in the Drawing Room, which also has the finest furniture in the house, including two unique Chinese Chippendale daybeds. They're perfect for an afternoon nap—my great-grandfather is said to have 'conquered' the then Countess of Essex on one, or both, of them."

Jamie Neidpath's most cherished hope is to hand Stanway on to his heir intact—ideally without having to sell off a single one of its 4,999 acres. "We're still trying to acquire the one that got away," he says earnestly. "The relationship between the land and the house and the family must be preserved. What does the English aristocracy have to do with anything today, you ask. Well, it's there—that's one thing it has to do . . ."

Four years ago Jamie made the decision to open Stanway to the public—for two days a week in the summer. "It's been the most gratifying experience—the house is being appreciated more than at any time in its history. Whatever dangers Stanway may face in the *next* 1,271 years of its existence, its chances of survival can only be enhanced by the widest possible understanding of why it deserves its reputation as one of the three or four most beautiful and most romantic houses in England.

"Funnily enough," he adds, ruefully, "since 1976 I've been responsible for preserving the house and the estate and the effect of all of this is that I don't have nearly as much aesthetic pleasure in the house as I used to. I no longer look at Stanway as an object of beauty. It's a technical relationship that I have to the house now—when I look at it, I think, My God, the roof on the Elcho Wing is about to fall in! To get aesthetic joy out of Stanway I have to show it off, as it were, to other people—and that's another reason for opening it to the public. I think a lot of life is like that. You end up with most of your pleasure coming from giving the pleasures *you've* had to others." □

HOW RIGHT WAS WRIGHT

(Continued from page 144) lack of fuel it had been racked by raw heat and cold; without ventilation, dampness had settled in; and the heavy smoke of wartime freight trains, penetrating the forest, had smudged the exterior. We were eager to get Fallingwater into shape again, but unluckily a latex-based paint, supposedly an improvement, was applied to the concrete; a chilly sheen now separated the building from its surroundings.

My parents had been spending winters in the Southern California desert, which they found invigorating; they planned to build a house there by Richard Neutra. This fitted nicely into father's long record of bold building enterprises, and my mother was happy to see him absorbed in a new one. It fell to me to talk of the way this would appear in relation to Fallingwater. The Neutra house would be interpreted as a rejection of Wright, and Wright would be the first person to react. My father agreed to withhold his name from publication of the new house, and during Wright's lifetime it was known merely as "a house in the Arizona desert," as the local area, curiously, was called.

For another half-dozen years I saw father commission a series of designs from Frank Lloyd Wright. As Fallingwater claimed more of the family's activities and affections, we felt some inadequacies of the planning. The entrance could become crowded, and the kitchen, adequate for cooking, provided no space where staff could relax—going back to their rooms was inconvenient. Adjoining the kitchen there was space outdoors under the west terrace where an addition could be built inconspicuously. Father wanted to build it without consulting Wright, and I had to stage a strong protest. Wright designed a very neat and satisfactory adjunct. There were other plans for changes and additions to Fallingwater, none essential and none executed, nor were any of the grandiose projects for Pittsburgh Wright designed for father. This was perhaps inevitable since father was steadily growing more self-preoccupied and Wright was eager to construct great designs at the culmination of his long career. Among Wright's late, ambitious projects only a few were connected with my father; Wright, however, felt their friendship was fading.

In 1952, beset by difficulties, my mother died at Fallingwater; this cast a long shadow over the place. My father now needed constant attention, and two years later he remarried. These family matters influenced the fate of Fallingwater. Father and I had talked earnestly about what would become of the house when he died, in view of his plan to remarry and my decision to remain in New York. We agreed that sooner or later Fallingwater and its grounds should become accessible to the public. We also agreed that a good portion of his estate should be used to establish a foundation of whose board


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I, assisted by my uncle, would represent the family. With this support a carefully planned program for Fallingwater could be evolved and implemented. What agency might care for the house? I was unsure that the regular cultural, educational, or governmental institutions would or could present Frank Lloyd Wright's concepts fairly. In Wright's designs and in our experience, the forested grounds and the run were as much a part of the architectural statement as was the structure. Father had become interested in a private organization in Pittsburgh, the Western Pennsylvania Conservancy, active in nature conservation; but it was too early to approach them about Fallingwater. Thus father indicated a direction and provided for funding; we both believed a satisfactory solution would be developed. My father died in 1955 in California, a few hours after Wright had come for a friendly visit.

To understand Fallingwater one needs to explore its unusual structure, and Wright's reasons for designing it. The house may appear to consist of massive stone piers anchoring reinforced concrete projections, but this is misleadingly simple. Wright established a core, a sturdy stone-walled enclosure containing a kitchen and one bedroom above another, while also carrying flues, pipes, and wiring up to the various floors. Other stone walls, however, are divided into discontinuous segments—the concrete slabs continue intact right through the stonework. As the slabs extend outward, the pull on one side, in many places, counteracts the pull on the other. In addition, the main house is massed high at the back, and the accumulated weight counters the great projection over the stream. Thus Fallingwater utilizes and combines three kinds of cantilevering: extension from an anchorage (as in the iron arm suspending a kettle over the living-room fire grate); counterbalancing (like simple scales); and loaded extension that permits limited anchorage (the way that a man squatting, with only the balls of his feet and toes touching the earth, extends his knees). Another unobvious aspect of the construction is that each floor level has its own support system. The main level is carried on four inconspicuous stub walls rising at the edge of the stream bed; the slab extends far beyond them. The next level is supported from a central square of reinforced-concrete beams, with corners resting on stone masses; from this square the second slab, or tray, is cantilevered. The narrow top level is set along the rear edge of the house, bearing down on the whole.



Flagstone flooring of living room echoes natural boulder outcropping near hearth.

Why did Wright design so complex a structure? Why was he so intent on cantilevering? I see Fallingwater as an irregular web of forces skillfully balanced to create floating horizontal levels. It is proper for such a structure to be inserted amid horizontal rock ledges naturally settled by similar adjustments of forces. Moreover, cantilevering is a constituent feature of modern structural technology. For millennia building was dominated by uprights—posts or walls holding up beams, trusses, or vaults to provide shelter. Within the past two hundred years, however, a more scientific understanding of materials and forces gradually led (among several results) to horizontal constructions so strong in themselves that vertical supports can be greatly reduced in number and bulk. Furthermore, supports can be distributed freely between horizontal planes. This technological liberation gave rise to the "open plan" that has preoccupied all major creators of modern architecture, Wright in particular.

It has been claimed that Fallingwater has flat roofs, ribbon windows, and unornamented surfaces—even pilotis—all derived from the International Style of modern architecture. Indeed, there are echoes of past and modern work in Wright's design; he willingly acknowledged that creative work requires precedents. However, at Fallingwater there are no ribbon windows; they appear to exist in some photographs and drawings only because upturned edges of slabs mask what lies behind them. Flat roofs, some used as livable terraces, have been common in many kinds of architecture. And plain surfaces were evolved in Wright's work over decades as he learned to manage structure with a delicacy of touch that finally made decoration superfluous. Simplicity became typical of his buildings about the same time as avoidance of ornament began to be preached theoretically abroad; the trends converged from antithetical sources. Lastly, can one relate the modest stub walls underneath Fallingwater to Le Corbusier's demonstrative pilotis?

The misapprehensions of Fallingwater—touching its structure, its program, and its links to contemporary design—have led to much pointless analysis of the house, diverting attention from Wright's concept and his achievement.

Three petty misconceptions of Fallingwater would also be dispelled: that it is dedicated to Frank Lloyd Wright, that it exemplifies the 1930s, and that it is a museum of the arts. Each building by Wright is a memorial to his genius; Fallingwater was endowed and is operated as an example of this genius applied to the splendor of the Appalachians and to the life of a particular family. Numerous decades and cultures enliven Fallingwater with art and artifacts, and neither these supplements nor the house and its setting were meant to remain static—Fallingwater grew and still grows. It might not be far wrong to call Fallingwater an anti-museum, for it is rooted in the idea of living relationships, not in the storing of isolated treasures whether architectural or artistic. Fallingwater is dedicated to the values inherent in nature and in Wright's architecture, to my parents who made it happen, and above all to the visitors who enjoy it according to their various capacities. □

Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaac

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JOURNAL

New in the arts and not to be missed



HAMBURGER HEAVEN

The flamboyant, self-confident style of L.A.-area drive-in restaurants (including Dimy's in Long Beach, 1956, *above*) is treated with uncommon and well-deserved seriousness in *Googie: Fifties Coffee Shop Architecture* by Alan Hess (Chronicle Books, $12.95), but this exuberant footnote to the history of Late Modernism is also a lively tribute to the fun and glorious excesses of Doo-Wop Design.



VIRTUOUS VITREOUS

Dale Chihuly: A Decade in Glass, *Musée des Arts Décoratifs de Montréal, through Aug. 24.*

Physicists call glass a supercooled liquid; Dale Chihuly turns out work, *left,* as magical as an underwater coral garden.

Margaret Morse

BACK BAY BOHEMIANS

The Bostonians: Painters of an Elegant Age, 1870–1930, *Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, through Sept. 14; Denver Art Museum, Oct. 25–Jan. 18, 1987; Terra Museum of American Art, Chicago, Mar. 13–May 10, 1987.*

Boston is synonymous with swan boats, public gardens, Beacon Hill, higher education, and innovative thinkers. About a century ago, the city also nurtured many notable artists, now brought together in this exhibition of over a hundred works by Boston-based artists such as Edmund Charles Tarbell's *The Breakfast Room,* circa 1903, *right,* as well as portraits of prominent Bostonians, such as symphony founder Henry Higginson, by John Singer Sargent and landscapes and interiors by Childe Hassam, Winslow Homer, and William Paxton.

Gabrielle Winkel



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TODD WEBB

CITY LIGHTS

Todd Webb: Photographs of New York and Paris, 1945–1960. *International Center of Photography, New York, through Aug. 31.*

For a decade and a half, Todd Webb photographed the toil of two cities and transformed images into eloquent statements that could "trace the spirit of an age in the knocker on a door." Now over one hundred of Webb's prints are touring the country in an exhibition sponsored by the Hallmark Photographic Collection. A catalogue written by curator Keith Davis selects Webb's best efforts at making the everyday eternal.

David Lisi

JEFFERSONIAN BOTANY

"The greatest service which can be rendered any country is to add a useful plant to its culture," said Thomas Jefferson, horticulturist. His plants will soon bloom and grow under the auspices of the newly created Historic Plant Center at Monticello, to open in 1987. Visitors may buy cultivars like "hens and chickens" English Daisy and "sops in wine" Dianthus, and eat the Newtown Pippin, Esopus Spitzenberg, and Calville Blanc, three apples grown by Jefferson.

G.W.

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE





WRIGHT IN RACINE

Frank Lloyd Wright and the Johnson Wax Buildings: Creating a Corporate Cathedral, *Renwick Gallery, Washington, until Sept. 1.*

This in-depth survey—featuring drawings, photos, models, and original furniture (including the famous desk and chair manufactured by Steelcase, *right*)—celebrates one of the greatest commercial commissions in American architecture fifty years after its inception.



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RICHARD PANDISCIO

NILOTIC NIGHTLIFE IN NEW YORK

New York's Cafe Sphinx, says Zachy Sherif, is a "minimalist modern/ancient Egyptian concept I've had since I was a boy." Sherif and his collaborators designed and built the furniture and organized the space to create an "anti-loud" mood. The interior boasts thronelike chairs, low tables, and black and white Italian tile arranged in symbolic glyphs—perfect for passing hot summer nights with a pharaoh's zen daiquiri. *D.L.*

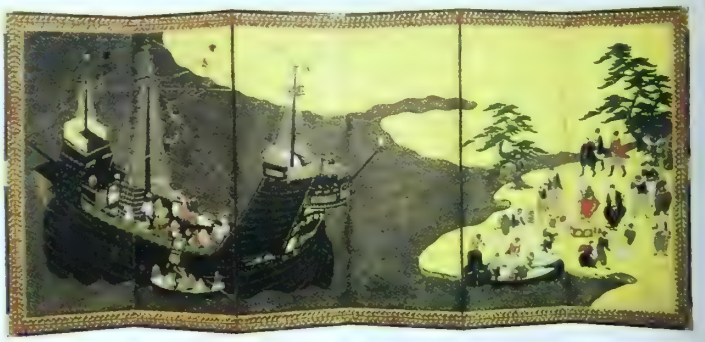


Throne room to serenity, *top* and mosaic water glyph, *above*.

SCREEN GEMS

At the behest of Lacquer Editions, Roy Lichtenstein (left) and Ed Ruscha designed limited-edition screens. Lichtenstein conjured up the silver-leafed *Screen with Brushstrokes, left*; Ruscha, a two-sided red/blue screen with a poetic couplet-à-la-Gertrude Stein in relief, *below*. Executed by an artisan near Paris, they can be special-ordered through the Castelli Gallery, New York. *M.M.*



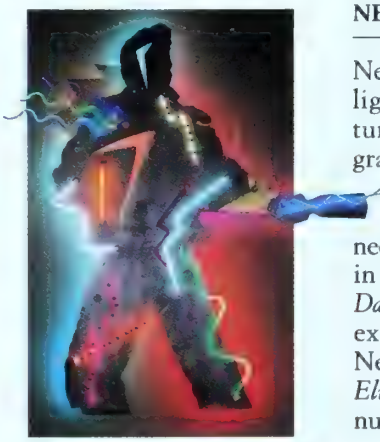


MEMORIES OF EMPIRE

The Museu Nacional de Art Antiga in Lisbon has recently opened a new wing devoted to the aesthetic influence of Portuguese maritime discoveries during the great age of exploration. The exhibits range from Afro-Portuguese ivories and ebony furniture to Indo-Portuguese inlaid furniture.

In the 1540s St. Francis Xavier and others visited Japan, spawning the exotic hybrid of Nippo-Westernism known as *namban* art. One example, *above and in detail:* a gold-leafed screen depicting the unloading of a galleon—a Portuguese officer smokes a pipe, another says the rosary, and a seaman ties up a bale while holding the rope's bitter end in his teeth. *Michael Teague and Margaret Morse*





NEO NEON

Neon enthusiasts can trip the light fantastic to 145 sculptures, drawings, and photographs in the medium by artist Lili Lakich, whose twenty-year exercise in neon expressionism is featured in *Neon Lovers Glow in the Dark,* a book tied to her recent exhibition at the Museum of Neon Art in Los Angeles. *Left: Elvis,* 1985, a nine-foot aluminum and light silhouette. *D.L.*

HIGH STYLE DE STIJL

Gerrit Rietveld's still-startling Red/Blue chair of 1917–18 (a Cubist abstraction of conventional lounge seating) is one of the most famous modern icons, but his little-known Birza chair of 1927, *below,* is no less worthy of a place in design history. Shaped from a single piece of fiberboard and held in place by nuts, bolts, and washers, it was too complicated to produce commercially, though it pointed the way to later schemes in molded plywood by Alvar Aalto and the Eamses. This unique example fetched a record $49,764 at a recent Christie's auction in Amsterdam, appropriately bought by that city's Stedelijk Museum.




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(Continued from page 93) is made out of industrial material only enhances the tip-of-the-hat gesture of the builders to the power of nature.

The building material also anchors the house to its environment in another way—steel, outdoors, is a mirror. It captures the only thing that is constantly moving and changing around these parts—Big Sky. The steel takes on colors that correspond to the mood and time of the day. Early mornings make the house gleam a dull gold. High noon turns the house a blinding white. Overcast conditions create an almost oceanic blue-green gleam. Sundown, however, offers the most jarring transformation. There is a three-foot corrugated fiberglass clerestory that runs in an uninterrupted strip the length of the house dividing steel and stucco, and at night, when the stucco vanishes and the plexiglass reflects interior illumination, the house becomes an ascending or descending spaceship supported by its own landing lights. All of which is to say that people who live in wooden houses shouldn't throw stones.

The interior of the house is in spiritual harmony with the exterior—floating, light-filled—a beach house in the mountains vertically divided into a floor of living quarters over painting studios. Upstairs is a veritable fruit salad of subtle pastels, pale stained woods, and steel. Furniture and art are a blend of Chinese landscape scrolls with Italian 1950s cha-cha aesthetics and unadorned modernism. The central living/dining/cooking room is filled with Thonet chairs, Zolatone doors, amoeboid table surfaces, and geometric-patterned fabrics. Niches hold Mexican devil dolls. The walls are covered with Chinese calligraphy, landscapes, fans, along with modern art—the work of friends—most imposing being a wall-sized primary-colored collage by Kim MacConnel.

Across from the MacConnel, suspended from the ceiling over the cooking area, hangs a steel-and-glass combination exhaust fan and dish-shelving unit that cleverly apes the façade of the house—an idol of the idol.

Another bit of ingenuity is a floor-to-ceiling white wood cactus sculpture that serves as a support for shelves and cabinet. These hold a staggered shower of twentieth-century pottery—German, Italian, and American.

The two bedrooms that flank this central area are filled with rustic applewood beds, Chinese art and cabinets, and twig tables—a delicate and perfect balance.

> Early mornings make the house gleam a dull gold. High noon turns it a blinding white. Overcast conditions create an almost oceanic blue-green gleam

The downstairs is nothing but naked workspace and all the light you can eat. The length of the ground floor is divided into two equal-sized studios separated by a storage lane. The running three-foot border of opaque corrugated fiberglass floods both studios without offering any external distractions, although one could say, for Brad and Janis, the external distractions around here are the whole point of spending as much time in God's Country as they do in the Art Wars of Manhattan.

Both Brad and Janis, who show at the Holly Solomon Gallery in New York and will be featured at the Aspen Art Museum Summer Show this year, are, in their different ways, landscape artists. Brad works in something of a spiritual realist vein influenced by Chinese landscape art. Janis's work is more psychological and metaphoric, internalized.

"Back in New York we worked in more of an imaginary hothouse but out here, nature inspires you," says Brad. "There are natural compositions that you could never come up with on your own."

The nature that inspires them, other than the obvious mountain-range drama, is startlingly akin to the landscape scrolls that hang from their walls. The mountains and valleys are strewn with lichen-tinted volcanic basalt, redstone. Juniper trees look like giant bonsais, gray-barked and shredded, exquisitely gnarled—a tumbling delicacy that hauntingly evokes the centuries-old Chinese paintings.

As we drive around the countryside they fight over trees, mountains, laying claim to future subjects, dividing up the earth. They point out brooks, individual trees, trickly waterfalls that have already been used. The possibilities and combinations are endless and their absorption is complete.

After three days in this house I started to become acclimated to the unchangingness, the gentle relentlessness and began to sense the deep undertow of an artist's work trance—the almost physical concentration that takes over like a state of grace.

On my last morning sitting at a table looking out a small window I wrote down exactly what was before me:

waves of mountains
thousand year old juniper tree
eagle overhead. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron

CORRECTIONS

In the April issue, A Very Special Eye, the tablecloth fabric seen on pages 126 and 130 was inadvertently not identified. It is Glen by John Stefanidis.

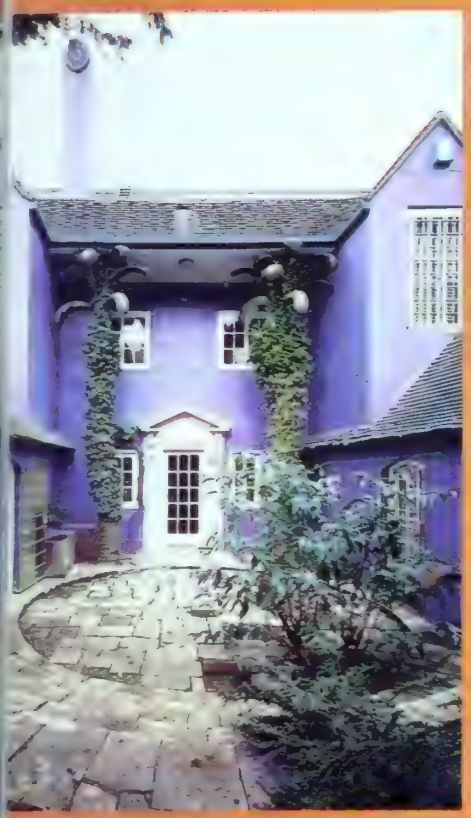
In the March issue, Dressed for the Country, page 112, the sculptures of boys on dolphins were not made by Paul Manship, according to his son. The real sculptor remains unknown at press time.

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THE MAN WHO LOVES HOUSES

(Continued from page 134) architecture, for the workmanship that went into them, and for what they might reflect of our social history. To me, the houses are national monuments."

It is of no matter to Jenrette that he would have to be in constant shuttle between his houses to make practical use of them. "Collecting doesn't have to involve intensive use," he says. "Collectors of old cars don't necessarily drive the vehicles. You wouldn't hunt with seventeenth-century firearms. I can enjoy knowing that the houses are there, I hope for all time, and that others might make use of them." In South Carolina, this means that Roper Mansion is likely to be given over from time to time to the governor or to visiting historians or lecturers. In late spring, the house opens to receptions during the Spoleto Festival U.S.A.

The mansion is once again the showplace that Roper intended it to be, thanks to the crew of artists and craftsmen summoned to the task. The owner, working with William L. Thompson of Barrytown Associates, supervised the restoration and decoration, calling in plasterers, carvers, cabinetmakers, ironworkers, and gilders. Robert Jackson, the trompe l'oeil artist, stenciled floors and marbleized walls and baseboards. Rooms this stately could not better hold the Federal, Regency, and Empire furnishings that make up the owner's more movable collections. Particular favorites of Jenrette are the Duncan Phyfe Empire pieces, newly cleaned and refinished, reupholstered and regilded to echo the imperial Roman chairs and recamiers in pictures by Jacques-Louis David.

Inside, you are never far from outside, reached by raising one of the floor-to-ceiling windows and stepping through to the piazza. Above the promenade, you hear tour guides stop in front of the house to say something about a cannon stuck in the roof above your head. The story is true. Rather than leave a strategic battery cannon to Union troops, retreating Confederates exploded it. A chunk of the iron fell onto Roper's house, crashing through the roof. It lodges there still, in the rafters. To repair the damage would take history from the house, and that is something Richard Jenrette would never do. □ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*

MRS. WILSON'S ATTIC

(Continued from page 109) America. He replied that he had, an answer he thought would please her. "Ibbie and I," she declared, "have never been west of Philadelphia!"

Even New Jersey seemed exotic to her. Thornton Wilson remembers her talking on the telephone by the hour comparing New Jersey's climate unfavorably with that of her native Ipswich, Massachusetts. She was immensely proud of her New England background and of her father, John Cotton Smith, the rector of The Church of the Ascension on lower Fifth Avenue and a fashionable blood-and-thunder preacher of his day. It was probably she who saved his clerical gaiters found in the attic. Christian charity, however, rarely seems to have inhibited her conversation. "What she liked was gossip," Thornton Wilson recalls. "Deep gossip. She could've been on the stage if she'd wanted to. She really had a flair for telling a story in the most amusing way and her tale-telling got better as she saw her audience responding. At times she could be devastating."

Conversation is an evanescent art and Mrs. Post's skill at it survives only in memory. Her daughter Harriet, however, kept many diaries, all of which remain in the attic. Thornton Wilson, opening at random one of his mother's childhood diaries of a European tour, finds a revealing glimpse of his grandmother. "Stopped at Beaune," he reads, "to see the picture of the Last Judgment at the Hospice. When we got there we found it was a sort of hospital. Mother did not let me go in, and did not go in herself, but all the rest did, and when they came out said it was perfectly beautiful."



Old puppets, dolls, teddy bears are the cast for a new generation of attic theatrical.

The European tours consumed most summers from the Fourth of July until Labor Day. A good part of these tours was devoted to clothes, as this was—plainly from the evidence in the attic—a family of dandies. The Charvet shirts found there belonged to Thornton Wilson's grandfather, who, in his opinion, was "even better dressed than Gargie." She, for her part, was invariably dressed by Worth, as was her daughter. Caroline Astor Wilson, the original owner of the ermine cape found in the attic, favored the same dressmaker.

The links between the Wilsons and the Posts, nevertheless, multiplied over the years in an aristocratically inbred way. After her divorce, Harriet remained on close terms with her first husband's cousin Vincent Astor. The log from the *Nourmahal* found in the attic was a souvenir of a trip she had accompanied him on. When she married for the third time, furthermore, it was to another of her first husband's cousins, Sumner Welles, Roosevelt's Undersecretary of State.

Upon inheriting the house, Harriet,



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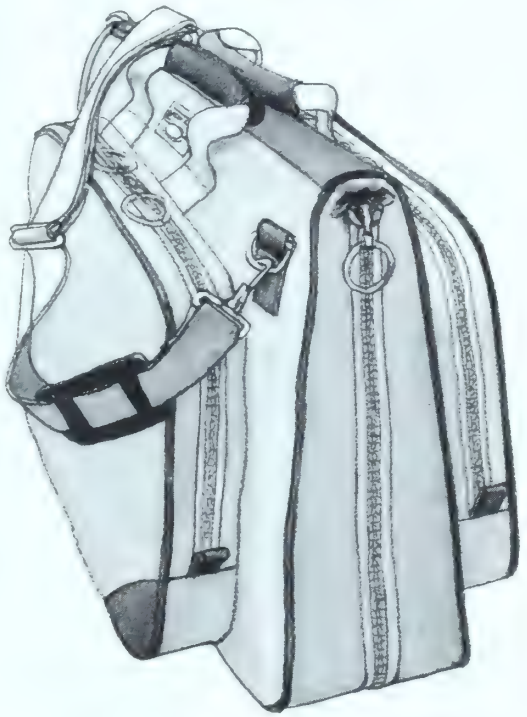
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MRS. WILSON'S ATTIC

as Mrs. Sumner Welles, with the help of her cousin Sister Parish, began the transformation of it to how it now appears. The Belgian tapestries were banished to the attic at this point and the vintage Ruby Ross Wood chintzes moved downstairs and rehabilitated. "We've been getting things out of there for years," remarks Mrs. Parish. Since this generation has occupied the house, Mrs. Parish's partner, Albert Hadley, has continued the work with Josie Wilson. Inevitably they returned to the attic. The trophies commemorating cattle shows are now polished and displayed in the Trophy Room downstairs, the nineteenth-century paisley shawls now cover chairs in the library, and lace tablecloths are stretched over the tops of four-poster beds. "We found old taffeta curtains, silk dust covers, bolts of velvet and brocade and used whatever worked to make cushions, slipcovers, and tablecloths. The attic *makes* the house," says Hadley.

Albert Hadley and Josie Wilson deserve the credit for bringing the attic back to life. For its immaculate maintenance, however, Mrs. Wilson credits the attic's curator, Mrs. Andrew Chalmers. Through three generations and numerous marriages, Mrs. Chalmers has practiced skills of household management seldom seen today outside of the conservation departments of major museums. With a diminished staff, the lace-trimmed linen sheets have had to go back into the trunks in which they were found. The marvel of this attic, though, is that it has never become static, and that so much of its bounty has been put back into use.

"It's like an English country house in that respect," Josie Wilson comments. "You don't have to buy anything. You just have to go upstairs." □

Editor: Nancy Richardson

PURITANICAL PLEASURES

(Continued from page 99) tossing in the waves.

Still, one observes the often-observed crankiness and balky independence that confirm the legend. A certain colonial aspect prevails between the summer people and the year-round native; a late colonialism, perhaps, filled with uncertain advances and quick retreats. The beloved carpenter and the agreeably puzzled plumber will not quite spring to the demand, that hailstorm of demand in the summer months. Or so it seems. And in the end the colonials rail at bills that would occasion relief in the city.

No matter, there is something boldly impractical in the Maine economy, in the measured pace, as well as in the confident and elegant persevering skills of so many. In this economy, useful things abruptly, almost arrogantly, disappear from the village. Gone in the last two years are garages with mechanics. One went and then the other, more or less except for gasoline; and as for the hole left, well, you might scratch your head like an old Russian peasant and ponder the whim of history.

The Northeast with its old battlefields has a pride of the drowsiest kind, like the nodding head of the antiquarian in the library. Fife and drum, pilgrim dress, the sweetest little straggle down Main Street on the Fourth of July.

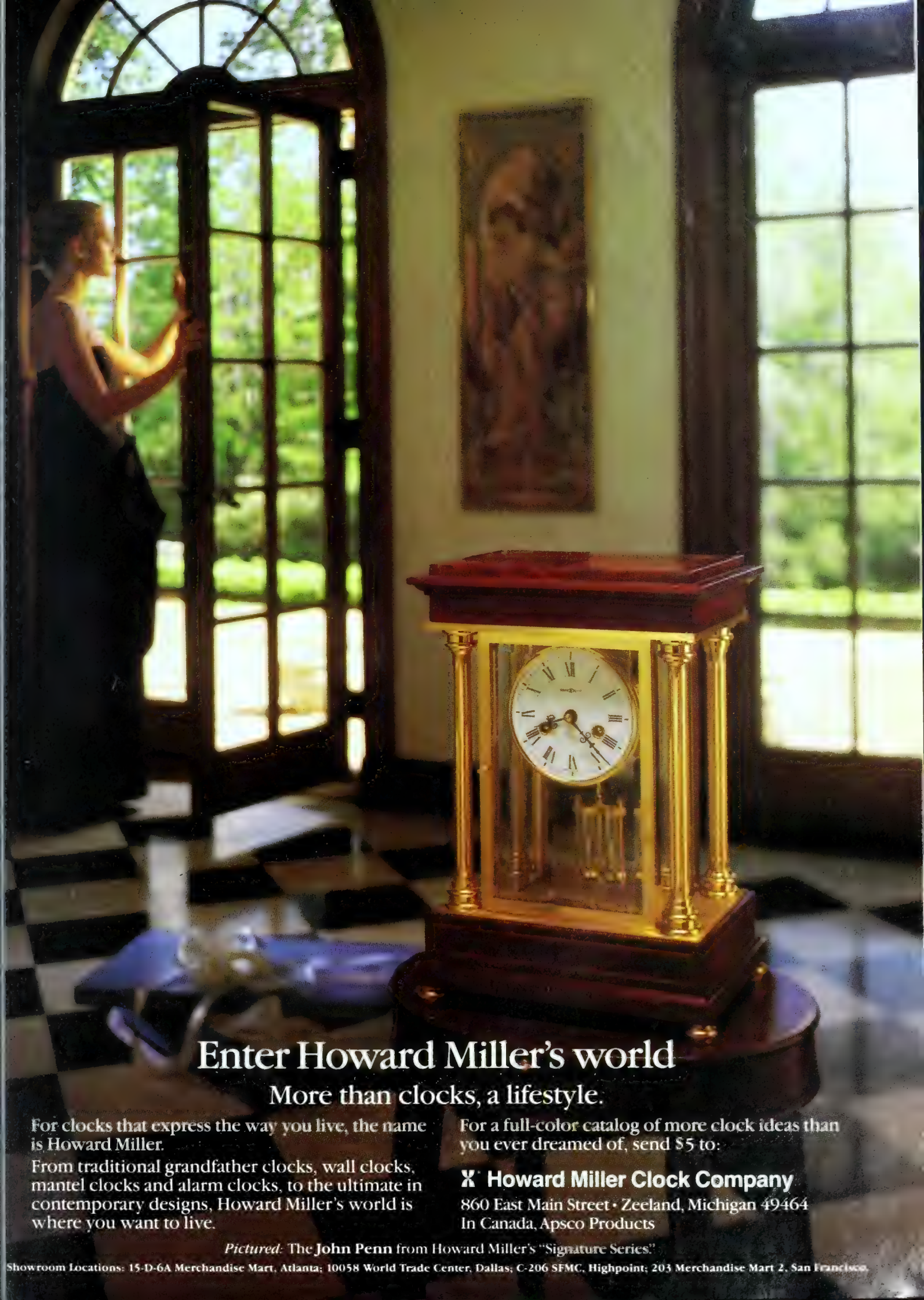
My little village of Castine on the Penobscot Bay has a history worthy of the Polish Corridor. It has been held by five nations: the French, the English, the Dutch, the Indians, and ourselves. Gray wooden markers, lettered in blue, point out the old forts and the canal built by the British. During the Bicentennial, the entire nation was made aware that the Revolutionary expedition under the command of Commodore Saltonstall and General Lovell shamefully dozed over their cups while in the harbor and were ignominiously surprised by the British rolling down from Fort George. It was all over there, next to the golf club.

The town takes its name from the French occupation and from the Baron de Castin, a freewheeling character who may or may not have been worthy of memory. This ambitious explorer found life on the Penobscot Bay to his liking. He took as his bride the daughter of an Indian chief and thus there remains a little lane with the name of Madockawando. Everywhere in the state of Maine the crossing signs tell of far-flung voyages: China and South China, Sorrento, Corea (sic), Poland Spring, and Smyrna. Perhaps a kind of internationalism lies buried in the rocks up by the old lighthouse, but on the Castine streets, in the graveyards, on the mailboxes around the county the persistence of local names such as Perkins, Bowden, and Wardwell assures the Anglo-Saxon primacy of tenure. For the state as a whole, the resonance of Indian times outshines all interlopers: Passamaquoddy, the Allagash and Musquash lakes, Mount Katahdin, Pemaquid, Orono, Abnaki, Kennebec.

Maine is designated a New England state and so it is when you smoothly pass over the New Hampshire line into the splendid, reassuring city of Portland. Southern Maine seems to belong to its sister states, but as you go north or inland you begin to feel you are in a region quite solitary, one that is a part of New England only by convenience.

Rock-bed America it is, yes, yes. And such an abundance of flags about, large ones swaying on their staff and small ones from the dime store in the windows or over the doors of the skinniest little shack, the dwelling place of so many. When you imagine Maine, apart from the southern section, as in some inchoate way a separate country, an old one, it does not appear old as Rome is old with its buried layers of civilization. It comes upon you old as the forest, uncharted, just being there.

Even the forest itself is peculiar as Thoreau noted. He was not reminded



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in his travels to the Maine woods of "our" Massachusetts, where "the wilderness you are threading is, after all, some villager's wood-lot, some widow's thirds, from which her ancestors have sledded fuel for generations, minutely described in some old deed. . . ." The Maine forest was just the forest, not tilled and spaced-out, handed-down acres, claimed by some weed-choked bounding marker.

There are fine houses everywhere in Maine. Every town thoroughfare has a number of them and the fields are dominated here and there by large, square structures painted white, topped by their chimneys, often four of them, and even in decay promising spacious rooms. And there are inhabited homes of such smallness and lack you might be in another country, the sparsely peopled Scandinavia perhaps. The poverty stands fronting the road or placed down a ragged path. Hardship, the Depression, a reminder of deprivation and also of modesty and patience, and a sort of huddling domestic chill. Poor soil, short growing season, not much to work with. These conditions create in the spirit a thoughtful contradiction between lassitude and extraordinary exertion in the management of a profound absence of accommodation.

The brutal toil of the fisherman, the zest of the hunter, each a fierce adaptation to the forest and the sea. And then the nights, the darkness. Darkness comes down early in the winter, as if by fatigue. The arrival of the morning sun or merely the morning light itself is the joy of every season. If one would treasure Maine, it is well to forget about the evening except for the full moon shining on a high tide or the theatrical surprise of the yellow, red, and violet northern lights in August. For the rest, near the shore the stars are sketchy, shy, and fleeting. A deep green, a startling green, is the sensation of Maine and for that one needs the first and last light of day.

Thinking of modesty, patience, and rural poverty does not prepare the mind for Mount Desert Island, with its dramatic Mount Cadillac, its coves, ponds, its thundering spots with waves rising to forty feet. And certainly it does not prepare for the spectacular settlements of wealth, the presence of Rockefeller, Ford, and Astor in Northeast Harbor and Seal Harbor.

But Maine is Maine and even Mount Desert is not quite a northerly Newport. There are "palpable piles," as Henry James called the outsize and, to him, vulgar mansions of Newport; yet the Maine landscape casts upon a like ambition a sort of pleasant fog of discretion that reduces the grandeur, if not in intention, at least in function. There is little of the fast, the thrilling, and the glamorously outgoing. Too great a chill in the air for practical ostentation. The sailing vessels at the piers are splendid, but they do not give forth the hope of a riotous excursion. The puritanical tides have their way.

Last summer I saw a fine mansion outside the fashionable town of Camden on the Penobscot Bay, a bit to the south of Castine. The mansion provoked thought, if not for itself alone, but for many others one has seen on islands and towns in the "rich" pockets of Maine summer life. A mansion with a determined bravado that would not be scorned in Palm Beach, possibly constructed by an owner bearing the name of a renowned American invention or a surviving strike in faraway lucky fields. Sometimes the name recalls the flash of interesting divorces in the city tabloids, the flare of deviations, the auctions of loot long dusty in the stone palaces on Fifth Avenue.

Some bygone wish had created the Maine summer castles with their fine long windows coming down to the imaginatively divided spaces of the terrace. Delicate exterior decorations, Art Nouveau iron garden furniture, curling and swirling in a pattern. One I remember sat high on its site and looking out to the bay with a fond, now haunted, serenity.

In my memory I see the long stone wall at the shore giving way, the planks of the pier rotting here and there, the tricycle of the caretaker's daughter overturned in front of the timbered garage. A place with the sharp, abandoned charm of the grand in a wistful neglect. To me the message reads: *They* don't come up anymore. They? The generational promise unhonored. And one can imagine the bewilderment of new mates without memories and most definitely with ideas for a reasonable substitution of the south of France or perhaps Martha's Vineyard or Southampton. How easy to hear the ring of the pertinent and unanswerable question about the old family estate in Maine: What do you do once you're up there?

Summer in Maine. The gull and the cormorant, the sudden vision of the skull of a seal coming up for air, the unforeseen treachery of the afternoon's sail, the osprey's nest. The tracks of the gray wolf last seen in Blue Hill in 1930, the unpredictable views from the bay, sometimes Japanese in the outlines of the islands and opposite shore, the fading red of the boathouse at the end of the field of a saltwater farm.

Main Street in Castine gently slides down past the fine clapboard houses, past the post office and the inns and the unaggressive shops, slides down to the water, the public dock, the harbor restaurant. A handsome place this is, the natives say. Yes, it is an endowment of nature and on a human scale altogether reticent, benign, and courteous. Perhaps it is not to everyone's taste. And, true, there is nothing much happening hereabouts although the first vision casts upon many a powerful longing for some bit of the beguiling landscape. And then the car moves on, leaving behind the old settlement on its point, with its odd locationary divisions, such as "off the neck" and "up at the head."

Yet, the shore village remains, static no doubt, but a gift of immaculate retrospection. The reflections of its tones, long outlasting the summer months, are a strange, even mystifying, baggage for the mind packing up for a return to the city. □

PHOTOGRAPHY CREDITS

In the June issue, The People's Cathedral, page 20, the lower left photograph is a portrait of The Very Reverend James Park Morton.

The photographs of the Statue of Liberty, page 56, July, were taken by Michael George.